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VOL. 1.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

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VOL. CCCCXLIV.

FREDERICK THE GREAT BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. I.

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HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,
CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY
THOMAS CARLYLE.

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1858.

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BOOK I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

1712.

CHAPTER I.

PROEM: FRIEDRICH'S HISTORY FROM THE DISTANCE WE
ARE AT.

ABOUT fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was *King Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*, — Father Fred, — a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat, — generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new; — no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears," say authors); — and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat

likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, — are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat, — like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. “Those eyes,” says Mirabeau, “which, at the bidding of his great soul, “fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient,*

au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur)."* Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, stedfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice "the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard," says witty Dr. Moore.** "He speaks a great deal," continues the Doctor; "yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection."

Just about threescore and ten years ago,*** his speakings and his workings came to finis in this World of Time; and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds

* Mirabeau: *Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, Lettre 28^{me} (24 Septembre 1786), p. 128 (in edition of Paris, 1821).

** Moore: *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland and Germany* (London, 1779), II. 246.

*** A.D. 1856, — 17th August 1786.

of men; — which, as my readers and I may feel too well, is yet by no means satisfied. As to his speech, indeed, though it had the worth just ascribed to it and more, and though masses of it were deliberately put on paper by himself, in prose and verse, and continue to be printed and kept legible, what he spoke has pretty much vanished into the inane; and except as record or document of what he did, hardly now concerns mankind. But the things he did were extremely remarkable; and cannot be forgotten by mankind. Indeed they bear such fruit to the present hour as all the Newspapers are obliged to be taking note of, sometimes to an unpleasant degree. Editors vaguely account this man the “Creator of the Prussian Monarchy;” which has since grown so large in the world, and troublesome to the Editorial mind in this and other countries. He was indeed the first who, in a highly public manner, notified its creation; announced to all men that it was, in very deed, created; standing on its feet there, and would go a great way, on the impulse it had got from him and others. As it has accordingly done; and may still keep doing, to lengths little dreamt of by the British Editor in our time; whose prophesyings upon Prussia, and insights into Prussia, in its past, or present or future, are truly as yet inconsiderable in proportion to the noise he makes with them! The more is the pity for him, — and for myself too in the Enterprise now on hand.

It is of this Figure, whom we see by the mind’s eye in those Potsdam regions, visible for the last time se-

venty years ago, that we are now to treat, in the way of solacing ingenuous human curiosity. We are to try for some Historical Conception of this Man and King; some answer to the questions, "What was he, then? Whence, how? And what did he achieve and suffer in the world?" — such answer as may prove admissible to ingenuous mankind, especially such as may correspond to the Fact (which stands there, abstruse indeed, but actual and unalterable), and so be sure of admissibility one day.

An Enterprise which turns out to be, the longer one looks at it, the more of a formidable, not to say unmanageable nature! Concerning which, on one or two points, it were good, if conveniently possible, to come to some preliminary understanding with the reader. Here, flying on loose leaves, are certain incidental utterances, of various date: these, as the topic is difficult, I will merely label and insert, instead of a formal Discourse, which were too apt to slide into something of a Lamentation, or otherwise take an unpleasant turn.

1. *Friedrich then, and Friedrich now.*

This was a man of infinite mark to his contemporaries; who had witnessed surprising feats from him in the world; very questionable notions and ways, which he had contrived to maintain against the world and its criticisms. As an original man has always to do; much more an original ruler of men. The world, in

fact, had tried hard to put him down, as it does, unconsciously or consciously, with all such; and after the most conscious exertions, and at one time a dead-lift spasm of all its energies for Seven Years, had not been able. Principalities and powers, Imperial, Royal, Czarish, Papal enemies innumerable as the sea-sand, had risen against him, only one helper left among the world's Potentates (and that one only while there should be help rendered in return); and he led them all such a dance as had astonished mankind and them.

No wonder they thought him worthy of notice. Every original man of any magnitude is; — nay, in the longrun, who or what else is? But how much more if your original man was a king over men; whose movements were polar, and carried from day to day those of the world along with them. The Samson Agonistes, — were his life passed like that of Samuel Johnson in dirty garrets, and the produce of it only some bits of written paper, — the Agonistes, and how he will comport himself in the Philistine mill; this is always a spectacle of truly epic and tragic nature. The rather, if your Samson, royal or other, is not yet blinded or subdued to the wheel; much more if he vanquish his enemies, *not* by suicidal methods, but march out at last flourishing his miraculous fighting implement, and leaving their mill and them in quite ruinous circumstances. As this King Friedrich fairly managed to do.

For he left the world all bankrupt, we may say; fallen into bottomless abysses of destruction; he still in

a paying condition, and with footing capable to carry his affairs and him. When he died, in 1786, the enormous Phenomenon since called FRENCH REVOLUTION was already growling audibly in the depths of the world; meteoric-electric coruscations heralding it, all round the horizon. Strange enough to note, one of Friedrich's last visitors was Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. These two saw one another; twice, for half-an-hour each time. The last of the old Gods and the first of the modern Titans; — before Pelion leapt on Ossa; and the foul Earth taking fire at last, its vile mephitic elements went up in volcanic thunder. This also is one of the peculiarities of Friedrich, that he is hitherto the Last of the Kings; that he ushers-in the French Revolution, and closes an Epoch of World-History. Finishing off forever the trade of King, think many; who have grown profoundly dark as to Kingship and him.

The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his History; — especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that Real Kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the

Destruction of Sham Kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

On the breaking-out of that formidable Explosion, and Suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earth-quake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations; — wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic; especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked and flourished about; counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage-heroism, in them; compared with whom, to the shilling-gallery, and frightened excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William Conqueror

and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

All this, however, in half a century is considerably altered. The Drawcansir equipments getting gradually torn off, the natural size is seen better; translated from the bulletin style into that of fact and history, miracles, even to the shilling-gallery, are not so miraculous. It begins to be apparent that there lived great men before the era of bulletins and Agamemnon. Austerlitz and Wagram shot away more gunpowder, — gunpowder probably in the proportion of ten to one, or a hundred to one: but neither of them was tenth-part such a beating to your enemy as that of Rosbach, brought about by strategic art, human ingenuity and intrepidity, and the loss of 478 men. Leuthen, too, the Battle of Leuthen (though so few English readers ever heard of it) may very well hold up its head beside any victory gained by Napoleon or another. For the odds were not far from three to one; the soldiers were of not far from equal quality; and only the General was consummately superior, and the defeat a destruction. Napoleon did indeed, by immense expenditure of men and gunpowder, overrun Europe for a time: but Napoleon never, by husbanding and wisely expending his men and gunpowder, defended a little Prussia against all Europe, year after year for seven years long, till Europe had enough, and gave up the enterprise as one it could not manage. So soon as the Drawcansir equipments are well torn off, and the shilling-gallery got to silence, it will be found that there were great

Kings before Napoleon, — and likewise an Art of War, grounded on veracity and human courage and insight, not upon Drawcansir rodomontade, grandiose Dick-Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder. "You may paint "with a very big brush, and yet not be a great "painter," says a satirical friend of mine! This is becoming more and more apparent, as the dust-whirlwind, and huge uproar of the last generation, gradually dies away again.

2. *Eighteenth Century.*

One of the grand difficulties in a History of Friedrich is, all along, this same, That he lived in a Century which has no History and can have little or none. A Century so opulent in accumulated falsities, — sad opulence descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital; — opulent in that bad way as never Century before was! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that — in fact the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it. To maintain much veracity in such an element, especially for a king, was no doubt doubly remarkable. But now, How extricate the man from his Century? How show the man, who

is a Reality worthy of being seen, and yet keep his Century, as a Hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten, in the due abeyance?

To resuscitate the Eighteenth Century, or call into men's view, beyond what is necessary, the poor and sordid personages and transactions of an epoch so related to us, can be no purpose of mine on this occasion. The Eighteenth Century, it is well known, does not figure to me as a lovely one; needing to be kept in mind, or spoken of unnecessarily. To me the Eighteenth Century has nothing grand in it, except that grand universal Suicide, named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence with at least one worthy act; — setting fire to its old home and self; and going up in flames and volcanic explosions, in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination, as I thankfully feel, for such a Century. Century spendthrift, fraudulent-bankrupt; gone at length utterly insolvent, without real *money* of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any farther: — what could the poor Century do, but at length admit, "Well, it is so. I am a swindler-century, and have long been; having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather; knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last forever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favoured of mankind. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow

my brains out, and do at length one true action." Which the poor century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.

For there was need once more of a Divine Revelation to the torpid, frivolous children of men, if they were not to sink altogether into the ape condition. And in that whirlwind of the Universe, — lights obliterated, and the torn wrecks of Earth and Hell hurled aloft into the Empyrean; black whirlwind, which made even apes serious, and drove most of them mad, — there was, to men, a voice audible; voice from the heart of things once more, as if to say: "Lying is not permitted in this Universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this Universe; and Beelzebub, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is *not* God!" This was a revelation truly to be named of the Eternal, in our poor Eighteenth Century; and has greatly altered the complexion of said Century to the Historian ever since.

Whereby, in short, that Century is quite confiscate, fallen bankrupt, given up to the auctioneers; — Jew-brokers sorting out of it at this moment, in a confused distressing manner, what is still valuable or saleable. And, in fact, it lies massed up in our minds as a disastrous wrecked inanity, not useful to dwell upon; a kind of dusky chaotic background, on which the figures that had some veracity in them, — a small company, and ever growing smaller as our demands rise in strictness, — are delineated for us. — "And yet it is the Century of our own Grandfathers?" cries the reader.

Yes, reader; truly. It is the ground out of which we ourselves have sprung; whereon now we have our immediate footing, and first of all strike down our roots for nourishment: — and, alas, in large sections of the practical world, it (what we specially mean by *it*) still continues flourishing all round us! To forget it quite is not yet possible, nor would be profitable. What to do with it, and its forgotten fooleries and ‘Histories,’ worthy only of forgetting? — Well: so much of it as by nature *adheres*; what of it cannot be disengaged from our Hero and his operations: approximately so much, and no more! Let that be our bargain in regard to it.

3. *English Prepossessions.*

With such wagonloads of Books and Printed Records as exist on the subject of Friedrich, it has always seemed possible, even for a stranger, to acquire some real understanding of him; — though practically, here and now, I have to own, it proves difficult beyond conception. Alas, the Books are not cosmic, they are chaotic; and turn out unexpectedly void of instruction to us. Small use in a talent of writing, if there be not first of all the talent of discerning, of loyally recognising; of discriminating what is to be written! Books born mostly of Chaos, — which want all things, even an *Index*, — are a painful object. In sorrow and disgust, you wander over those multitudinous Books; you dwell

in endless regions of the superficial, of the nugatory: to your bewildered sense it is as if no insight into the real heart of Friedrich and his affairs were anywhere to be had. Truth is, the Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow, and not afraid of labour, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known; I have often sorrowfully felt as if there were not in Nature, for darkness, dreariness, immethodic platitude, anything comparable to him. He writes big Books wanting in almost every quality; and does not even give an *Index* to them. He has made of Friedrich's History a wide-spread, inorganic, trackless matter; dismal to your mind, and barren as a continent of Brandenburg sand! — Enough, he could do no other: I have striven to forgive him. Let the reader now forgive me; and think sometimes what probably my raw-material was! —

Curious enough, Friedrich lived in the Writing Era, — morning of that strange Era which has grown to such a noon for us; — and his favourite society, all his reign, was with the literary or writing sort. Nor have they failed to write about him, they among the others, about him and about him; and it is notable how little real light, on any point of his existence or environment, they have managed to communicate. Dim indeed, for most part a mere epigrammatic sputter of darkness visible, is the "picture" they have fashioned to themselves of Friedrich and his Country and his Century. Men not "of genius," apparently? Alas, no; men fatally destitute of true eyesight, and of loyal heart first of all. So far as I have noticed, there was

not, with the single exception of Mirabeau for one hour, any man to be called of genius, or with an adequate power of human discernment, that ever personally looked on Friedrich. Had many such men looked successively on his History and him, we had not found it now in such a condition. Still altogether chaotic as a History; fatally destitute even of the Indexes and mechanical appliances: Friedrich's self, and his Country, and his Century, still undeciphered; very dark phenomena, all three, to the intelligent part of mankind.

In Prussia there has long been a certain stubborn though planless diligence in digging for the outward details of Friedrich's Life-History; though as to organising them, assorting them, or even putting labels on them; much more as to the least interpretation or human delineation of the man and his affairs, — you need not inquire in Prussia. In France, in England, it is still worse. There an immense ignorance prevails even as to the outward facts and phenomena of Friedrich's life; and instead of the Prussian no-interpretation, you find, in these vacant circumstances, a great promptitude to interpret. Whereby judgments and prépossessiones exist among us on that subject, especially on Friedrich's character, which are very ignorant indeed.

To Englishmen, the sources of knowledge or conviction about Friedrich, I have observed, are mainly these two. *First*, for his Public Character: it was an all-important fact, not to *it*, but to this country in re-

gard to it, That George II., seeing good to plunge head foremost into German Politics, and to take Maria Theresa's side in the Austrian-Succession War of 1740-48, — needed to begin by assuring his Parliament and Newspapers, profoundly dark on the matter, that Friedrich was a robber and villain for taking the other side. Which assurance, resting on what basis we shall see by and by, George's Parliament and Newspapers cheerfully accepted, nothing doubting. And they have reëchoed and reverberated it, they and the rest of us, ever since, to all lengths, down to the present day; as a fact quite agreed upon, and the preliminary item in Friedrich's character. Robber and villain to begin with; that was one settled point.

Afterwards when George and Friedrich came to be allies, and the grand fightings of the Seven-Years War took place, George's Parliament and Newspapers settled a second point, in regard to Friedrich: "One of the greatest soldiers ever born." This second item the British Writer fully admits ever since: but he still adds to it the quality of robber, in a loose way; — and images to himself a royal Dick Turpin, of the kind known in Review-Articles, and Disquisitions on Progress of the Species, and labels it *Frederick*; very anxious to collect new babblement of lying Anecdotes, false Criticisms, hungry French Memoirs, which will confirm him in that impossible idea. Had such proved, on survey, to be the character of Friedrich, there is one British Writer whose curiosity concerning him would pretty soon have died away; nor could any amount of un-

wise desire to satisfy that feeling in fellow-creatures less seriously disposed have sustained him alive, in those baleful Historic Acherons and Stygian Fens, where he has had to dig and to fish so long, far away from the upper light! — Let me request all readers to blow that sorry chaff entirely out of their minds; and to believe nothing on the subject except what they get some evidence for.

Second English source relates to the Private Character. Friedrich's Biography or Private Character, the English, like the French, have gathered chiefly from a scandalous libel by Voltaire, which used to be called *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse* (Private Life of the King of Prussia):* libel undoubtedly written by Voltaire, in a kind of fury; but not intended to be published by him; nay burnt and annihilated, as he afterwards imagined. No line of which, that cannot be otherwise proved, has a right to be believed; and large portions of which *can* be proved to be wild exaggerations and perversions, or even downright lies, — written in a mood analogous to the Frenzy of John Dennis. This serves for the Biography or Private Character of Friedrich; imputing all crimes to him, natural and unnatural; — offering indeed, if combined with facts

* First printed, from a stolen copy, at Geneva, 1784; first proved to be Voltaire's (which some of his admirers had striven to doubt), Paris, 1788; stands avowed ever since, in all the Editions of his Works (il. 9-113 of the Edition by Baudouin Frères, 97 vols., Paris, 1825-1834), under the title *Mémoires pour servir à la Vie de M. de Voltaire*, — with patches of repetition in the thing called *Commentaire Historique*, which follows *ibid.* at great length.

otherwise known, or even if well considered by itself, a thoroughly flimsy, incredible and impossible image. Like that of some flaming Devil's Head, done in phosphorus on the walls of the black-hole, by an Artist whom you had locked up there (not quite without reason) overnight.

Poor Voltaire wrote that *Vie Privée* in a state little inferior to the Frenzy of John Dennis, — how brought about we shall see by and by. And this is the Document which English readers are surest to have read, and tried to credit as far as possible. Our counsel is, Out of window with it, he that would know Friedrich of Prussia! Keep it awhile, he that would know François Arouet de Voltaire, and a certain numerous unfortunate class of mortals, whom Voltaire is sometimes capable of sinking to be spokesman for, in this world! — Alas, go where you will, especially in these irreverent ages, the noteworthy Dead is sure to be found lying under infinite dung, no end of calumnies and stupidities accumulated upon him. For the class we speak of, class of “flunkeys doing *saturnalia* below stairs,” is numerous, is innumerable; and can well remunerate a “vocal flunkey” that will serve their purposes on such an occasion! —

Friedrich is by no means one of the perfect demi-gods; and there are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last, a questionable hero; with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have

wished. But there is one feature which strikes you at an early period of the inquiry, That in his way he is a Reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognises for the truth; and, in short, has nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm. Which some readers will admit to be an extremely rare phenomenon.

We perceive that this man was far indeed from trying to deal swindler-like with the facts around him; that he honestly recognised said facts wherever they disclosed themselves, and was very anxious also to ascertain their existence where still hidden or dubious. For he knew well, to a quite uncommon degree, and with a merit all the higher as it was an unconscious one, how entirely inexorable is the nature of facts, whether recognised or not, ascertained or not; how vain all cunning of diplomacy, management and sophistry, to save any mortal who does *not* stand on the truth of things, from sinking, in the longrun. Sinking to the very Mudgods, with all his diplomacies, possessions, achievements; and becoming an unnameable object, hidden deep in the Cesspools of the Universe. This I hope to make manifest; this which I long ago discerned for myself, with pleasure, in the physiognomy of Friedrich and his life. Which indeed was the first real sanction, and has all along been my inducement and encouragement, to study his life and him. How this man, officially a King withal, comported himself in the Eighteenth Century, and managed *not* to be a Liar and Charlatan as his Century was, deserves to be seen

a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it.

He that was honest with his existence has always meaning for us, be he king or peasant. He that merely shammed and grimaced with it, however much, and with whatever noise and trumpet-blowing, he may have cooked and eaten in this world, cannot long have any. Some men do *cook* enormously (let us call it *cooking*, what a man does in obedience to his *hunger* merely, to his desires and passions merely), — roasting whole continents and populations, in the flames of war or other discord; — witness the Napoleon above spoken of. For the appetite of man in that respect is unlimited; in truth, infinite; and the smallest of us could eat the entire Solar System, had we the chance given, and then cry, like Alexander of Macedon, because we had no more Solar Systems to cook and eat. It is not the extent of the man's cookery that can much attach me to him; but only the man himself, and what of strength he had to wrestle with the mud-elements, and what of victory he got for his own benefit and mine.

4. *Encouragements, Discouragements.*

French Revolution having spent itself, or sunk in France and elsewhere to what we see, a certain curiosity reawakens as to what of great or manful we can discover on the other side of that still troubled atmosphere of the Present and immediate Past. Curiosity

quicken, or which should be quickened, by the great and all-absorbing question, How is that same exploded Past ever to settle down again? Not lost forever, it would appear: the New Era has not annihilated the old eras; New Era could by no means manage that; — never meant that, had it known its own mind (which it did not): its meaning was and is, to get its own well out of them; to readapt, in a purified shape, the old eras, and appropriate whatever was true and *not* combustible in them: that was the poor New Era's meaning, in the frightful explosion it made of itself and its possessions, to begin with!

And the question of questions now is: What part of that exploded Past, the ruins and dust of which still darken all the air, will continually gravitate back to us; be reshaped, transformed, readapted, that so, in new figures, under new conditions, it may enrich and nourish us again? What part of it, *not* being incombustible, has actually gone to flame and gas in the huge world-conflagration; and is now *gaseous*, mounting aloft; and will know no beneficence of gravitation, but mount, and roam upon the waste winds forever, — Nature so ordering it, in spite of any industry of Art? This is the universal question of afflicted mankind at present; and sure enough it will be long to settle.

On one point we can answer: Only what of the Past was *true* will come back to us. That is the one *asbestos* which survives all fire, and comes out purified; that is still ours, blessed be Heaven, and only that. By the law of Nature nothing more than that; and

also, by the same law, nothing less than that. Let Art struggle how it may, for or against, — as foolish Art is seen extensively doing in our time, — there is where the limits of it will be. In which point of view, may not Friedrich, if he was a true man and King, justly excite some curiosity again; nay some quite peculiar curiosity, as the last Crowned Reality there was, antecedent to that general outbreak and abolition? To many it appears certain there are to be no Kings of any sort, no Government more; less and less need of them henceforth, New Era having come. Which is a very wonderful notion; important if true; perhaps still more important, just at present, if untrue! My hopes of presenting, in this Last of the Kings, an exemplar to my contemporaries, I confess, are not high.

On the whole, it is evident the difficulties to a History of Friedrich are great and many: and the sad certainty is at last forced upon me that no good Book can, at this time, especially in this country, be written on the subject. Wherefore let the reader put up with an indifferent or bad one; he little knows how much worse it could easily have been! — Alas, the Ideal of History, as my friend Sauerteig knows, is very high; and it is not one serious man, but many successions of such, and whole serious generations of men, that can ever again build up History towards its old dignity. We must renounce ideals. We must sadly take-up with the mournfullest barren realities; — dismal continents of Brandenburg sand, as in this instance; mere tumbled mountains of marine-stores, without so much as an Index to them!

Has the reader heard of Sauerteig's last batch of *Springwurzel*, a rather curious valedictory Piece? "All History is an imprisoned Epic, nay an imprisoned Psalm and Prophecy," says Sauerteig there. I wish, from my soul, he had *disimprisoned* it in this instance! But he only says, in magniloquent language, how grand it would be if *disimprisoned*; — and hurls out, accidentally striking on this subject, the following rough sentences, suggestive though unpractical, with which I shall conclude:

"Schiller, it appears, at one time thought of writing 'an *Epic Poem upon Friedrich the Great*, 'upon some action of Friedrich's,' Schiller says. Happily Schiller did not do it. By oversetting fact, disregarding reality, and tumbling time and space topsyturvy, Schiller with his fine gifts might no doubt have written a temporary 'epic poem,' of the kind read and admired by many simple persons. But that would have helped little, and could not have lasted long. It is not the untrue imaginary Picture of a man and his life that I want from my Schiller, but the actual natural Likeness, true as the face itself, nay *truer*, in a sense. Which the Artist, if there is one, might help to give, and the Botcher (*Pfuscher*) never can! Alas, and the Artist does not even try it; leaves it altogether to the Botcher, being busy otherwise! —

"Men surely will at length discover again, emerging from these dismal bewilderments in which the modern Ages reel and stagger this long while, that to them also as to the most ancient men, all Pictures that

"cannot be credited are — Pictures of an idle nature; "to be mostly swept out of doors. Such veritably, "were it never so forgotten, is the law! Mistakes "enough, lies enough will insinuate themselves into our "most earnest portrayings of the True: but that we "should, deliberately and of forethought, rake together "what we know to be not true, and introduce that in "the hope of doing good with it? I tell you, such "practice was unknown in the ancient earnest times; "and ought again to become unknown except to the "more foolish classes!" That is Sauerteig's strange notion, not now of yesterday, as readers know: — and he goes then into "Homer's Iliad," the "Hebrew Bible," "terrible Hebrew *veracity* of every line of it;" discovers an alarming "kinship of Fiction to lying;" and asks, If anybody can compute "the damage we poor moderns "have got from our practices of fiction in Literature itself, not to speak of awfully higher provinces? Men "will either see into all this by and by," continues he; "or plunge head foremost, in neglect of all this, whither "they little dream as yet! —

"But I think all real *Poets*, to this hour, are Psalmists "and Iliadists after their sort; and have in them a divine "impatience of lies, a divine incapacity of living among "lies. Likewise, which is a corollary, that the highest "Shakspeare producible is properly the fittest Historian "producible; — and that it is frightful to see the *Gelehrte* "*Dummkopf* (what we here may translate, *Dryasdust*) "doing the function of History, and the Shakspeare "and the Goethe neglecting it. 'Interpreting events;'

“interpreting the universally visible, entirely indubitable
 “Revelation of the Author of this Universe: how can
 “Dryasdust interpret such things, the dark chaotic
 “dullard, who knows the meaning of nothing cosmic or
 “noble, nor ever will know? Poor wretch, one sees
 “what kind of meaning *he* educes from Man’s History,
 “this long while past, and has got all the world to be-
 “lieve of it along with him. Unhappy Dryasdust, thrice
 “unhappy world that takes Dryasdust’s reading of the
 “ways of God! But what else was possible? They
 “that could have taught better were engaged in fid-
 “dling; for which there are good wages going. And our
 “damage therefrom, our *damage*, — yes, if thou be
 “still human and not cormorant, — perhaps it will
 “transcend all Californias, English National Debts, and
 “show itself incomputable in continents of Bullion! —

“Believing that mankind are not doomed wholly to
 “doglike annihilation, I believe that much of this will
 “mend. I believe that the world will not always waste
 “its inspired men in mere fiddling to it. That the man
 “of rhythmic nature will feel more and more his voca-
 “tion towards the Interpretation of Fact; since only in
 “the vital centre of that, could we once get thither,
 “lies all real melody; and that he will become, he,
 “once again the Historian of Events, — bewildered
 “Dryasdust having at last the happiness to be his ser-
 “vant, and to have some guidance from him. Which
 “will be blessed indeed. For the present, Dryasdust
 “strikes me like a hapless Nigger gone masterless:
 “Nigger totally unfit for selfguidance; yet without

"master good or bad; and whose feats in that capacity
"no god or man can rejoice in.

"History, with faithful Genius at the top and faithful Industry at the bottom, will then be capable of
"being written. History will then actually *be* written,—
"the inspired gift of God employing itself to illuminate
"the dark ways of God. A thing thrice pressingly
"needful to be done! Whereby the modern Nations
"may again become a little less godless, and again
"have their 'epics' (of a different from the Schiller
"sort), and again have several things they are still
"more fatally in want of at present!" —

So that, it would seem, there *will* gradually among mankind, if Friedrich last some centuries, be a real Epic made of his History? That is to say (presumably), it will become a perfected Melodious Truth, and duly significant and duly beautiful bit of Belief, to mankind; the essence of it fairly evolved from all the chaff, the portrait of it actually given, and its real harmonies with the laws of this Universe brought out, in bright and dark, according to the God's Fact as it *was*; which poor Dryasdust and the Newspapers never could get sight of, but were always far from! —

Well, if so, — and even if not quite *so*, — it is a comfort to reflect that every true worker (who has blown away chaff, &c.), were his contribution no bigger than my own, may have brought the good result *nearer* by a handbreadth or two. And so we will end these pre-ludings, and proceed upon our Problem, courteous reader.

CHAPTER II.

FRIEDRICH'S BIRTH.

FRIEDRICH OF BRANDENBURG-HOHENZOLLERN, who came by course of natural succession to be Friedrich II. of Prussia, and is known in these ages as Frederick the Great, was born in the Palace of Berlin, about noon, on the 24th of January 1712. A small infant, but of great promise or possibility; and thrice and four times welcome to all sovereign and other persons in the Prussian Court, and Prussian realms, in those cold winter days. His Father, they say, was like to have stifled him with his caresses, so overjoyed was the man; or at least to have scorched him in the blaze of the fire; when happily some much suitabler female nurse snatched this little creature from the rough paternal paws, — and saved it for the benefit of Prussia and mankind. If Heaven will but please to grant it length of life! For there have already been two little Princekins, who are both dead; this Friedrich is the fourth child; and only one little girl, wise Wilhelmina, of almost too sharp wits, and not too vivacious aspect, is otherwise yet here of royal progeny. It is feared the Hohenzollern lineage, which has flourished here with such beneficent effect, for three centuries now, and been in truth the very making of

the Prussian Nation, may be about to fail, or pass into some side branch. Which change, or any change in that respect, is questionable, and a thing desired by nobody.

Five years ago, on the death of the first little Prince, there had surmises risen, obscure rumours and hints, that the Princess Royal, mother of the lost baby, never would have healthy children, or even never have a child more: upon which, as there was but one other resource, — a widowed Grandfather, namely, and except the Prince Royal no son to him, — said Grandfather, still only about fifty, did take the necessary steps: but they have been entirely unsuccessful; no new son or child, only new affliction, new disaster has resulted from that third marriage of his. And though the Princess Royal has had another little Prince, that too has died within the year; — killed some say on the other hand, by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it!* Yes; and the first baby Prince, these same parties farther say, was crushed to death by the weighty dress you put upon it at christening time, especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow! In short, it is a questionable case; undoubtedly a questionable outlook for Prussian mankind; and the appearance of this little Prince, a third trump-card in the

* Förster: *Friedrich Wilhelm I., König von Preussen* (Potsdam, 1834), i. 126 (who quotes Morgenstern, a contemporary reporter). But see also Preuss: *Friedrich der Grosse mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden* (Berlin, 1838), pp. 379-80.

Hohenzollern game, is an unusually interesting event. The joy over him, not in Berlin Palace only, but in Berlin City, and over the Prussian Nation, was very great and universal; — still testified in manifold dull, unreadable old pamphlets, records official and volunteer, — which were then all ablaze like the bonfires, and are now fallen dark enough, and hardly credible even to the fancy of this new Time.

The poor old Grandfather, Friedrich I. (the first *King* of Prussia), — for, as we intimate, he was still alive, and not very old, though now infirm enough, and laden beyond his strength with sad reminiscences, disappointments and chagrins, — had taken much to Wilhelmina, as she tells us;* and would amuse himself whole days with the pranks and prattle of the little child. Good old man: he, we need not doubt, brightened up into unusual vitality at sight of this invaluable little Brother of her's; through whom he can look once more into the waste dim future with a flicker of new hope. Poor old man: he got his own back half-broken by a careless nurse letting him fall; and has slightly stooped ever since, some fifty and odd years now: much against his will; for he would fain have been beautiful; and has struggled all his days, very hard if not very wisely, to make his existence beautiful, — to make it magnificent at least, and regardless of expense; — and it threatens to come to little. Courage, poor Grandfather: here is a new second edi-

* *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith, Sœur de Frédéric-le-Grand* (London, 1812), 1. 5.

tion of a Friedrich, the first having gone off with so little effect: this one's back is still unbroken, his life's seedfield not yet filled with tares and thorns: who knows but Heaven will be kinder to this one? Heaven was much kinder to this one. Him Heaven had kneaded of more potent stuff: a mighty fellow this one, and a strange; related not only to the Upholsteries and Herald's Colleges, but to the Sphereharmonies and the divine and demonic Powers; of a swift far-darting nature this one, like an Apollo clad in sun-beams and in lightnings (after his sort); and with a back which all the world could not succeed in breaking! — Yes, if, by most rare chance, this were indeed a new man of genius, born into the purblind rotting Century, in the acknowledged rank of a king there, — man of genius, that is to say, man of originality and veracity; capable of seeing with his eyes, and incapable of not believing what he sees; — then truly! — But as yet none knows; the poor old Grandfather never knew.

Meanwhile they christened the little fellow, with immense magnificence and pomp of apparatus; Kaiser Karl, and the very Swiss Republic being there (by proxy), among the gossips; and spared no cannon-vollyings, kettle-drummings, metal crown, heavy cloth-of-silver, for the poor soft creature's sake; all of which, however, he survived. The name given him was Karl Friedrich (Charles Frederick); *Karl* perhaps, and perhaps also not, in delicate compliment to the chief gossip, the above-mentioned Kaiser, Karl or Charles VI?

At any rate, the *Karl*, gradually or from the first, dropped altogether out of practice, and went as nothing: he himself, or those about him, never used it; nor, except in some dim English pamphlet here and there, have I met with any trace of it. Friedrich (*Rich-in-Peace*, a name of old prevalence in the Hohenzollern kindred), which he himself wrote *Frédéric* in his French way, and at last even *Fédéric* (with a very singular sense of euphony), is throughout, and was, his sole designation.

Sunday, 31st January 1712, age then precisely one week: then, and in this manner, was he ushered on the scene, and labelled among his fellow-creatures. We must now look round a little; and see, if possible by any method or exertion, what kind of scene it was.

CHAPTER III.

FATHER AND MOTHER: THE HANOVERIAN CONNEXION.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM, Crown-Prince of Prussia, son of Friedrich I., and Father of this little infant who will one day be Friedrich II., did himself make some noise in the world as second King of Prussia; notable not as Friedrich's father alone; and will much concern us during the rest of his life. He is, at this date, in his twenty-fourth year: a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk young fellow; with a jovial laugh in him, yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering, and out-of-door exercises, having little else to do at present. He has been manager, or, as it were, Vice-King, on an occasional absence of his Father; he knows practically what the state of business is; and greatly disapproves of it, as is thought. But being bound to silence on that head, he keeps silence, and meddles with nothing political. He addicts himself chiefly to mustering, drilling and practical military duties, while here at Berlin; runs out, often enough, wife and perhaps a comrade or two along with him, to hunt, and take his ease, at Wusterhausen (some fifteen miles* southwest of Berlin), where he has a residence amid the woody moorlands.

* English miles, — as always unless the contrary be stated. The German *Meile* is about five miles English; German *Stunde* about three.

But soldiering is his grand concern. Six years ago, summer 1706,* at a very early age, he went to the wars, — grand Spanish-Succession War, which was then becoming very fierce in the Netherlands; Prussian Troops always active on the Marlborough-Eugene side. He had just been betrothed, was not yet wedded; thought good to turn the interim to advantage in that way. Then again, spring 1709, after his marriage and after his Father's marriage, "the Court being full of intrigues," and nothing but silence recommendable there, a certain renowned friend of his, Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, of whom we shall yet hear a great deal, — who, still only about thirty, had already covered himself with laurels in those wars (Blenheim, Bridge of Casano, Lines of Turin, and other glories), but had now got into intricacies with the weaker sort, and was out of command, — agreed with Friedrich Wilhelm that it would be well to go and serve there as volunteers, since not otherwise.** A Crown-Prince of Prussia, ought he not to learn soldiering, of all things; by every opportunity? Which Friedrich Wilhelm did, with industry; serving zealous apprenticeship under Marlborough and Eugene, in this manner; plucking knowledge, as the bubble reputation, and all else in that field has to be plucked, from the cannon's mouth. Friedrich Wilhelm kept by Marlborough, now as for-

* Förster, i. 116.

** Varnhagen von Ense: *Fürst Leopold von Anhalt-Dessau* (in *Biographische Denkmale*, 2d edition, Berlin, 1845), p. 185. *Thaten und Leben des weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau* (Leipzig, 1742), p. 78. Förster, i. 129.

merly; friend Leopold being commonly in Eugene's quarter, who well knew the worth of him, ever since Blenheim and earlier. Friedrich Wilhelm saw hot service, that campaign of 1709; siege of Tournay, and far more;—stood, among other things, the fiery Battle of Malplaquet, one of the terriblest and deadliest feats of war ever done. No want of intrepidity and rugged soldier-virtue in the Prussian troops or their Crown-Prince; least of all on that terrible day, 11th September 1709;—of which he keeps the anniversary ever since, and will do all his life, the doomsday of Malplaquet always a memorable day to him.* He is more and more intimate with Leopold, and loves good soldiering beyond all things. Here at Berlin he has already got a regiment of his own, tallish fine men; and strives to make it in all points a very pattern of a regiment.

For the rest, much here is out of joint, and far from satisfactory to him. Seven years ago** he lost his own brave Mother and her love; of which we must speak farther by and by. In her stead he has got a fantastic, melancholic, ill-natured Stepmother, with whom there was never any good to be done; who in fact is now fairly mad, and kept to her own apartments. He has to see here, and say little, a chagrined heartworn Father flickering painfully amid a scene much filled with expensive futile persons, and their extremely pitiful cabals and mutual rages; scene chiefly of pompous

* Förster, i. 138.

** 1st February 1705.

inanity, and the art of solemnly and with great labour doing nothing. Such waste of labour and of means: what can one do but be silent? The other year, Preussen (*Prussia* Proper, province lying far eastward, out of sight) was sinking under pestilence and black ruin and despair: the Crown-Prince, contrary to wont, broke silence, and begged some dole or subvention for these poor people; but there was nothing to be had. Nothing in the treasury, your Royal Highness: — Preussen will shift for itself; sublime dramaturgy, which we call his Majesty's Government, costs so much! And Preussen, mown away by death, lies much of it vacant ever since; which has completed the Crown-Prince's disgust; and, I believe, did produce some change of ministry, or other ineffectual expedient, on the old Father's part. Upon which the Crown-Prince locks up his thoughts again. He has confused whirlpools, of Court-intrigues, ceremonials, and troublesome fantasticalities, to steer amongst; which he much dislikes, no man more; having an eye and heart set on the practical only, and being in mind as in body something of the genus *robustum*, of the genus *ferox* withal. He has been wedded six years; lost two children, as we saw; and now again he has two living.

His wife, Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, is his cousin as well. She is brother's-daughter of his Mother, Sophie Charlotte: let the reader learn to discriminate these two names. Sophie Charlotte, late Queen of Prussia, was also of Hanover: she probably had some-

times, in her quiet motherly thought, anticipated this connexion for him, while she yet lived. It is certain Friedrich Wilhelm was carried to Hanover in early childhood: his Mother, — that Sophie Charlotte, a famed Queen and lady in her day, Daughter of Electress Sophie, and Sister of the George who became George I. of England by and by, — took him thither; some time about the beginning of 1693, his age then five; and left him there on trial; alleging, and expecting, he might have a better breeding there. And this, in a Court where Electress Sophie was chief lady, and Elector Ernst, fit to be called Gentleman Ernst,* the politest of men, was chief lord, — and where Leibnitz, to say nothing of lighter notabilities, was flourishing, — seemed a reasonable expectation. Nevertheless, it came to nothing, this articulate purpose of the visit; though perhaps the deeper silent purposes of it might not be quite unfulfilled.

Gentleman Ernst had lately been made "Elector" (*Kurfürst*, instead of *Herzog*), — his Hanover no longer a mere Sovereign Duchy, but an Electorate henceforth, new "*Ninth* Electorate," by Ernst's life-long exertion and good luck; — which has spread a fine radiance,

* "Her Highness" (the Electress Sophie) "has the character of the "merry debonnaire Princess of Germany; a lady of extraordinary virtues "and accomplishments; mistress of the Italian, French, High and Low "Dutch, and English languages, which she speaks to perfection. Her "husband" (Elector Ernst) "has the title of the Gentleman of Germany; a graceful and" &c. &c. W. Carr: *Remarks of the Governments of the severall Parts of Germanie, Denmark, Sweedland* (Amsterdam, 1688), p. 147. See also *Ker of Kerstrand* (still more emphatic on this point, *scæpius*).

for the time, over court and people in those parts; and made Ernst a happier man than ever, in his old age. Gentleman Ernst and Electress Sophie, we need not doubt, were glad to see their burly Prussian grandson, — a robust, rather mischievous boy of five years old; — and anything that brought her Daughter oftener about her (an only Daughter too, and one so gifted) was sure to be welcome to the cheery old Electress, and her Leibnitz and her circle. For Sophie Charlotte was a bright presence, and a favourite with sage and gay.

Uncle George again, "*Kurprinz* Georg Ludwig" (Electoral Prince and Heir Apparent), who became George I. of England; he, always a taciturn, saturnine, somewhat grim-visaged man, not without thoughts of his own but mostly inarticulate thoughts, was, just at this time, in a deep domestic intricacy. Uncle George the Kurprinz was painfully detecting, in these very months, that his august Spouse and cousin, a brilliant *not* uninjured lady, had become an indignant injuring one; that she had gone, and was going, far astray in her walk of life! Thus all is not radiance at Hanover either, Ninth Elector though we are; but, in the soft sunlight, there quivers a streak of the blackness of very Erebus withal. Kurprinz George, I think, though he too is said to have been good to the boy, could not take much interest in this burly Nephew of his just now!

Sure enough, it was in this year 1693, that the famed Königsmark tragedy came ripening fast towards

a crisis in Hanover; and next year the catastrophe arrived. A most tragic business; of which the little Boy, now here, will know more one day. Perhaps it was on this very visit, on one visit it credibly was, that Sophie Charlotte witnessed a sad scene in the Schloss of Hanover: high words rising, where low cooings had been more appropriate; harsh words, mutually recriminative, rising ever higher; ending, it is thought, in *things*, or menaces and motions towards things (actual box on the ear, some call it), — never to be forgotten or forgiven! And on Sunday 1st of July 1694, Colonel Count Philip Königsmark, Colonel in the Hanover Dragoons, was seen for the last time in this world. From that date, he has vanished suddenly underground, in an inscrutable manner; never more shall the light of the sun, or any human eye behold that handsome blackguard man. Not for a hundred and fifty years shall human creatures know, or guess with the smallest certainty, what has become of him.

And shortly after Königsmark's disappearance, there is this sad phenomenon visible: A once very radiant Princess (witty, haughty-minded, beautiful, not wise or fortunate) now gone all ablaze into angry tragic conflagration; getting locked into the old Castle of Ahlden, in the moory solitudes of Lüneburg Heath: to stay there till she die, — thirty years as it proved, — and go into ashes and angry darkness as she may. Old peasants, late in the next century, will remember that they used to see her sometimes driving on the Heath, — beautiful lady, long black hair, and the glitter of

diamonds in it; sometimes the reins in her own hand, but always with a party of cavalry round her, and their swords drawn.* “Duchess of Ahlden,” that was her title in the eclipsed state. Born Princess of Zelle; by marriage, Princess of Hanover (*Kurprinzessin*); would have been Queen of England, too, had matters gone otherwise than they did. — Her name, like that of a little Daughter she had, is Sophie Dorothee: she is Cousin and Divorced Wife of Kurprinz George; divorced, and as it were abolished alive, in this manner. She is little Friedrich Wilhelm’s Aunt-in-law; and her little Daughter comes to be his Wife in process of time. Of him, or of those belonging to him, she took small notice, I suppose, in her then mood, the crisis coming on so fast. In her happier innocent days she had two children, a King that is to be, and a Queen; George II. of England, Sophie Dorothee of Prussia; but must not now call them hers, or ever see them again.

This was the Königsmark tragedy at Hanover; fast ripening towards its catastrophe while little Friedrich Wilhelm was there. It has been, ever since, a rumour and dubious frightful mystery to mankind: but within these few years, by curious accidents (thefts, discoveries of written documents, in various countries, and diligent study of them), it has at length become certainty and fact, to those who are curious about it. Fact surely of a rather horrible sort; — yet better, I must say, than

* *Die Herzogin von Ahlden* (Leipzig, 1852), p. 22. Divorce was, 28th December 1694; death, 13th November 1726, — age then 60.

was suspected: not quite so bad in the state of fact as in that of rumour. Crime enough is in it, sin and folly on both sides; there is killing too, but *not* assassination (as it turns out); on the whole there is nothing of atrocity, or nothing that was not accidental, unavoidable; — and there is a certain greatness of *decorum* on the part of those Hanover Princes and official gentlemen, a depth of silence, of polite stoicism, which deserves more praise than it will get in our times. Enough now of the Königsmark tragedy;* contemporaneous with Friedrich Wilhelm's stay at Hannover, but not otherwise much related to him or his doings there.

* A considerable dreary mass of books, pamphlets, iucubrations, false all and of no worth or of less, have accumulated on this dark subject, during the last hundred-and-fifty years; nor has the process yet stopped, — as it now well might. For there have now two things occurred in regard to it. *First:* In the year 1847, a Swedish Professor, named Palmblad, groping about for other objects in the College Library of Lund (which is in the country of the Königsmark connexions), came upon a Box of old Letters, — Letters undated, signed only with initials, and very enigmatical till well searched into, — which have turned out to be the very Autographs of the Princess and her Königsmark; throwing of course a henceforth indisputable light on their relation. *Second thing:* A cautious exact old gentleman, of diplomatic habits (understood to be "Count von Schulenburg-Klosterode of Dresden"), has, since that event, unweariedly gone into the whole matter; and has brayed it everywhere, and pounded it small; sifting, with sublime patience, not only those Swedish Autographs, but the whole mass of lying books, pamphlets, hints and notices, old and recent; and bringing out (truly in an intricate and throo wearisome, but for the first time in an authentic way) what real evidence there is. In which evidence the facts, or essential fact, lie at last indisputable enough. His Book, thick Pamphlet rather, is that same *Hersogin von Ahlden* (Leipzig, 1852) cited above. The dreary wheelbarrowful of others I had rather not mention again; but leave Count von Schulenburg to mention and describe them, — which he does abundantly, so many as had accumulated up to that date of 1852, to the affliction more or less of sane mankind.

He got no improvement in breeding, as we intimated; none at all; fought, on the contrary, with his young Cousin (afterwards our George II.), a boy twice his age, though of weaker bone; and gave him a bloody nose. To the scandal and consternation of the French Protestant gentle-women and court-dames in their stiff silks: "Ahee, your Electoral Highness!" This had been a rough unruly boy from the first discovery of him. At a very early stage, he, one morning while the nurses were dressing him, took to investigating one of his shoe-buckles; would, in spite of remonstrances, slobber it about in his mouth; and at length swallowed it down, — beyond mistake; and the whole world cannot get it up! Whereupon, wild wail of nurses; and his "Mother came screaming," poor mother; — it is the same small shoe-buckle which is still shown, with a ticket and date to it, "31 December 1692," in the Berlin *Kunstkammer*: for it turned out harmless, after all the screaming; and a few grains of rhubarb restored it safely to the light of day; henceforth a thrice-memorable shoe-buckle.*

Another time, it is recorded, though with less precision of detail, his Governess the Dame Montbail having ordered him to do something which was intolerable to the princely mind, the princely mind resisted in a very strange way: the princely body, namely, flung itself suddenly out of a third-story window, nothing but the *hands* left within; and hanging on there by the sill,

* Förster, I. 74. Erman: *Mémoires de Sophie Charlotte* (Berlin, 1801), p. 130.

and fixedly resolute to obey gravitation rather than Montbail, soon brought the poor lady to terms. Upon which, indeed, he had been taken from her, and from the women altogether, as evidently now needing rougher government. Always an unruly fellow, and dangerous to trust among crockery. At Hanover he could do no good in the way of breeding; sage Leibnitz himself, with his big black periwig and large patient nose, could have put no metaphysics into such a boy. Sublime *Théodicée* (Leibnitzian "justification of the ways of God") was not an article this individual had the least need of, nor at any time the least value for. "Justify? What doomed dog questions it, then? Are you for Bedlam, then?" — and in maturer years his rattan might have been dangerous! For this was a singular individual of his day; human soul still in robust health, and not given to spin its bowels into cobwebs. He is known only to have quarrelled much with Cousin George, during the year or so he spent in those parts.

But there was another Cousin at Hanover, just one other, little Sophie Dorothee (called after her mother), a few months older than himself; by all accounts, a really pretty little child, whom he liked a great deal better. She, I imagine, was his main resource, while on this Hanover visit; with her were laid the foundations of an intimacy which ripened well afterwards. Some say it was already settled by the parents that there was to be a marriage in due time. Settled it could hardly be; for Wilhelmina tells us,*

* *Mémoires de la Margrave de Bareith*, t. 1.

her Father had a "choice of three" allowed him, on coming to wed; and it is otherwise discernible there had been eclipses and uncertainties, in the interim, on his part. Settled, no; but hoped and vaguely prefigured, we may well suppose. And at all events, it has actually come to pass; "Father being ardently in love with the Hanover Princess," says our Margravine, "and "much preferring her to the other two," or to any and all others. Wedded, with great pomp, 28th November 1706;* — and Sophie Dorothee, the same that was his pretty little Cousin at Hanover twenty years ago, she is mother of the little Boy now born and christened, whom men are to call Frederick the Great in coming generations.

Sophie Dorothee is described to us by courtier contemporaries as "one of the most beautiful princesses of her day:" Wilhelmina, on the other hand, testifies that she was never strictly to be called beautiful, but had a pleasant attractive physiognomy; which may be considered better than strict beauty. Uncommon grace of figure and look, testifies Wilhelmina; much dignity and soft dexterity, on social occasions; perfect in all the arts of deportment; and left an impression on you at once kindly and royal. Portraits of her, as Queen at a later age, are frequent in the Prussian Galleries; she is painted sitting, where I best remember her. A serious, comely, rather plump, maternal-looking Lady;

* Förster, i. 117.

something thoughtful in those gray still eyes of hers, in the turn of her face and carriage of her head, as she sits there, considerably gazing out upon a world which would never conform to her will. Decidedly a handsome, wholesome and affectionate aspect of face. Hanoverian in type, that is to say, blond, florid, slightly *profuse*; — yet the better kind of Hanoverian, little or nothing of the worse or at least the worst kind. The eyes, as I say, are gray, and quiet, almost sad; expressive of reticence and reflection, of slow constancy rather than of *speed* in any kind. One expects, could the picture speak, the querulous sound of maternal and other solicitude; of a temper tending towards the obstinate, the quietly unchangeable; — loyal patience not wanting, yet in still larger measure royal impatience well concealed, and long and carefully cherished. This is what I read in Sophie Dorothee's Portraits, — probably remembering what I had otherwise read, and come to know of her. She too will not a little concern us in the first part of this History. I find, for one thing, she had given much of her physiognomy to the Friedrich now born. In his Portraits as Prince-Royal, he strongly resembles her; it is his mother's face informed with youth and new fire, and translated into the masculine gender: in his later Portraits, one less and less recognises the mother.

Friedrich Wilhelm, now in the sixth year of wedlock, is still very fond of his Sophie Dorothee, — "*Fiechen*" (*Pheekin*, diminutive of *Sophie*), as he calls her; she also having, and continuing to have, the due

wife's regard for her solid, honest, if somewhat explosive bear. He troubles her a little now and then, it is said, with whiffs of jealousy; but they are whiffs only, the product of accidental moodinesses in him, or of transient aspects, misinterpreted, in the court-life of a young and pretty woman. As the general rule, he is beautifully goodhumoured, kind even, for a bear; and, on the whole, they have begun their partnership under good omens. And indeed we may say, in spite of sad tempests that arose, they continued it under such. She brought him gradually no fewer than fourteen children, of whom ten survived him and came to maturity: and it is to be admitted their conjugal relation, though a royal, was always a human one; the main elements of it strictly observed on both sides; all quarrels in it capable of being healed again, and the feeling on both sides true, however troublous. A rare fact among royal wedlocks, and perhaps a unique one in that epoch.

The young couple, as is natural in their present position, have many eyes upon them, and not quite a paved path in this confused court of Friedrich I. But they are true to one another; they seem indeed to have held well aloof from all public business or private cabal; and go along silently expecting, and perhaps silently resolving this and that in the future tense; but with moderate immunity from paternal or other criticisms, for the present. The Crown-Prince drills or

hunts, with his Grumkows, Anhalt-Dessaus: these are harmless employments; — and a man may have within his own head what thoughts he pleases, without offence so long as he keeps them there. Friedrich the old Grandfather lived only thirteen months after the birth of his grandson: Friedrich Wilhelm was then King; thoughts then, to any length, could become actions on the part of Friedrich Wilhelm.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER'S MOTHER.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S Mother, as we hinted, did not live to see this marriage which she had forecast in her maternal heart. She died, rather suddenly, in 1705,* at Hanover, whither she had gone on a visit; shortly after parting with this her one boy and child, Friedrich Wilhelm, who is then about seventeen; whom she had with effort forced herself to send abroad, that he might see the world a little, for the first time. Her sorrow on this occasion has in it something beautiful, in so bright and gay a woman: shows us the mother strong in her, to a touching degree. The rough cub, in whom she noticed rugged perverse elements, "tendencies to avarice," and a want of princely graces, and the more brilliant qualities in mind and manner, had given her many thoughts and some uneasy ones. But he was evidently all she had to love in the world; a rugged creature inexpressibly precious to her. For days after his departure, she had kept solitary; busied with little; indulging in her own sad reflections without stint. Among the papers she had been scribbling,

* 1st February (Erman, p. 241; Förster, i. 114): born, 20th October 1668; wedded, 28th September 1684; died, 1st February 1705.

Carlyle, Frederic the Great. I.

there was found one slip with a *heart* sketched on it, and round the heart, 'PARTI' (Gone): My heart is gone! — poor lady, and after what a jewel! But Nature is very kind, to all children and to all mothers that are true to her.

Sophie Charlotte's deep sorrow and dejection on this parting was the secret herald of fate to herself. It had meant ill health withal, and the gloom of broken nerves. All autumn and into winter she had felt herself indefinitely unwell; she determined, however, on seeing Hanover and her good old Mother at the usual time. The gloomy sorrow over Friedrich Wilhelm had been the premonition of a sudden illness which seized her on the road to Hanover, some five months afterwards, and which ended fatally in that city. Her death was not in the light style Friedrich her grandson ascribes to it;* she died without epigram, and though in perfect simple courage, with the reverse of levity.

Here, at first hand, is the specific account of that event; which, as it is brief and indisputable, we may well fish from the imbroglios, and render legible, to counteract such notions, and illuminate for moments an old scene of things. The writing, apparently a quite private piece, is by "M. de la Bergerie, Pastor of the French Church at Hanover," respectable Edict-of-Nantes gentleman, who had been called in on the occasion; — gives an authentic momentary picture,

* *Mémoires de Brandebourg* (Prussia's Edition of *Œuvres*, Berlin, 1847 et seqq.), i. 112.

though a feeble and vacant one, of a locality at that time very interesting to Englishmen. M. de la Bergerie privately records:

"The night between the last of January and the first of February 1705, between one and two o'clock in the morning, 'I was called to the Queen of Prussia, who was then dangerously ill.

"Entering the room, I threw myself at the foot of her bed, 'testifying to her in words my profound grief to see her in this state. After which I took occasion to say, 'She might know now that Kings and Queens are mortal equally with all other men; and that they are obliged to appear before the throne of the majesty of God, to give an account of their deeds done, no less than the meanest of their subjects.' 'To which her Majesty replied, 'I know it well (*Je le sais bien*).' — I went on to say to her, 'Madame, your Majesty must also recognise in this hour the vanity and nothingness of the things here below, for which, it may be, you have had too much interest; and the importance of the things of Heaven, which perhaps you have neglected and contemned.' 'Thereupon the Queen answered, 'True (*Cela est vrai*)!' 'Nevertheless, Madame,' said I, 'does not your Majesty place really your trust in God? Do you not very earnestly (*bien sérieusement*) crave pardon of Him for all the sins you have committed? Do not you fly (*n'a-t-elle pas recours*) to the blood and merits of Jesus Christ, without which it is impossible for us to stand before God?' The Queen answered, 'Oui (Yes).' — While this was going on, her Brother, Duke Ernst August, came into the Queen's room," — perhaps with his eye upon me and my motions? "As they wished to speak together, I withdrew by order."

This Duke Ernst August, age now thirty-one, is the youngest Brother of the family; there never was any Sister but this dying one, who is four years older. Ernst August has some tincture of soldiership at this time (Marlborough Wars, and the like), as all his kindred had; but ultimately he got the Bishoprick of Osnabrück, that singular spiritual heirloom or half-heirloom of the family; and there lived or vegetated without noise. Poor soul, he is the same Bishop of Osnabrück, to whose House, twenty-two years hence, George I., struck by apoplexy, was breathlessly galloping in the summer midnight, one wish now left in him, to be with his brother; — and arrived dead, or in the article of death. That was another scene Ernst August had to witness in his life. I suspect him at present of a thought that M. de la Bergerie, with his pious commonplaces, is likely to do no good. Other trait of Ernst August's life; or of the Schloss of Hanover that night, — or where the sorrowing old Mother sat, invincible though weeping, in some neighbouring room, — I cannot give. M. de la Bergerie continues his narrative:

“Some time after, I again presented myself before the Queen's bed, to see if I could have occasion to speak to her on the matter of her salvation. But Monseigneur the Duke Ernst August then said to me, That it was not necessary; that the Queen was at peace with her God (*était bien avec son Dieu*).” — Which will mean also that M. de la Bergerie may go home? However, he still writes:

“Next day the Prince told me, That observing I was come

"near the Queen's bed, he had asked her if she wished I should
"still speak to her; but she had replied, that it was not necessary in any way (*nullement*), that she already knew all
"that could be said to her on such an occasion; that she had
"said it to herself, that she was still saying it, and that she
"hoped to be well with her God.

"In the end a faint coming upon the Queen, which was
"what terminated her life, I threw myself on my knees at the
"other side of her bed, the curtains of which were open; and
"I called to God with a loud voice, 'That He would rank his
"angels round this great Princess, to guard her from the influences of Satan; that He would have pity on her soul; that
"He would wash her with the blood of Jesus Christ her
"heavenly Spouse; that, having forgiven her all her sins, He
"would receive her to his glory.' And in that moment she
"expired."* — Age thirty-six and some months. Only
Daughter of Electress Sophie; and Father's Mother of Frederick the Great.

She was, in her time, a highly distinguished woman; and has left, one may say, something of her likeness still traceable in the Prussian Nation, and its form of culture, to this day. Charlottenburg (Charlotte's Town, so called by the sorrowing Widower), where she lived, shone with a much-admired French light under her presidency, — French essentially, Versailles, Sceptico-Calvinistic, reflex and direct, — illuminating the dark North; and indeed has never been so bright since. The light was not what we can call inspired; lunar rather, not of the genial or solar kind: but, in good truth, it was the best then going; and Sophie Char-

* Erman, p. 242.

lotte, who was her Mother's daughter in this as in other respects, had made it her own. They were deep in literature, these two Royal Ladies; especially deep in French theological polemics, with a strong leaning to the rationalist side.

They had stopped in Rotterdam once, on a certain journey homewards from Flanders and the Baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, to see that admirable sage, the doubter Bayle. Their sublime messenger roused the poor man, in his garret there, in the Bompies, — after dark: but he had a headache that night; was in bed, and could not come. He followed them next day; leaving his paper imbroglis, his historical, philosophical, anti-theological marine-stores; and suspended his never-ending scribble, on their behalf; — but would not accept a pension, and give it up.*

They were shrewd, noticing, intelligent and lively women; persuaded that there was some nobleness for man beyond what the tailor imparts to him; and even very eager to discover it, had they known how. In these very days, while our little Friedrich at Berlin lies in his cradle, sleeping most of his time, sage Leibnitz, a rather weak but hugely ingenious old gentleman, with bright eyes and long nose, with vast black peruke and bandy legs, is seen daily in the Linden Avenue at Hanover (famed Linden Alley, leading from Town Palace to Country one, a couple of miles long, rather disappointing when one sees it), daily driving or walking towards Herrenhausen, where the Court, where

* Erman. pp. 111, 112. Date is 1700 (late in the autumn probably).

the old Electress is, who will have a touch of dialogue with him to diversify her day. Not very edifying dialogue, we may fear; yet once more, the best that can be had in present circumstances. Here is some lunar reflex of Versailles, which is a polite court; direct rays there are from the oldest written Gospels and the newest; from the great unwritten Gospel of the Universe itself; and from one's own real effort, more or less devout, to read all these aright. Let us not condemn that poor French element of Eclecticism, Scepticism, 'Tolerance, 'Theodicea, and Bayle of the Bompics *versus* the College of Saumur. Let us admit that it was profitable, at least that it was inevitable; let us pity it, and be thankful for it, and rejoice that we are well out of it. Scepticism, which is there beginning at the very top of the world-tree, and has to descend through all the boughs with terrible results to mankind, is as yet pleasant, tinting the leaves with fine autumnal red.

Sophie Charlotte partook of her Mother's tendencies; and carried them with her to Berlin, there to be expanded in many ways into ampler fulfilment. She too had the sage Leibnitz often with her, at Berlin; no end to her questionings of him; eagerly desirous to draw water from that deep well, — a wet rope, with cobwebs sticking to it, too often all she got; endless rope, and the bucket never coming to view. Which, however, she took patiently, as a thing according to Nature. She had her learned Beausobres and other Reverend Edict-of-Nantes gentlemen, famed Berlin

divines; whom, if any Papist notability, Jesuit Ambassador or the like, happened to be there, she would set disputing with him, in the Soiree at Charlottenburg. She could right well preside over such a battle of the Cloud-Titans, and conduct the lightnings softly, without explosions. There is a pretty and very characteristic Letter of hers, still pleasant to read, though turning on theologies now fallen dim enough; addressed to Father Vota, the famous Jesuit, King's-confessor, and diplomatist, from Warsaw, who had been doing his best in one such rencontre before her Majesty (date March 1703), — seemingly on a series of evenings, in the intervals of his diplomatic business; the Beausobre champions being introduced to him successively, one each evening, by Queen Sophie Charlotte. To all appearance the fencing had been keen; the lightnings in need of some dextrous conductor. Vota, on his way homeward, had written, to apologise for the sputterings of fire struck out of him in certain pinches of the combat; says, It was the rough handling the Primitive Fathers got from these Beausobre gentlemen, who indeed to me, Vota in person, under your Majesty's fine presidency, were politeness itself, though they treated the Fathers so ill. Her Majesty, with beautiful art, in this Letter, smooths the raven plumage of Vota; — and, at the same time, throws into him, as with invisible needle-points, an excellent dose of acupuncturation, on the subject of the Primitive Fathers and the Ecumenic Councils, on her own score. Let us give some Excerpt, in condensed state:

"How can St. Jerome, for example, be a key to Scripture?" she insinuates; citing from Jerome this remarkable avowal of his method of composing books; "especially of his method in that Book, *Commentary on the Galatians*, where he accuses both Peter and Paul of simulation and even of hypocrisy. The great St. Augustine has been charging him with this sad fact," says her Majesty, who gives chapter and verse;* "and Jerome answers: 'I followed the Commentaries of Origen, of' — five or six different persons, who turned out mostly to be heretics before Jerome had quite done with them in coming years! — "'And to confess the honest truth to you,' continues Jerome, 'I read all that; and after having crammed my head with a great many things, I sent for my amanuensis, and dictated to him now my own thoughts, now those of others, without much recollecting the order, nor sometimes the words, nor even the sense.' In another place (in the Book itself farther on**), he says: 'I do not myself write; I have an amanuensis, and I dictate to him what comes into my mouth. If I wish to reflect a little, to say the thing better or a better thing, he knits his brows, and the whole look of him tells me sufficiently that he cannot endure to wait.'" — Here is a sacred old gentleman, whom it is not safe to depend on for interpreting the Scriptures, thinks her Majesty; but does not say so, leaving Father Vota to his reflections.

Then again, coming to Councils, she quotes St. Gregory of Nazianzen upon him; who is truly dreadful in regard to Ecumenic Councils of the Church, — and indeed may awaken thoughts of Deliberative Assemblies generally, in the modern constitutional mind. "He says, *** No Council ever was suc-

* "Epist. 28a, edit. Paris." And Jerome's answer "Ibid. Epist. 76a.

** "Commentary on the Galatians, chap. iii."

*** "Greg. Nazian. de Vita sua."

"cessful; so many mean human passions getting into conflagration there; with noise, with violence and uproar, "more like those of a tavern or still worse place,' — these are "his words. He, for his own share, had resolved to avoid all "such 'rendezvousing of the Geese and Cranes, flocking to- "gether to throttle and tatter one another in that sad manner.' "Nor had St. Theodoret much opinion of the Council of Nice, "except as a kind of miracle. 'Nothing good to be expected "from Councils,' says he, 'except when God is pleased to in- "terpose, and destroy the machinery of the Devil.'"

— With more of the like sort; all delicate, as invisible needle-points, in her Majesty's hand.* What is Father Vota to say? — The modern reader looks through these chinks into a strange old scene, the stuff of it fallen obsolete, the spirit of it not, nor worthy to fall.

These were Sophie Charlotte's reunions; very charming in their time. At which how joyful for Irish Toland to be present, as was several times his luck. Toland, a mere broken Heretic in his own country, who went thither once as Secretary to some Embassy (Embassy of Macclesfield's, 1701, announcing that the English Crown had fallen Hanover-wards), and was no doubt glad, poor headlong soul, to find himself a gentleman and Christian again, for the time being, — admires

* Letter undated (dateable "Lützelburg, March 1703"), is to be found entire, with all its adjuncts, in *Erman*, pp. 246-55. It was subsequently translated by Toland, and published here, as an excellent Polemical Piece, — entirely forgotten in our time (*A Letter against Popery by Sophia Charlotte the late Queen of Prussia: Being &c. &c.* London, 1712). But the finest Duel of all was probably that between Beausobre and Toland himself (reported by Beausobre, in something of a crowing manner, in *Erman*, pp. 203-41, "October 1701"), of which Toland makes no mention anywhere.

Hanover and Berlin very much; and looks upon Sophie Charlotte in particular as the pink of women. Something between an earthly Queen and a divine Egeria; 'Serena' he calls her; and, in his high-flown fashion, is very laudatory. "The most beautiful Princess of her time," says he, — meaning one of the most beautiful: her features are extremely regular, and full of vivacity; copious dark hair, blue eyes, complexion excellently fair; — "not very tall, and somewhat too plump," he admits elsewhere. And then her mind, — for gifts, for graces, culture, where will you find such a mind? "Her reading is infinite, and she is conversant "in all manner of subjects;" "knows the abstrusest "problems of Philosophy;" says admiring Toland: much knowledge everywhere exact, and handled as by an artist and queen; for "her wit is inimitable," "her justness of thought, her delicacy of expression," her felicity of utterance and management, are great. Foreign courtiers call her 'the Republican Queen.' She detects you a sophistry at one glance; pierces down direct upon the weak point of an opinion: never in my whole life did I, Toland, come upon a swifter or sharper intellect. And then she is so good withal, so bright and cheerful, and "has the art of uniting what to the rest of the "world are antagonisms, mirth and learning," — say even, mirth and good sense. Is deep in music, too; plays daily on her harpsichord, and fantasies, and even composes, in an eminent manner.* Toland's admira-

* *An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover, sent to a Minister of State in Holland, by Mr. Toland (London, 1705), p. 322.* Toland's other

tion, deducting the highflown temper and manner of the man, is sincere and great.

Beyond doubt a bright airy lady, shining in mild radiance in those Northern parts; very graceful, very witty and ingenious; skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue, — which latter art also was frequently in requisition with her. She did not much venerate her Husband, nor the Court population, male or female, whom he chose to have about him: his and their ways were by no means hers, if she had cared to publish her thoughts. Friedrich I., it is admitted on all hands, was "an expensive Herr;" much given to magnificent ceremonies, etiquettes and solemnities; making no great way anywhither, and that always with noise enough, and with a dust-vortex of courtier intrigues and cabals encircling him, — from which it is better to stand quite to windward. Moreover he was slightly crooked; most sensitive, thin of skin and liable to sudden flaws of temper, though at heart very kind and good. Sophie Charlotte is she who wrote once, "Leibnitz talked to "me of the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*): *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that!" Besides, it is whispered, she was once near marrying to Louis XIV.'s Dauphin; her Mother Sophie, and her Cousin the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, cunning women both, had brought her to Paris in her girlhood,

Book, which has reference to her, is of didactic nature ("immortality of the soul," "origin of idolatry," &c.), but with much fine panegyric direct and oblique: *Letters to Serena* ("Serena" being Queen), a thin 8vo, London, 1704.

with that secret object; and had very nearly managed it. Queen of France that might have been; and now it is but Brandenburg, and the dice have fallen somewhat wrong for us! She had Friedrich Wilhelm, the rough boy; and perhaps nothing more of very precious property. Her first child, likewise a boy, had soon died, and there came no third: tedious ceremonials, and the infinitely little, were mainly her lot in this world.

All which, however, she had the art to take up not in the tragic way, but in the mildly comic, — often not to take up at all, but leave lying there; — and thus to manage in a handsome and softly victorious manner. With delicate female tact, with fine female stoicism too; keeping all things within limits. She was much respected by her Husband, much loved indeed; and greatly mourned for by the poor man: the village Lützelburg (Little-town), close by Berlin, where she had built a mansion for herself, he fondly named *Charlottenburg* (Charlotte's-town), after her death, which name both House and Village still bear. Leibnitz found her of an almost troublesome sharpness of intellect; "wants to know the why even of the why," says Leibnitz. That is the way of female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive. Samuel Johnson, too, had a young-lady friend once "with the acutest intellect I have ever known."

On the whole, we may pronounce her clearly a superior woman, this Sophie Charlotte; notable not for her Grandson alone, though now pretty much forgotten

by the world, — as indeed all things and persons have, one day or other, to be! A *Life* of her, in feeble watery style, and distracted arrangement, by one *Erman*,* a Berlin-Frenchman, is in existence, and will repay a cursory perusal; curious traits of her, in still looser form, are also to be found in *Pöllnitz*:** but for our purposes here is enough, and more than enough.

* Monsieur Erman, Historiographe de Brandebourg: *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Sophie Charlotte, Reine de Prusse, lus dans les Séances*, &c. (1 vol. 8vo, Berlin, 1801).

** Carl Ludwig Freiherr von Pöllnitz: *Memoiren zur Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte der vier letzten Regenten des Preussischen Staats* (was published in French also), 2 vols. 12mo, Berlin, 1791.

CHAPTER V.

KING FRIEDRICH I.

THE Prussian royalty is now in its twelfth year when this little Friedrich, who is to carry it to such a height, comes into the world. Old Friedrich the Grandfather achieved this dignity, after long and intricate negotiations, in the first year of the Century; 16th November 1700, his ambassador returned triumphant from Vienna; the Kaiser had at last consented: We are to wear a crown royal on the top of our periwig; the old Electorate of Brandenburg is to become the Kingdom of Prussia; and the Family of Hohenzollern, slowly mounting these many centuries, has reached the uppermost round of the ladder.

Friedrich, the old Gentleman who now looks upon his little Grandson (destined to be Third King of Prussia) with such interest, — is not a very memorable man; but he has had his adventures, too, his losses and his gains: and surely among the latter, the gain of a crown royal into his House gives him, if only as a chronological milestone, some place in History. He was son of him they call the Great Elector, Friedrich Wilhelm by name; of whom the Prussians speak much, in an eagerly celebrating manner; and whose strenuous toilsome work in this world, celebrated or not, is still deeply legible

in the actual life and affairs of Germany. A man of whom we must yet find some opportunity to say a word. From him and a beautiful and excellent Princess Luise, Princess of Orange, — Dutch William, *our* Dutch William's aunt, — this crooked royal Friedrich came.

He was not born crooked; straight enough once, and a fine little boy of six months old or so; there being an elder Prince now in his third year, also full of hope. But in a rough journey to Königsberg and back (winter of 1657, as is guessed), one of the many rough jolting journeys this faithful Electress made with her Husband, a careless or unlucky nurse, who had charge of pretty little Fritzchen, was not sufficiently attentive to her duties on the worst of roads. The ever-jolting carriage gave some bigger jolt, the child fell backwards in her arms;* — did not quite break his back, but injured it for life: — and with his back, one may perceive, injured his soul and history to an almost corresponding degree. For the weak crooked boy, with keen and fine perceptions, and an inadequate case to put them in, grew up with too thin a skin: — that may be considered as the summary of his misfortunes; and, on the whole, there is no other heavy sin to be charged against him.

He had other loads laid upon him, poor youth: his kind pious Mother died, his elder Brother died, he at the age of seventeen saw himself Heir Apparent; —

* Johann Wegführer: *Leben der Kurfürstin Luise, gebornen Prinzessin von Nassau-Oranien, Gemahlin Friedrich Wilhelm des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1838), p. 107.

and had got a Stepmother with new heirs, if he should disappear. Sorrows enough in that one fact, with the venomous whisperings, commentaries and suspicions, which a Court population, female and male, in little Berlin Town, can contrive to tack to it. Does not the new Sovereign Lady, in her heart, wish *you* were dead, my Prince? Hope it perhaps? Health, at any rate, weak; and, by the aid of a little pharmacy — ye Heavens!

Such suspicions are now understood to have had no basis except in the waste brains of courtier men and women; but their existence there can become tragical enough. Add to which, the Great Elector, like all the Hohenzollerns, was a choleric man; capable of blazing into volcanic explosions, when affronted by idle masses of cobwebs in the midst of his serious businesses! It is certain, the young Prince Friedrich had at one time got into quite high, shrill and mutually minatory terms with his Stepmother; so that once, after some such shrill dialogue between them, ending with "You shall repent this, Sir!" — he found it good to fly off in the night, with only his Tutor or Secretary and a valet, to Hessen-Cassel to an Aunt; who stoutly protected him in this emergency; and whose Daughter, after the difficult readjustment of matters, became his Wife, but did not live long. And it is farther certain the same Prince, during this his first wedded time, dining one day with his Stepmother, was taken suddenly ill. Felt ill, after his cup of coffee; retired into another room in violent spasms, evidently in an alarming state, and secretly

in a most alarmed one: his Tutor or Secretary, one Dankelmann, attended him thither; and as the Doctor took some time to arrive, and the symptoms were instant and urgent, Secretary Dankelmann produced "from a pocketbook some drug of his own, or of the Hessen-Cassel Aunt," emetic I suppose, and gave it to the poor Prince; — who said often, and felt ever after, with or without notion of poison, That Dankelmann had saved his life. In consequence of which adventure he again quitted Court without leave; and begged to be permitted to remain safe in the country, if Papa would be so good.*

Fancy the Great Elector's humour, on such an occurrence; and what a furtherance to him in his heavy continual labours, and strenuous swimming for life, these beautiful humours and transactions must have been! A crookbacked boy, dear to the Great Elector, pukes, one afternoon; and there arises such an opening of the Nether Floodgates of this Universe: in and round your poor workshop, nothing but sudden darkness, smell of sulphur; hissing of forked serpents here, and the universal allelu of female hysterics there; — to help a man forward with his work! O reader, we will pity the crowned head, as well as the hatted and even hatless one. Human creatures will not *go* quite accurately together, any more than clocks will; and when their dissonance once rises fairly high, and they cannot readily kill one another, any Great Elector who is third party will have a terrible time of it.

* Pöllnitz: *Memoiren*, i. 191-8.

Electress Dorothee, the Stepmother, was herself somewhat of a hard lady; not easy to live with, though so far above poisoning as to have "despised even the suspicion of it." She was much given to practical economics, dairy-farming, market-gardening, and industrial and commercial operations such as offered; and was thought to be a very strict reckoner of money. She founded the *Dorotheenstadt*, now oftener called the *Neustadt*, chief quarter of Berlin; and planted, just about the time of this unlucky dinner, "A.D. 1680 or so,"* the first of the celebrated *Lindens*, which (or the successors of which, in a stunted condition) are still growing there. *Unter den Linden*: it is now the gayest quarter of Berlin, full of really fine edifices; it was then a sandy outskirt of Electress Dorothee's dairy-farm; good for nothing but building upon, thought Electress Dorothee. She did much dairy-and-vegetable trade on the great scale; — was thought even to have, underhand, a commercial interest in the principal Beer-house of the city.** People did not love her: to the Great Elector, who guided with a steady bridle-hand, she complied not amiss; though in him too there rose sad recollections and comparisons now and then: but with a Stepson of unsteady nerves it became evident to him there could never be soft neighbourhood. Prince Friedrich and his Father came gradually to some under-

* Nicolai: *Beschreibung der königlichen Residenzstädte Berlin und Potsdam* (Berlin, 1786), i. 172.

** Horn: *Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen Kurfürsten von Brandenburg* (Berlin, 1814).

standing, tacit or express, on that sad matter; Prince Friedrich was allowed to live, on his separate allowance, mainly remote from Court. Which he did, for perhaps six or eight years, till the Great Elector's death; henceforth in a peaceable manner, or at least without open explosions.

His young Hessen-Cassel Wife died suddenly in 1683; and again there was mad rumour of poisoning; which Electress Dorothee disregarded as below her, and of no consequence to her, and attended to industrial operations that would pay. That poor young Wife, when dying, exacted a promise from Prince Friedrich that he would not wed again, but be content with the Daughter she had left him: which promise, if ever seriously given, could not be kept, as we have seen. Prince Friedrich brought his Sophie Charlotte home about fifteen months after. With the Stepmother and with the Court there was armed neutrality under tolerable forms, and no open explosion farther.

In a secret way, however, there continued to be difficulties. And such difficulties had already been, that the poor young man, not yet come to his Heritages, and having, with probably some turn for expense, a covetous unamiable Stepmother, had fallen into the usual difficulties; and taken the methods too usual. Namely, had given ear to the Austrian Court, which offered him assistance, — somewhat as an aged Jew will to a young Christian gentleman in quarrel with papa, — upon condition of his signing a certain bond: bond which much surprised Prince Friedrich when he

came to understand it! Of which we shall hear more, and even much more, in the course of time! —

Neither after his accession (year 1688; his Cousin Dutch William, of the glorious and immortal memory, just lifting anchor towards these shores) was the new Elector's life an easy one. We may say, it was replete with troubles rather; and unhappily not so much with great troubles, which could call forth antagonistic greatness of mind or of result, as with never-ending shoals of small troubles, the antagonism to which is apt to become itself of smallish character. Do not search into his history; you will remember almost nothing of it (I hope) after never so many readings! Garrulous Pöllnitz and others have written enough about him; but it all runs-off from you again, as a thing that has no affinity with the human skin. He had a court "*rempli d'intrigues*, full of never-ending cabals,"* — about what?

One question only are we a little interested in: How he came by the Kingship? How did the like of him contrive to achieve Kingship? We may answer: It was not he that achieved it; it was those that went before him, who had gradually got it, — as is very usual in such cases. All that he did was to knock at the gate (the Kaiser's gate and the world's), and ask, "*Is it achieved, then?*" Is Brandenburg grown ripe for having a crown? Will it be needful for you to grant Brandenburg a crown? Which question, after

* Förster, i. 74 (quoting *Memoires du Comte de Dohna*); &c. &c.

knocking as loud as possible, they at last took the trouble to answer, "Yes, it will be needful." —

Elector Friedrich's turn for ostentation, — or, as we may interpret it, the high spirit of a Hohenzollern working through weak nerves and a crooked back, — had early set him a-thinking of the Kingship; and no doubt, the exaltation of rival Saxony, which had attained that envied dignity (in a very unenviable manner, in the person of Elector August made King of Poland) in 1697, operated as a new spur on his activities. Then also Duke Ernst of Hanover, his father-in-law, was struggling to become Elector Ernst; Hanover to be the Ninth Electorate, which it actually attained in 1698; not to speak of England, and quite endless prospects there for Ernst and Hanover. These my lucky neighbours are all rising; all this the Kaiser has granted to my lucky neighbours: why is there no promotion he should grant me, among them! —

Elector Friedrich had 30,000 excellent troops; Kaiser Leopold, the "little man in red stockings," had no end of Wars. Wars in Turkey, wars in Italy; all Dutch William's wars and more, on our side of Europe; — and here is a Spanish-Succession War coming dubiously on, which may prove greater than all the rest together. Elector Friedrich, sometimes in his own high person (a courageous and high though thin-skinned man), otherwise by skilful deputy, had done the Kaiser service, often signal service, in all these Wars; and was never wanting in the time of need, in the post of

difficulty, with those famed Prussian Troops of his. A loyal gallant Elector this, it must be owned; capable, withal of doing signal damage if we irritated him too far! Why not give him this promotion, since it costs *us* absolutely nothing real, not even the price of a yard of ribbon with metal cross at the end of it? Kaiser Leopold himself, it is said, had no particular objection; but certain of his Ministers had; and the little man in red stockings, — much occupied in hunting, for one thing, — let them have their way, at the risk of angering Elector Frederick. Even Dutch William, anxious for it, in sight of the future, had not yet prevailed.

The negotiation had lasted some seven years, without result. There is no doubt but the Succession War, and Marlborough, would have brought it to a happy issue: in the mean while, it is said to have succeeded at last, somewhat on the sudden, by a kind of accident. This is the curious mythical account; incorrect in some unessential particulars, but in the main and singular part of it well-founded. Elector Friedrich, according to Pöllnitz and others, after failing in many methods, had sent 100,000 *thalers* (say 15,000 *l.*) to give, by way of — bribe we must call it, — to the chief opposing Hofrath at Vienna. The money was offered, accordingly; and was refused by the opposing Hofrath: upon which the Brandenburg Ambassador wrote that it was all labour lost; and even hurried off homewards in despair, leaving a Secretary in his place. The Brandenburg Court, nothing despairing, orders in the

mean while, Try another with it, — some other Hof-rath, whose name they wrote in cipher, which the blundering Secretary took to mean no Hofrath, but the Kaiser's Confessor and Chief Jesuit, Pater Wolf. To him accordingly he hastened with the cash, to him with the respectful Electoral request; who received *both*, it is said, especially the 15,000 *l.*, with a *Gloria in excelsis*; and went forthwith and persuaded the Kaiser.* — Now here is the inexactitude, say modern Doctors of History; an error no less than threefold. 1°. Elector Friedrich was indeed advised, in cipher, by his agent at Vienna, to write in person to — "Who is that cipher, then?" asks Elector Friedrich, rather puzzled. At Vienna that cipher was meant for the Kaiser; but at Berlin they take it for Pater Wolf; and write accordingly, and are answered with readiness and animation. 2°. Pater Wolf was not Official Confessor, but was a Jesuit in extreme favour with the Kaiser, and by birth a nobleman, sensible to human decorations. 3°. He accepted no bribe, nor was any sent; his bribe was the pleasure of obliging a high gentleman who condescended to ask, and possibly the hope of smoothing roads for St. Ignatius and the Black Militia, in time coming. And *thus* at last, and not otherwise than thus, say exact Doctors, did Pater Wolf do the thing.** Or might not the actual death of poor King Carlos II. at Madrid, 1st November 1700, for

* Pöhlitz: *Memoiren*, i. 310.

** G. A. H. Stenzel: *Geschichte des Preussischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1841), iii. 104. Nicolai (*Berliner Monatschrift*, year 1799); &c.

whose heritages all the world stood watching with swords half drawn, considerably assist Pater Wolf? Done sure enough the thing was; and before November ended, Friedrich's messenger returned with 'Yes' for answer, and a Treaty signed on the 16th of that month.*

To the huge joy of Elector Friedrich and his Court, almost the very Nation thinking itself glad. Which joyful Potentate decided to set out straightway and have the coronation done; though it was midwinter; and Königsberg (for Prussia is to be our title, "King in Prussia," and Königsberg is Capital City there) lies 450¹ miles off, through tangled shaggy forests, boggy wildernesses, and in many parts only corduroy-roads. We order "30,000 posthorses," besides all our own large stud, to be got ready at the various stations: our boy Friedrich Wilhelm, rugged boy of twelve, rough and brisk, yet much "given to blush" withal (which is a feature of him), shall go with us; much more, Sophie Charlotte our august Electress-Queen that is to be: and we set out, on the 17th of December 1700, last year of the Century; "in 1800 carriages:" such a cavalcade as never crossed those wintry wildernesses before. Friedrich Wilhelm went in the third division of carriages (for 1800 of them could not go quite together); our noble Sophie Charlotte in the second; a Margraf of Brandenburg-Schwedt, chief Margraf, our eldest Half-Brother, Dorothee's eldest Son, sitting on

* Pölinitz (l. 318) gives the Treaty (date corrected by his Editor, li. 569).

the coach-box, in correct insignia, as similitude of Driver. So strict are we in etiquette; etiquette indeed being now upon its apotheosis, and after such efforts. Six or seven years of efforts on Elector Friedrich's part; and six or seven hundred years, unconsciously, on that of his ancestors.

The magnificence of Friedrich's processionings into Königsberg, and through it or in it, to be crowned, and of his coronation ceremonials there: what pen can describe it, what pen need! Folio volumes with copper-plates have been written on it; and are not yet all pasted in band-boxes, or slit into spills.* "The diamond-buttons of his Majesty's coat" (snuff-coloured or purple, I cannot recollect) "cost 1,500*l.* apiece;" by this one feature judge what an expensive Herr. Streets were hung with cloth, carpeted with cloth, no end of draperies and cloth; your oppressed imagination feels as if there was cloth enough, of scarlet and other bright colours, to thatch the Arctic Zone. With illuminations, cannon-salvos, fountains running wine. Friedrich had made two Bishops for the nonce. Two of his natural Church-Superintendents made into Quasi-Bishops, on the Anglican model, — which was always a favourite with him, and a pious wish of his: — but they remained mere cut branches, these two, and did not, after their haranguing and anointing functions, take root in the country. He himself put the crown on his head:

* British Museum, short of very many necessary Books on this subject, offers the due Coronation Folio, with its prints, upolatery catalogues, and official harangues upon nothing, to ingenuous human curiosity.

'King here in my own right, after all!' — And looked his royallest, we may fancy; the kind eyes of him almost partly fierce for moments, and "the cheerfulness of pride" well blending with something of awful.

In all which sublimities, the one thing that remains for human memory is not in these Folios at all, but is considered to be a fact not the less: Electress Charlotte's, now Queen Charlotte's, very strange conduct on the occasion. For she cared not much about crowns, or upholstery magnificences of any kind; but had meditated from of old on the infinitely little; and under these genuflexions, risings, sittings, shiftings, grimacings on all parts, and the endless droning eloquence of Bishops invoking Heaven, her ennui, not illhumoured or offensively ostensible, was heartfelt and transcendent. At one turn of the proceedings, Bishop This and Chancellor That droning their empty grandiloquences at discretion, Sophie Charlotte was distinctly seen to smuggle out her snuff-box, being addicted to that rakish practice, and fairly solace herself with a delicate little pinch of snuff. Rasped tobacco, *tabac râpé*, called by mortals *râpé* or rapee: there is no doubt about it; and the new King himself noticed her, and hurled back a look of due fulminancy, which could not help the matter, and was only lost in air. A memorable little action, and almost symbolic in the first Prussian Coronation. "Yes, we are Kings, and are got so near the stars, not nearer; and you invoke the gods, in that tremendously longwinded manner; and I — Heavens, I have my snuff-box by me, at last!" Thou

wearied patient Heroine; cognisant of the infinitely little! — This symbolic pinch of snuff is fragrant all along in Prussian History. A fragrancy of humble verity in the middle of all royal or other ostentations; inexorable, quiet protest against cant, done with such simplicity: Sophie Charlotte's symbolic pinch of snuff. She was always considered something of a Republican Queen.

Thus Brandenburg Electorate has become Kingdom of Prussia; and the Hohenzollerns have put a crown upon their head. Of Brandenburg, what it was, and what Prussia was; and of the Hohenzollerns and what they were, and how they rose thither, a few details, to such as are dark about these matters, cannot well be dispensed with here.

BOOK II.
OF BRANDENBURG AND THE HOHENZOLLERNS.
928-1417.

CHAPTER I.

BRANNIBOR: HENRY THE FOWLER.

THE Brandenburg Countries, till they become related to the Hohenzollern Family which now rules there, have no History that has proved memorable to mankind. There has indeed been a good deal written under that title; but there is by no means much known, and of that again there is alarmingly little that is worth knowing or remembering.

Pytheas, the Marseilles Travelling Commissioner, looking out for new channels of trade, somewhat above 2,000 years ago, saw the Country actually lying there; sailed past it, occasionally landing; and made report to such Marseillaise "Chamber of Commerce" as there then was; — report now lost, all to a few indistinct and insignificant fractions.* This was "about the year 327 before Christ," while Alexander of Macedon was busy conquering India. Beyond question, Pytheas, the first *writing* or civilised creature that ever saw Germany, gazed with his Greek eyes, and occasionally landed, striving to speak and inquire, upon those old Baltic Coasts, north border of the now Prussian Kingdom; and reported of it to mankind we know not what.

* *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, t. xix. 46, xxxvii. 439, &c.

Which brings home to us the fact that it existed, but almost nothing more: A Country of lakes and woods, of marshy jungles, sandy wildernesses; inhabited by bears, otters, bisons, wolves, wild swine, and certain shaggy Germans of the Suevic type, as good as inarticulate to Pytheas. After which 'all direct notice of it ceases for above three-hundred years. We can hope only that the jungles were getting cleared a little, and the wild creatures hunted down; that the Germans were increasing in number, and becoming a thought less shaggy. These latter, tall Suevi Semnones, men of blond stern aspect (*oculi truces cœrulei*) and great strength of bone, were known to possess a formidable talent for fighting:* Drusus Germanicus, it has been guessed, did not like to appear personally among them: some "gigantic woman prophesying to him across the Elbe" that it might be dangerous, Drusus contented himself with erecting some triumphal pillar on his own safe side of the Elbe, to say that they were conquered.

In the Fourth Century of our era, when the German populations, on impulse of certain "Huns expelled from the Chinese frontier," or for other reasons valid to themselves, began flowing universally southward, to take possession of the rich Roman world, and so continued flowing for two centuries more; the old German frontiers generally, and especially those Northern Baltic countries, were left comparatively vacant: so that new immigrating populations from the East, all of Sclavie

* Tacitus: *De Moribus Germanorum*, c. 45.

origin, easily obtained footing and supremacy there. In the Northern parts, these immigrating Slaves were of the kind called Vandals, or Wends: they spread themselves as far west as Hamburg and the Ocean, south also far over the Elbe in some quarters; while other kinds of Slaves were equally busy elsewhere. With what difficulty in settling the new boundaries, and what inexhaustible funds of quarrel thereon, is still visible to every one, though no Historian was there to say the least word of it. "All of Slavonic origin;" but who knows of how many kinds: Wends here in the North, through the Lausitz (Lusatia), and as far as Thuringen; not to speak of Polacks, Bohemia Czechs, Huns, Bulgars, and the other dim nomenclatures, on the Eastern frontier. Five-hundred years of violent unrecorded fighting, abstruse quarrel with their new neighbours in settling the marches. Many names of towns in Germany ending in *itz* (Meuschwitz, Mollwitz), or bearing the express epithet *Windish* (Wendish), still give indication of those old sad circumstances; as does the word *Slave*, in all our Western languages, meaning captured *Slavonian*. What long-drawn echo of bitter rage and hate lies in that small etymology!

These things were; but they have no History: why should they have any? Enough that in those Baltic regions, there are for the time (Year 600, and till long after Charlemagne is out) Slaves in place of Suevi or of Holstein Saxons and Angli; that it is now shaggy Wends who have the task of taming the jungles, and keeping down the otters and wolves. Wends latterly

in a waning condition, much beaten upon by Charlemagne and others; but never yet beaten out. And so it has to last, century after century; Wends, wolves, wild swine, all alike dumb to us. Dumb, or sounding only one huge unutterable message (seemingly of tragic import), like the voice of their old Forests, of their old Baltic Seas: — perhaps more edifying to us so. Here at last is a definite date and event:

“A.D. 928, Henry the Fowler, marching across the “frozen bogs, took BRANNIBOR, a chief fortress of the “Wends;” * — first mention in human speech of the place now called Brandenburg: Bor or “Burg of the Brenns” (if there ever was any *Tribe* of Brenns, — *Brennus*, there as elsewhere, being name for *King* or *Leader*); “Burg of the Woods,” say others, — who as little know. Probably at that time, a town of clay huts, with ditch and palisaded sod-wall round it; certainly “a chief fortress of the Wends,” — who must have been a good deal surprised at sight of Henry on the rimy winter morning, near a thousand years ago.

This is the grand old Henry, called “the Fowler” (*Heinrich der Vogler*), because he was in his *Vogelheerde* (Falconry or Hawk-establishment, seeing his Hawks fly), in the upland Hartz Country, when messengers came to tell him that the German Nation, through its Princes and Authorities assembled at Fritzlar, had made

* Köhler: *Reichs-Historie* (Frankfurth und Leipzig, 1787), p. 63.
Michaelis: *Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Deutschland* (Lemgo, 1759, '80, '85), I. 255.

him King; and that he would have dreadful work henceforth. Which he undertook; and also did, — this of Brannibor only one small item of it, — warring right manfully all his days against Chaos in that country, no rest for him thenceforth till he died. The beginning of German Kings; the first, or essentially the first, sovereign of united Germany, — Charlemagne's posterity to the last bastard having died out, and only Anarchy, Italian and other, being now the alternative.

"A very high King," says one whose Note-books I have got, "an authentically noble human figure, visible still in clear outline in the gray dawn of Modern History. The Father of whatever good has since been in Germany. He subdued his *Dukes*, Schwaben, Baiern (Swabia, Bavaria) and others, who were getting too *hereditary*, and inclined to disobedience. He managed to get back Lorraine; made *truce* with the Hungarians, who were excessively invasive at that time. Truce with the Hungarians; and then, having gathered strength, made dreadful beating of them; two beatings, — one to each half, for the invasive Savagery had split itself, for better chance of plunder; first beating was at Sondershausen, second was at Merseburg, Year 933; — which settled them considerably. Another beating from Henry's Son, and they never came back. Beat Wends, before this, — 'Brannibor through frozen bogs' five years ago. Beat Sclavic Meisseners (Misnians); Bohemian Czechs, and took Prag; Wends again, with huge slaughter; then Danes, and made 'King Worm tributary' (King *Gorm the Hard*, our *Knut's*, or Canute's great-grandfather, Year 931); — last of all, those invasive Hungarians as above. Had sent

"the Hungarians, when they demanded tribute or *black-mail*
 "of him as heretofore, Truce being now out, — a mangy
 "hound: There is your black-mail, Sirs, make much of that!

"He had 'the image of St. Michael painted on his
 "standard;' contrary to wont. He makes, or *re-makes*,
 "Markgrafs (Wardens of the Marches), to be under his Dukes,
 "— and not too *hereditary*. Who his Markgraves were? Dim
 "History counts them to the number of six;* which take in
 "their order:

"1°. *Sleswig*, looking over into the Scandinavian coun-
 "tries, and the Norse Sea-kings. This Markgraviate did not
 "last long under that title. I guess, it became *Stade-and-*
 "*Ditmarsch* afterwards.

"2°. *Soltwedel*, — which grows to be Markgraviate of
 "*Brandenburg* by and by. Soltwedel, now called Salzwedel,
 "an old Town still extant, sixty miles to west and north of
 "Brandenburg, short way south of the Elbe, was as yet head-
 "quarters of this second Markgraf; and any Warden we
 "have at Brandenburg is only a deputy of him or some
 "other.

"3°. *Meissen* (which we call Misnia), a country at that time
 "still full of Wends.

"4°. *Lausitz*, also a very Wendish country (called in
 "English maps *Lusatia*, — which is its name in Monk-Latin,
 "not now a spoken language). Did not long continue a Mark-
 "graviate; fell to Meissen (Saxony), fell to Brandenburg,

* Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, p. 66. This is by no means Köhler's chief Book; but this too is good, and does, in a solid effective way, what it attempts. He seems to me by far the best Historical Genius the Germans have yet produced, though I do not find much mention of him in their Literary Histories and Catalogues. A man of ample learning, and also of strong cheerful human sense, and human honesty; whom it is thrice pleasant to meet with in those ghastly solitudes, populous chiefly with doleful creatures.

"Bohemia, Austria, and had many tos and fros. Is now (since "the Thirty-Years War time) mostly Saxon again.

"5°. *Austria* (Oesterreich, Eastern-Kingdom, *Easternreyn* "as we might say); to look after the Hungarians, and their "valuable claims to black-mail.

"6°. *Antwerp* ('Hand-Wharf,' so to speak), against the "French; which function soon fell obsolete.

"These were Henry's six Markgraviates (as my best au- "thority enumerates them); and in this way he had militia "captains ranked all round his borders, against the intrusive "Slavic element.

"He fortified Towns; all Towns are to be walled and "warded,—to be *Burgs* in fact; and the inhabitants *Burghers*, "or men capable of defending Burgs. Everywhere the ninth "man is to serve as soldier in his Town; other eight in the "country are to feed and support him: *Heergeräthe* (War- "tackle, what is called *Heriot* in our old Books) descends to "the eldest son of a fighting man who had served, as with us. "All robbers are made soldiers' (unless they prefer hanging); "and *weaponshows* and drill are kept up. This is a man who "will make some impression upon Anarchy, and its Wends "and Huns. His standard was St. Michael, as we have seen, "—whose sword is derived from a very high quarter! A pious "man; — founded Quedlinburg Abbey, and much else in that "kind; having a pious Wife withal, Mechtildis, who took the "main hand in that of Quedlinburg; whose *Life* is in Leibnitz,* "not the legiblest of Books. — On the whole, a right gallant "King and 'Fowler.' Died, A.D. 936 (at Memleben, a "Monastery on the Unstrut, not far from Schulpforte), age "sixty; had reigned only seventeen years, and done so much. "Lies buried in Quedlinburg Abbey: — any Tomb? I know

* Leibnitz: *Scriptores Rerum Brunswicensium*, &c. (Hanover, 1707),
l. 196.

"no *Life* of him but *Gundling's*, which is an extremely inextricable Piece, and requires mainly to be forgotten. — Hail, "brave Henry: across the Nine dim Centuries, we salute thee, "still visible as a valiant Son of Cosmos and Son of Heaven, "beneficently sent us; as a man who did in grim earnest "‘serve God’ in his day, and whose works accordingly bear "fruit to our day, and to all days!" —

So far my rough Note-books; which require again to be shut for the present, not to abuse the reader's patience, or lead him from his road.

This of Markgrafs (*Grafs* of the Marches, *marked* Places, or Boundaries) was a natural invention in that state of circumstances. It did not quite originate with Henry; but was much perfected by him, he first recognising how essential it was. On all frontiers he had his *Graf* (Count, *Reeve*, *G'reeve*, whom some think to be only *Grau*, Gray, or *Senior*, the hardest, wisest steel-gray man he could discover) stationed on the *Marck*, strenuously doing watch and ward there: the post of difficulty, of peril, and naturally of honour too, nothing of a sinecure by any means. Which post, like every other, always had a tendency to become hereditary, if the kindred did not fail in fit men. And hence have come the innumerable Margraves, Marquises, and such like, of modern times: titles now become chimerical, and more or less mendacious, as most of our titles are, — like so many *Burys* changed into "Boroughs," and even into "Rotten Boroughs," with Defensive *Burghers* of the known sort: very mournful to discover. Once Norroy was not all pasteboard! At

the heart of that huge whirlwind of his, with its dusty heraldries, and fantasmal nomenclatures now become mendacious, there lay, at first, always an earnest human fact. Henry the Fowler was so happy as to have the fact without any mixture of mendacity: we are in the sad reverse case; reverse case not yet altogether *complete*, but daily becoming so, — one of the saddest and strangest ever heard of, if we thought of it! — But to go on with business.

Markgraviates there continued to be ever after, — Six in Henry's time: — but as to the number, place, arrangement of them, all this varied according to circumstances outward and inward, chiefly according to the regress or the reintrusion of the circumambient hostile populations; and underwent many changes. The sea-wall you build, and what main floodgates you establish in it, will depend on the state of the outer sea. Markgraf of *Sleswig* grows into Markgraf of *Ditmarsch and Stade*; retiring over the Elbe, if Norse Piracy get very triumphant. *Antwerp* falls obsolete; so does *Meissen* by and by. *Lausitz* and *Salzwedel*, in the third century hence, shrink both into *Brandenburg*; which was long only a subaltern station, managed by deputy from one or other of these. A Markgraf that prospered in repelling of his Wends and Huns had evidently room to spread himself, and could become very great, and produce change in boundaries: observe what *Oesterreich* (Austria) grew to, and what *Brandenburg*; *Meissen* too, which became modern Saxony, a state once greater than it now is.

In old Books are Lists of the primitive Markgraves of Brandenburg, from Henry's time downward; two sets, "Markgraves of the Wittekind race," and of another:* but they are altogether uncertain, a shadowy intermittent set of Markgraves, both the Wittekind set and the Non-Wittekind; and truly, for a couple of centuries, seem none of them to have been other than subaltern Deputies, belonging mostly to *Lausitz* or *Salzwedel*; of whom therefore we can say nothing here, but must leave the first two-hundred years in their natural gray state, — perhaps sufficiently conceivable by the reader.

But thus, at any rate, was Brandenburg (*Bor* or *Burg* of the *Brenns*, whatever these are) first discovered to Christendom, and added to the firm land of articulate History; a feat worth putting on record. Done by Henry the Fowler, in the Year of Grace 928, — while (among other things noticeable in this world) our Knut's great-grandfather, *Gormo Durus*, "Henry's Tributary," was still King of Denmark; when Harald *Blutetooth* (*Blaaland*) was still a young fellow, with his teeth of the natural colour; and Swen with the Forked Beard (*Twaeskaeg*, Double-beard, "*Twa-shag*") was not born; and the Monks of Ely had not yet (by about a hundred years) begun that singing,** nor the tide that refusal to

* Hübner: *Genealogische Tabellen* (Leipzig, 1775-6), i. 172, 173. A Book of rare excellence in its kind.

** Without note or comment, in the old *Book of Ely* (date before the Conquest) is preserved this stave; — giving picture, if we consider it, of

retire, on behalf of this Knut, in our English part of his dominions.

That Henry appointed due Wardenship in Brannibor was in the common course. Sure enough, some Markgraf must take charge of Brannibor, — he of the Lausitz, eastward, for example, or he of Salzwedel westward: — that Brannibor, in time, will itself be found the fit place, and have its own Markgraf of Brandenburg; this, and what in the next nine centuries Brandenburg will grow to, Henry is far from surmising. Brandenburg is fairly captured across the frozen bogs, and has got a warden and ninthman garrison settled in it: Brandenburg, like other things, will grow to what it can.

Henry's Son and Successor, if not himself, is reckoned to have founded the Cathedral and Bishopric of Brandenburg, — his Clergy and he always longing much for the conversion of these Wends and Huns; which indeed was, as the like still is, the one thing needful to rugged heathens of that kind.

the Fen Country all a lake (as it was for half the year, till drained, six centuries after), with Ely Cathedral rising like an island in the distance; and the music of its nones or vespers sounding soft and far over the solitude, eight hundred years ago and more.

Wepne rungen ðe Wunecheþ binnen Ely	<i>Merry (genially) sang the Monks in Ely</i>
ða Cnut ching nep ðepþy	<i>As Knut King rowed (row) there-by:</i>
Ropeð cniteþ neap ðe lant	<i>Row, fellows (knights), near the land,</i>
And hepe pe ðer Wunecheþ raeng	<i>And hear we these Monks's song.</i>

See Bentham's *History of Ely* (Cambridge, 1771), p. 94.

CHAPTER II.

PREUSSEN: SAINT ADALBERT.

FIVE-hundred miles, and more, to the east of Brandenburg, lies a Country then as now called *Preussen* (Prussia Proper), inhabited by Heathens, where also endeavours at conversion are going on, though without success hitherto. Upon which we are now called to cast a glance.

It is a moory flat country, full of lakes and woods, like Brandenburg; spreading out into grassy expanses, and bosky wildernesses humming with bees; plenty of bog in it, but plenty also of alluvial mud; sand too, but by no means so high a ratio of it as in Brandenburg: tracts of Preussen are luxuriantly grassy, frugiferous, apt for the plough; and the soil generally is reckoned fertile, though lying so far northward. Part of the great plain or flat which stretches, sloping insensibly, continuously, in vast expanse, from the Silesian Mountains to the amber-regions of the Baltic; Preussen is the seaward, more alluvial part of this, — extending, west and east, on both sides of the Weichsel (*Vistula*), from the regions of the Oder river to the main stream of the Memel. *Bordering-on-Russia* its name signifies: *Bor-Russia*, B'russia, Prussia; or — some say it was only on a certain inconsiderable river in those parts, river *Reussen*, that it “bordered,” and

not on the great Country, or any part of it, which now in our days is conspicuously its next neighbour. Who knows? —

In Henry the Fowler's time, and long afterwards, Preussen was a vehemently Heathen country; the natives a Miscellany of rough Serbic Wends, Letts, Swedish Goths, or Dryasdust knows not what; — very probably a sprinkling of Swedish Goths, from old time, chiefly along the coasts. Dryasdust knows only that these *Preussen* were a strong-boned, iracund herdsman-and-fisher people; highly averse to be interfered with, in their religion especially. Famous otherwise, through all the centuries, for the *amber* they had been used to fish, and sell in foreign parts.

Amber, science declares, is a kind of petrified resin, distilled by pines that were dead before the days of Adam; which is now thrown up, in stormy weather, on that remote coast, and is there fished out by the amphibious people, — who can likewise get it by running mine-shafts into the sandhills on their coast; — by whom it is sold into the uttermost parts of the Earth, Arabia and beyond, from a very early period of time. No doubt Pytheas had his eye upon this valuable product, when he ventured into survey of those regions, — which are still the great mother of amber in our world. By their amber-fishery, with the aid of dairy-produce and plenty of beef and leather, these Heathen Preussen, of uncertain miscellaneous breed, contrived to support existence in a substantial manner; they figure to us as an inarticulate, heavy-footed, rather iracund people.

Their knowledge of Christianity was trifling, their aversion to knowing anything of it was great.

As Poland, and the neighbours to the south, were already Christian, and even the Bohemian Czechs were mostly converted, pious wishes as to Preussen, we may fancy, were a constant feeling: but no effort hitherto, if efforts were made, had come to anything. Let some daring missionary go to preach in that country, his reception is of the worst, or perhaps he is met on the frontier with menaces, and forbidden to preach at all; except sorrow and lost labour, nothing has yet proved attainable. It was very dangerous to go; — and with what likelihood of speeding? Efforts, we may suppose, are rare; but the pious wish being continual and universal, efforts can never altogether cease. From Henry the Fowler's capture of Brannibor, count seventy years, we find Henry's great-grandson reigning as Elective Kaiser, — Otto III., last of the direct "Saxon Kaisers," Otto Wonder of the World; — and alongside of Otto's great transactions, which were once called *Mirabilia Mundi* and are now fallen so extinct, there is the following small transaction, a new attempt to preach in Preussen, going on, which, contrariwise, is still worth taking notice of.

About the year 997 or '6, Adalbert, Bishop of Prag, a very zealous, most devout man, but evidently of hot temper, and liable to get into quarrels, had determined, after many painful experiences of the perverse ungovernable nature of corrupt mankind, to give up his

nominally Christian flock altogether; to shake the dust off his feet against Prag, and devote himself to converting those Prussian Heathen, who, across the frontiers, were living in such savagery, and express bondage to the Devil, worshipping mere stocks and stones. In this enterprise, he was encouraged by the Christian potentates who lay contiguous; especially by the Duke of Poland, to whom such next-neighbours, for all reasons, were an eye-sorrow.

Adalbert went, accordingly, with staff and scrip, two monks attending him, into that dangerous country: not in fear, he; a devout high-tempered man, verging now on fifty, his hair getting gray, and face marred with innumerable troubles and provocations of past time. He preached zealously, almost fiercely, — though chiefly with his eyes and gestures, I should think, having no command of the language. At Dantzic, among the Swedish-Goth kind of Heathen, he had some success, or affluence of attendance; not elsewhere that we hear of. In the Pillau region, for example, where he next landed, an amphibious Heathen lout hit him heavily across the shoulders with the flat of his oar; sent the poor Preacher to the ground, face foremost, and suddenly ended his salutary discourse for that time. However, he pressed forward, regardless of results, preaching the Evangel to all creatures who were willing or unwilling; — and pressed at last into the Sacred Circuit, the "*Romova*", or Place of Oak-trees, and of Wooden or Stone Idols (*Bangputtis*, *Patkullos*, and I know not what diabolic dumb Blocks), which it

was death to enter. The Heathen Priests, as we may conceive it, rushed out; beckoned him, with loud unintelligible bullyings and fierce gestures, to begone; hustled, shook him, shoved him, as he did not go: then took to confused striking, struck finally a death-stroke on the head of poor Adalbert: so that "he stretched out both his arms" (Jesus, receive me thou!), "and fell with his face to the ground, and lay dead there, — in the form of a crucifix," say his Biographers; only the attendant monks escaping to tell.

Attendant monks, or Adalbert, had known nothing of their being on forbidden ground. Their accounts of the phenomenon accordingly leave it only half explained: How he was surprised by armed Heathen Devil's-servants in his sleep; was violently set upon, and his "beautiful bowels (*pulchra viscera*) were run "through with seven spears:" but this of the "Romova," or Sacred Bangputtis Church of Oak-trees, perhaps chief *Romova* of the Country, rashly intruded into, with consequent strokes, and fall in the form of a crucifix, appears now to be the intelligible account.* We will take it for the real manner of Adalbert's exit; — no doubt of the essential transaction, or that it was a very flaming one on both sides. The date given is 23d April 997; date famous in the Romish Calendar since.

He was a Czech by birth, son of a Heathen Bohemian man of rank: his name (Adalbert, A'lbert, *Bright-*

* Baillet: *Vies des Saints* (Paris, 1739), iii. 722. Bollandus: *Acta Sanctorum*, Aprilis tom. iii. (die 23a; in Edition Venetiis, 1738) pp. 174-205. Volgt: *Geschichte Preussens* (Königsberg, 1827-'39), i. 266-70.

in-Nobleness) he got "at Magdeburg, whither he had gone to study," and seek baptism; where, as generally elsewhere, his fervent devout ways were admirable to his fellow-creatures. A "man of genius," we may well say: one of Heaven's bright souls, born into the muddy darkness of this world; — laid hold of by a transcendent Message, in the due transcendent degree. He entered Prag, as Bishop, not in a carriage and six, but "walking barefoot;" his contempt for earthly shadows being always extreme. Accordingly, his quarrels with the *sæculum* were constant and endless; his wanderings up and down, and vehement arguings, in this world, to little visible effect, lasted all his days. We can perceive he was short-tempered, thin of skin; a violently sensitive man. For example, once in the Bohemian solitudes, on a summer afternoon, in one of his thousandfold pilgrimings and wayfarings, he had lain down to rest, his one or two monks and he, in some still glade, "with a stone for his pillow" (as was always his custom even in Prag), and had fallen sound asleep. A Bohemian shepherd chanced to pass that way, warbling something on his pipe, as he wended towards looking after his flock. Seeing the sleepers on their stone pillows, the thoughtless Czech mischievously blew louder, — started Adalbert broad awake upon him; who, in the fury of the first moment, shrieked: "Deafness on thee! Man cruel to the human sense of hearing!" or-words to that effect. Which curse, like the most of Adalbert's, was punctually fulfilled: the amazed Czech stood deaf as a post, and went about so

all his days after: nay for long centuries (perhaps down to the present time, in remote parts), no Czech blows into his pipe in the woodlands, without certain precautions, and preliminary furlings of a devotional nature.* — From which miracle, as indeed from many other indications, I infer an irritable nervous-system in poor Adalbert; and find this death in the Romova was probably a furious mixture of Earth and Heaven.

At all events, he lies there, beautiful though bloody, "in the form of a crucifix;" zealous Adalbert, the hot spirit of him now at last cold; — and has clapt his mark upon the Heathen country, protesting to the last. This was in the year 997, think the best Antiquaries. It happened at a place called *Fiachhausen*, near Pillau, say they; on that narrow strip of country which lies between the Baltic and the Frische Haf (immense Lake, *Wash* as we should say, or leakage of shallow water, one of two such, which the Baltic has spilt out of it in that quarter), — near the Fort and Haven of Pillau; where there has been much stir since; where Napoleon, for one thing, had some tough fighting, prior to the Treaty of Tilsit, fifty years ago. The place, — or if not this place, then Gnesen in Poland, the final burial-place of Adalbert, which is better known, — has ever since had a kind of sacredness; better or worse expressed by mankind: in the form of canonisation, endless pilgrimages, rumoured miracles, and such like. For shortly afterwards, the neighbouring Potentate, Boleslaus Duke of Poland, heart-struck at the event,

* Bollandus, *ubi supra*.

drew sword on these Heathens, and having (if I remember) gained some victory, bargained to have the Body of Adalbert delivered to him at its weight in gold. Body, all cut in pieces, and nailed to poles, had long ignominiously withered in the wind; perhaps it was now only buried overnight for the nonce? Being dug up, or being cut down, and put into the balance, it weighed — less than was expected. It was as light as gossamer, said pious rumour. Had such an excellent odour too; — and came for a mere nothing of gold! This was Adalbert's first miracle after death; in life he had done many hundreds of them, and has done millions since, — chiefly upon paralytic nervous-systems, and the element of pious rumour; — which any Devil's Advocate then extant may explain if he can! Kaiser Otto, Wonder of the World, who had known St. Adalbert in life, and much honoured him, "made a pilgrimage to his Tomb at Gnesen in the year 1000;" — and knelt there, we may believe, with thoughts wondrous enough, great and sad enough.

There is no hope of converting Preussen, then? It will never leave off its dire worship of Satan, then? Say not, Never; that is a weak word. St. Adalbert has stamped his life upon it, in the form of a crucifix, in lasting protest against that.

CHAPTER III.

MARKGRAVES OF BRANDENBURG.

MEANWHILE our first enigmatic set of Markgraves, or Deputy-Markgraves, at Brandenburg, are likewise faring ill. Whoever these valiant steel-gray gentlemen might be (which Dryasdust does not the least know, and only makes you more uncertain the more he pretends to tell), one thing is very evident, they had no peaceable possession of the place, nor for above a hundred years, a constant one on any terms. The Wends were highly disinclined to conversion and obedience: once and again and still again, they burst up; got temporary hold of Brandenburg, hoping to keep it; and did frightful heterodoxies there. So that to our distressed imagination those poor "Markgraves of Wittekind descent," our first set in Brandenburg, become altogether shadowy, intermittent, enigmatic, painfully actual as they once were. Take one instance, omitting others; which happily proves to be the finish of that first shadowy line, and introduces us to a new set very slightly more substantial.

End of the First Shadowy Line.

In the year 1023, near a century after Henry the Fowler's feat, the Wends bursting up in never-imagined

fury, get hold of Brandenburg again, — for the third and, one would fain hope, the last time. The reason was, words spoken by the then Markgraf of Brandenburg, Dietrich or Theodoric, last of the Wittekind Markgraves; who hearing that a Cousin of his (Markgraf or Deputy-Markgraf like himself) was about wedding his daughter to "Mistevoi King of the Wends," said too earnestly: "Don't! Will you give your daughter to a dog?" Word "dog" was used, says my authority.* Which threw King Mistevoi into a paroxysm, and raised the Wends. Their butchery of the German population in poor Brandenburg, especially of the Priests; their burning of the Cathedral, and of Church and State generally, may be conceived. The *Harlungsborg*, — in our time *Marienberg*, pleasant Hill near Brandenburg, with its gardens, vines, and whitened cottages: — on the top of this Harlungsborg the Wends "set up their god Triglyph;" a three-headed Monster of which I have seen prints, beyond measure ugly. Something like three whale's-cubs combined by boiling, or a triple porpoise dead-drunk (for the dull eyes are inexpressible, as well as the amorphous shape): ugliest and stupidest of all false gods. This these victorious Wends

* See Michaelis, *Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser*, i. 257-9: Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte* (Halle, 1760-'69), i. 1-182 (the "standard work" on Prussian History; in eight watery quartos, intolerable to human nature): Kloss, *Vaterländische Gemälde* (Berlin, 1833), i. 59-108 (a Bookseller's-compilation, with some curious Excerpts): — under which lie modern Sagittarius, ancient Adam of Bremen, *Ditmarus Merseburgensis*, *Witichindus Corbeiensis*, *Arnoldus Lubecensis*, &c. &c. to all lengths and breadths.

set up on the Harlungsberg, Year 1023; and worshipped after their sort, benighted mortals,—with joy, for a time. The Cathedral was in ashes, Priests all slain or fled, shadowy Markgraves the like; Church and State lay in ashes; and Triglyph, like a Triple Porpoise under the influence of laudanum, stood (I know not whether on his head or on his tail) aloft on the Harlungsberg, as the Supreme of this Universe, for the time being.

Second Shadowy Line.

Whereupon the *Ditmarsch-Stade* Markgrafs (as some designate them) had to interfere, these shadowy Deputies of the *Wittekind* breed having vanished in that manner. The *Ditmarschers* recovered the place; and with some fighting, did in the main at least keep Triglyph and the Wends out of it in time coming. The Wends were fiercely troublesome, and fought much; but I think they never actually got hold of Brandenburg again. They were beginning to get notions of conversion: well preached to and well beaten upon, you cannot hold out forever. Even *Mistevoi* at one time professed tendencies to Christianity; perhaps partly for his Bride's sake, — the dog, we may call him, in a milder sense! But he relapsed dreadfully, after that insult; and his son worse. On the other hand, *Mistevoi's* grandson was so zealous he went about with the Missionary Preachers, and interpreted their German into Wendish: "Oh, my poor Wends, will you hear, then,

will you understand? This solid Earth is but a shadow: Heaven forever or else Hell forever, that is the reality!" Such "difference between right and wrong" no Wend had heard of before; quite tremendously "important if true!" — And doubtless it impressed many. There are heavy Ditmarsch strokes for the unimpressible. By degrees all got converted, though many were killed first; and, one way or other, the Wends are preparing to efface themselves as a distinct people.

This *Stade-and-Ditmarsch* family (of English or Saxon breed, if that is an advantage) seem generally to have furnished the *Salzwedel* Office as well, of which Brandenburg was an offshoot, done by deputy, usually also of their kin. They lasted in Brandenburg rather more than a hundred years; — with little or no Book-History that is good to read; their History inarticulate rather, and stamped beneficently on the face of things. Otto is a common name among them. One of their Sisters, too, Adelheid (Adelaide, *Nobleness*) had a strange adventure with "Ludwig the Springer:" romantic mythic man, famous in the German world, over whom my readers and I must not pause at this time.

In Salzwedel, in Ditmarsch, or wherever stationed, they had a toilsome fighting life; sore difficulties with their *Ditmarschers* too, with the plundering Danish populations; Markgraf after Markgraf getting killed in the business. "*Erschlagen*, slain fighting with the Heathen," say the old Books, and pass on to another.

Of all which there is now silence forever. So many years men fought and planned and struggled there, all forgotten now except by the gods; and silently gave away their life, before those countries could become fencible and habitable! Nay, my friend, it is our lot too: and if we would win honour in this Universe, the rumour of Histories and Morning Newspapers, — which have to become wholly zero, one day, and fall dumb as stones, and which were not perhaps very wise even while speaking, — will help us little! —

*Substantial Markgraves: Glimpse of the Contemporary
Kaisers.*

The Ditmarsch-Stade kindred, much slain in battle with the Heathen, and otherwise beaten upon, died out, about the year 1130 (earlier perhaps, perhaps later, for all is shadowy still); and were succeeded in the Salzwedel part of their function by a kindred called "of Ascanien and Ballenstädt;" the *Ascanier* or *Anhalt* Markgraves; whose History, and that of Brandenburg, becomes henceforth articulate to us; a History not doubtful or shadowy any longer; but ascertainable, if reckoned worth ascertaining. Who succeeded in Ditmarsch, let us by no means inquire. The Empire itself was in some disorder at this time, more abstruse of aspect than usual; and these Northern Markgrafs, already become important people, and deep in gene-

ral politics, had their own share in the confusion that was going.

It was about this same time that a second line of Kaisers had died out: the *Frankish* or *Salic* line, who had succeeded to the *Saxon*, of Henry the Fowler's blood. For the Empire too, though elective, had always a tendency to become hereditary, and go in lines: if the last Kaiser left a son not unfit, who so likely as the son? But he needed to be fit, otherwise it would not answer, — otherwise it might be worse for him! There were great labours in the Empire too, as well as on the Sclavic frontier of it: brave men fighting against anarchy (actually set in pitched fight against it, and not always strong enough), — toiling sore, according to their faculty, to pull the innumerable crooked things straight. Some agreed well with the Pope, — as Henry II., who founded Bamberg Bishopric, and much else of the like;* “a sore saint for the crown,” as was said of David his Scotch contemporary by a descendant. Others disagreed very much indeed; — Henry IV.'s scene at Canossa, with Pope Hildebrand and the pious Countess (year 1077, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire waiting, three days, in the snow, to kiss the foot of excommunicative Hildebrand), has impressed itself on all memories! Poor Henry rallied out of that abasement, and dealt a stroke or two on Hildebrand; but fell still lower before long, his very

* Köhler, pp. 102-4. See, for instance, *Description de la Table d'Autel en or fin, donnée à la Cathédrale de Bâle, par l'Empereur Henri II, en 1019* (Porentray, 1838).

Son going against him; and came almost to actual want of bread, had not the Bishop of Liége been good to him. Nay, after death, he lay four years waiting vainly even for burial, — but indeed cared little about that.

Certainly this Son of his, Kaiser Henry V., does not shine in filial piety: but probably the poor lad himself was hard bested. He also came to die, A.D. 1125, still little over forty, and was the last of the Frankish Kaisers. He “left the *Reichs-Insignien*” (Crown, Sceptre and Coronation gear) “to his Widow and young Friedrich of Hohenstauffen,” a sister’s son of his, — hoping the said Friedrich might, partly by that help, follow as Kaiser. Which Friedrich could not do; being wheedled, both the Widow and he, out of their Insignia, under false pretences, and otherwise left in the lurch. Not Friedrich, but one Lothar, a stirring man who had grown potent in the Saxon countries, was elected Kaiser. In the end, after waiting till Lothar was done, Friedrich’s race did succeed, and with brilliancy, — Kaiser Barbarossa being that same Friedrich’s son. In regard to which dim complicacies, take this Excerpt from the imbroglio of Manuscripts, before they go into the fire:

“By no means to be forgotten that the Widow we here “speak of, Kaiser Henry V.’s Widow, who brought no heir to “Henry V., was our English Henry Beauclerc’s Daughter, — “grand-daughter therefore of William Conqueror, — the same “who, having (in 1127, the second year of her widowhood) “married Godefrois Count of Anjou, produced our Henry II.

"and our Plantagenets; and thereby, through her victorious
"Controversies with King Stephen (that noble peer whose
"breeches stood him so cheap), became very celebrated as
"the Empress Maud,' in our old History-Books. Mathildis,
"Dowager of Kaiser Henry V., to whom he gave his Reichs-
"Insignia at dying: she is the 'Empress Maud' of English
"Books; and relates herself in this manner to the Hohen-
"stauffen Dynasty, and intricate German vicissitudes. Be
"thankful for any hook whatever on which to hang half an
"acre of thrums in fixed position, out of your way; the small-
"est flint-spark, in a world all black and unrememberable,
"will be welcome." —

And so we return to Brandenburg and the "*Ascanien*
and *Ballenstädt*" series of Markgraves.

CHAPTER IV.

ALBERT THE BEAR.

THIS *Ascanien*, happily, has nothing to do with Brute of Troy or the pious Æneas's son; it is simply the name of a most ancient Castle (etymology unknown to me, ruins still dimly traceable) on the north slope of the Harz Mountains; short way from Aschersleben, — the Castle and Town of Aschersleben are, so to speak, a second edition of Ascanien. Ballenstädt is still older; Ballenstädt was of age in Charlemagne's time; and is still a respectable little Town in that upland range of country. The kindred, called *Grafs* and ultimately *Herzogs* (Dukes) of "Ascanien and Ballenstädt," are very famous in old German History, especially down from this date. Some reckon that they had intermittently been Markgrafs, in their region, long before this; which is conceivable enough: at all events it is very plain they did now attain the Office in *Salzwedel* (straightway shifting it to *Brandenburg*); and held it continuously, it and much else that lay adjacent, for centuries, in a highly conspicuous manner.

In Brandenburg they lasted for about two-hundred years; in their Saxon dignities, the younger branch of them did not die out (and give place to the Wettins that now are) for five-hundred. Nay they have still their representatives on the Earth: Leopold of Anhalt-

Dessau, celebrated "Old Dessauer," come of the junior branches, is lineal head of the kin in Friedrich Wilhelm's time (while our little Fritzchen lies asleep in his cradle at Berlin); and a certain Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, Colonel in the Prussian Army, authentic *Prince*, but with purse much shorter than pedigree, will have a Daughter by and by, who will go to Russia, and become almost too conspicuous, as Catharine II., there! —

"Brandenburg now as afterwards," says one of my old Papers "was officially reckoned *Saxon*; part of the big Duchy "of Saxony; where certain famed *Billungs*, lineage of an old "Count Billung' (connected or not with *Billings-gate* in our "country, I do not know) had long borne sway. Of which big "old Billungs I will say nothing at all; — this only that they "died out; and a certain Albert 'Count of Ascanien and "Ballenstädt' (say, of *Anhalt*, in modern terms), whose mother "was one of their daughters, came in for the Northern part of "their inheritance. He made a clutch at the Southern too, "but did not long retain that. Being a man very swift and "very sharp, at once nimble and strong, in the huge scramble "that there then was, — Uncle Billung dead without heirs, a "Salic line of Emperors going or gone out, and a *Hohenstauffen* "not yet come in, — he made a rich game of it for himself; the "rather as Lothar, the intermediate Kaiser, was his cousin, "and there were other good cards which he played well.

"This is he they call 'Albert the Bear (*Albrecht der Bär*)'; "first of the *Ascanien* Markgraves of Brandenburg; — first "wholly definite *Markgraf of Brandenburg* that there is; — "once a very shining figure in the world, though now fallen "dim enough again. It is evident he had a quick eye, as well

“as a strong hand; and could pick what way was straightest among crooked things. He got the Northern part of what is still called Saxony, and kept it in his family; got the Brandenburg Countries withal, got the Lausitz; was the shining figure and great man of the North in his day. The Markgrafdom of *Salzwedel* (which soon became of *Brandenburg*) he very naturally acquired (A.D. 1142 or earlier); very naturally, considering what Saxon and other honours and possessions he had already got hold of.” —

We can only say, it was the luckiest of events for Brandenburg, and the beginning of all the better destinies it has had. A conspicuous Country ever since in the world, and which grows ever more so in our late times.

He had many wars; inextricable coil of claimings, quarrellings and agreeings: fought much, — fought in Italy, too, “against the Pagans” (Saracens, that is). Cousin to one Kaiser, the Lothar above named; then a chief stay of the Hohenstauffen, of the two Hohenstauffens who followed: a restless, much-managing, wide-warring man. He stood true by the great Barbarossa, second of the Hohenstauffen, greatest of all the Kaisers; which was a luck for him, and perhaps a merit. He kept well with three Kaisers in his time. Had great quarrels with “Henry the Lion” about that “Billung” Saxon Heritage; Henry carrying off the better part of it from Albert. Except that same Henry, head of the Guelphs or Welfs, who had not Albert’s talent, though wider lands than Albert, there was no German prince so important in that time.

He transferred the Markgrafdom to *Brandenburg*, probably as more central in his wide lands; *Salzwedel* is henceforth the led Markgrafdom or *Marck*, and soon falls out of notice in the world. *Salzwedel* is called henceforth ever-since the "Old Marck (*Alte Marck*, *Altmarck*)"; the Brandenburg countries getting the name of "New Marck." Modern *Neumark*, modern "Middle-Marck" (in which stands Brandenburg itself in our time,) "*Ucker-Marck*" (*Outside Marck*,—word *Ucker* is still seen in *Ukraine*, for instance): these are posterior Divisions, fallen upon as Brandenburg (under Albert chiefly) enlarged itself, and needed new Official parcellings into departments.

Under Albert the Markgrafdom had risen to be an *Electorate* withal. The Markgraf of Brandenburg was now furthermore the *Kurfürst* of Brandenburg; officially "Arch-treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire;" and one of the Seven who have a right (which became about this time an exclusive one for those Seven) to choose, to *kieren* the Romish Kaiser; and who are therefore called *Kur* Princes, *Kurfürsten* or Electors, as the highest dignity except the Kaiser's own. In reference to which abstruse matter, likely to concern us somewhat, will the uninstructed English reader consent to the following Excerpt, slightly elucidatory of *Kurfürsts* and their function?

"*Fürst* (Prince) I suppose is equivalent originally to our "noun of number, *First*. The old verb *kieren* (participle "*erikoren* still in use, not to mention 'Val-kyr' and other instances) is essentially the same word as our *choose*, being "written *kiesen* as well as *kieren*. Nay, say the etymologists,

"it is also written *küssen* (to kiss, — to choose with such emphasis!), and is not likely to fall obsolete in that form. —
 "The other Six Electoral Dignitaries, who grew to Eight by
 "degrees, and may be worth noting once by the readers of this
 "Book, are:

"1°. Three Ecclesiastical, *Maintz, Cöln, Trier* (Mentz, Cologne, Treves), Archbishops all, with sovereignty and territory more or less considerable; — who use to be elected as Popes are, theoretically by their respective Chapters and the Heavenly Inspirations, but practically by the intrigues and pressures of the neighbouring Potentates, especially France and Austria.

"2°. Three Secular, *Sachsen, Pfalz, Böhmen* (Saxony, Palatinate, Bohemia); of which the last, *Böhmen*, since it fell from being a Kingdom in itself, to being a Province of Austria, is not very vocal in the Diets. These Six, with Brandenburg, are the Seven Kurfürsts in old time; *Septemvirs* of the Country, so to speak.

"But now *Pfalz*, in the Thirty-Years War (under our Prince Rupert's Father, whom the Germans call the 'Winter-King'), got abrogated, put to the ban, so far as an indignant Kaiser could; and the vote and *Kur* of *Pfalz* was given to his Cousin of *Baiern* (Bavaria), — so far as an indignant Kaiser could. However, at the Peace of Westphalia (1648) it was found incompetent to any Kaiser to abrogate *Pfalz* or the like of *Pfalz*, a Kurfürst of the Empire. So, after jargon inconceivable, it was settled, That *Pfalz* must be reinstated, though with territories much clipped, and at the bottom of the list, not the top as formerly; and that *Baiern*, who could not stand to be baulked after twenty years possession, must be made *Eighth* Elector. The *Ninth*, we saw (Year 1692), was Gentleman Ernst of *Hanover*. There never was any Tenth; and the Holy *Römische Reich*, which was a grand ob-

“ject once, but had gone about in a superannuated and plainly
“crazy state for some centuries back, was at last put out of
“pain, by Napoleon, ‘6th August 1806,’ and allowed to cease
“from this world.”*

None of Albert's wars are so comfortable to reflect on as those he had with the anarchic Wends; whom he now fairly beat to powder, and either swept away, or else damped-down into Christianity and keeping of the peace. Swept them away otherwise; “peopling their
“lands extensively with Colonists from Holland, whom
“an inroad of the sea had rendered homeless there.” Which surely was a useful exchange. Nothing better is known to me of Albert the Bear than this his introducing large numbers of Dutch Netherlanders into those countries; men thrown out of work, who already knew how to deal with bog and sand, by mixing and delving, and who first taught Brandenburg what greenness and cow-pasture was. The Wends, in presence of such things, could not but consent more and more to efface themselves, — either to become German, and grow milk and cheese in the Dutch manner, or to disappear from the world.

The Wendish Princes had a taste for German wives; in which just taste the Albert genealogy was extremely willing to indulge them. Affinities produce inheritances; by proper marriage-contracts you can settle on what side the most contingent inheritance shall at length fall. Dim but pretty certain lies a time coming when the Wendish Princes also shall have

* Ms. penes me.

effaced themselves; and all shall be German-Brandenburgish, not Wendish any more. — The actual Inhabitants of Brandenburg, therefore, are either come of Dutch Bog-farmers, or are simple Lower Saxons ("Anglo-Saxon," if you like that better), *Platt-Teutsch* of the common type; an unexceptionable breed of people. Streaks of Wendish population, extruded gradually into the remoter quagmires, and more inaccessible, less valuable sedgy moors and sea-strands, are scattered about: Mecklenburg, which still subsists separately after a sort, is reckoned peculiarly Wendish. In Mecklenburg, Pommern, Pommerellen (Little Pomerania), are still to be seen physiognomies of a Wendish or Vandalic type (more of cheek than there ought to be, and less of brow; otherwise good enough physiognomies of their kind): but the general mass, tempered with such admixtures, is of the *Platt-Deutsch*, Saxon or even English character we are familiar with here at home. A patient stout people; meaning considerable things, and very incapable of speaking what it means.

Albert was a fine tall figure himself; *der Schöne*, "Albert the Handsome," was his name as often as "Albert the Bear." That latter epithet he got, not from his looks or qualities, but merely from his heraldic cognisance: a Bear on his shield. As was then the mode of names; surnames being scant, and not yet fixedly in existence. Thus too his contemporaries, Henry *the Lion* of Saxony and Welfdom, William *the Lion* of Scotland, were not either of them, specially leonine men: nor had the *Plantagenets*, or Geoffrey of

Anjou, any connexion with the *Plant of Broom*, except wearing a twig of it in their caps on occasion. Men are glad to get some designation for a grand Albert they are often speaking of, which shall distinguish him from the many small ones. Albert 'the Bear, *der Bär*,' will do as well as another.

It was this one first that made Brandenburg peaceable and notable. We might call him the second founder of Brandenburg; he, in the middle of the Twelfth Century, completed for it what Henry the Fowler had begun early in the Tenth. After two-hundred and fifty years of barking and worrying, the Weuds are now finally reduced to silence; their anarchy well buried, and wholesome Dutch cabbage planted over it: Albert did several great things in the world; but this, for posterity, remains his memorable feat. Not done quite easily; but done: big destinies of Nations or of Persons are not founded *gratis* in this world. He had a sore toilsome time of it, coercing, warring, managing among his fellow-creatures, while his days-work lasted, — fifty years or so, for it began early. He died in his Castle of Ballenstädt, peaceably among the Harz Mountains at last, in the year 1170, age about sixty-five. It was in the time while Thomas à Becket was roving about the world, coming home ex-communicative, and finally getting killed in Canterbury Cathedral; — while Abbot Samson, still a poor little brown Boy, came over from Norfolk, holding by his mother's hand, to St. Edmundsbury; having seen "*Satanas* with outspread wings" fearfully busy in this world.

CHAPTER V.

CONRAD OF HOHENZOLLERN; AND KAISER BARBAROSSA.

It was in those same years that a stout young fellow, Conrad by name, far off in the southern parts of Germany, set out from the old Castle of Hohenzollern, where he was but junior, and had small outlooks, upon a very great errand in the world. From Hohenzollern; bound now towards Gelnhausen, Kaiserslautern, or whatever temporary lodging the great Kaiser Barbarossa might be known to have, who was a wandering man, his business lying everywhere over half the world, and needing the master's eye. Conrad's purpose is to find Barbarossa, and seek fortune under him.

This is a very indisputable event of those same years. The exact date, the figure, circumstances of it were, most likely, never written anywhere but on Conrad's own brain, and are now rubbed out forevermore; but the event itself is certain; and of the highest concernment to this Narrative. Somewhere about the year 1170, likeliest a few years before that,* this Conrad, riding down from Hohenzollern, probably with no great

* Rentsch: *Brandenburgischer Ceder-Hain* (Baireuth, 1682), pp. 273-6.
— See also Johann Ulrich Pregitzern, *Teutscher Regierungs- und Ehren-Spiegel, vorbildend &c. des Hauses Hohenzollern* (Berlin, 1708), pp. 90-3. A learned and painful Book; by a Tübingen Professor, who is deeply read in the old Histories, and gives Portraits and other Engravings of some value.

stock of luggage about him, — little dreams of being connected with Brandenburg on the other side of the world; but *is* unconsciously more so than any other of the then sons of Adam. He is the lineal ancestor, twentieth in direct ascent, of the little Boy now sleeping in his cradle at Berlin: let him wait till nineteen generations, valiantly like Conrad, have done their part, and gone out, Conrad will find he is come to this! A man's destiny is strange always; and never wants for miracles, or will want, though it sometimes may for eyes to discern them.

Hohenzollern lies far south in *Schwaben* (Suabia), the sunward slope of the Rauhe-Alp Country; no great way north from Constance and its Lake; but well aloft, near the springs of the Danube; its back leaning on the Black Forest: it is perhaps definable as the southern summit of that same huge old Hercynian Wood, which is still called the *Schwarzwald* (Black Forest), though now comparatively bare of trees.* Fanciful Dryasdust, doing a little etymology, will tell you the name *Zollern* is equivalent to *Tollery* or Place of Tolls. Whereby *Hohenzollern* comes to mean the *High* or *Upper Tollery*; — and gives one the notion of antique pedlars climbing painfully, out of Italy and the Swiss valleys, thus far; unstrapping their packhorses here,

* "There are still considerable spottings of wood (pine mainly, and 'black' enough); *Holzhandel* (timber-trade) still a considerable branch of business there; — and on the streams of the country are cunning contrivances noticeable, for floating down the article into the Neckar river, and thence into the Rhine and to Holland." (*Tourist's Note*.)

and chaffering in unknown dialect about *toll*. Poor souls; — it may be so, but we do not know, nor shall it concern us. This only is known: That a human kindred, probably of some talent for coercing anarchy and guiding mankind, had, centuries ago, built its *Burg* there, and done that function in a small but creditable way ever since; — kindred possibly enough derivable from "Thassilo," Charlemagne, King Dagobert, and other Kings, but certainly from Adam and the Almighty Maker, who had given it those qualities; — and that Conrad, a junior member of the same, now goes forth from it in the way we see. "Why should a young fellow that has capabilities," thought Conrad, "stay at home in hungry idleness, with no estate but his javelin and buff jerkin, and no employment but his hawks, when there is a wide opulent world waiting only to be conquered?" This was Conrad's thought; and it proved to be a very just one.

It was now the flower-time of the Romish Kaisership of Germany; about the middle or noon of Barbarossa himself, second of the Hohenstauffens, and greatest of all the Kaisers of that or any other House. Kaiser fallen unintelligible to most modern readers, and wholly unknown; which is a pity. No King so furnished out with apparatus and arena, with personal faculty to rule and scene to do it in, has appeared elsewhere. A magnificent magnanimous man; holding the reins of the world, not quite in the imaginary sense; scourging anarchy down, and urging noble effort up, really on a grand scale. A terror to evildoers and a

praise to welldoers in this world, probably beyond what was ever seen since. Whom also we salute across the centuries, as a choice Beneficence of Heaven. "Encamped on the Plain of Roncaglia" (when he entered Italy, as he too often had occasion to do), "his shield was hung out on a high mast over his tent:" and it meant in those old days, "Ho, every one that has suffered wrong; here is a Kaiser come to judge you, as he shall answer it to *his* Master." And men gathered round him; and actually found some justice, — if they could discern it when found. Which they could not always do; neither was the justice capable of being perfect always. A fearfully difficult function, that of Friedrich Redbeard. But an inexorably indispensable one in this world; — though sometimes dispensed with (to the huge joy of Anarchy, which sings Hallelujah through all its Newspapers) for a season!

Kaiser Friedrich had immense difficulties with his Popes, with his Milanese, and the like; — besieged Milan six times over, among other anarchies; — had indeed a heavy-laden hard time of it, his task being great and the greatest. He made Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor of Milan, "lie chained under his table, like a dog, for three days." For the man was in earnest, in that earnest time: — and let us say, they are but paltry sham-men who are not so, in any time; paltry, and far worse than paltry, however high their plumes may be. Of whom the sick world (Anarchy, both vocal and silent, having now swoln rather high) is everywhere getting weary. — Gebhardus, the an-

archic Governor, lay three days under the Kaiser's table; as it would be well if every anarchic Governor, of the soft type and of the hard, were made to do on occasion; asking himself, in terrible earnest, "Am I a dog, then; alas, am not I a dog?" Those were serious old times.

On the other hand, Kaiser Friedrich had his Tourneys, his gleams of bright joyances now and then; one great gathering of all the chivalries at Maintz, which lasted for three weeks long, the grandest Tourney ever seen in this world. Gelnhausen, in the Wetterau (ruin still worth seeing, on its Island in the Kinzig river), is understood to have been one of his Houses; Kaiserslautern (Kaiser's *Limpid*, from its clear spring-water) in the Pfalz (what we call *Palatinate*), another. He went on the Crusade in his seventieth year;* thinking to himself, "Let us end with one clear act of piety:" — he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero: "Woe is me, my son has perished, then?" said he once, tears wetting the beard now white enough: "My son is slain! — But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!" And gained great victories, and even found his son; but never returned home; — died, some unknown sudden death, "in the river Cydnus," say the most.** Nay German

* A.D. 1189; Saladin having, to the universal sorrow, taken Jerusalem.

** Köhler (p. 188), and the Authorities cited by him. Bünau's *Deutsche Kaiser- und Reichs-Historie* (Leipzig, 1728-'43), I., is the express Book on Barbarossa: an elaborate, instructive Volume.

Tradition thinks he is not yet dead; but only sleeping, till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear. He sits within the Hill near Salzburg yonder, — says German Tradition, its fancy kindled by the strange noises in that Hill (limestone Hill) from hidden waters, and by the grand rocky look of the place: — A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern; Kaiser sat at a marble table, leaning on his elbow; winking, only half asleep; beard had grown through the table, and streamed out on the floor; he looked at the peasant one moment; asked him something about the time it was; then drooped his eyelids again: Not yet time, but will be soon!* He is winking as if to awake. To awake, and set his shield aloft by the Roncalic Fields again, with: Ho, every one that is suffering wrong; — or that has strayed guideless, devil-ward, and done wrong, which is far fataller!

Conrad has become Burggraf of Nürnberg
(A.D. 1170).

This was the Kaiser to whom Conrad addressed himself; and he did it with success; which may be taken as a kind of testimonial to the worth of the young man. Details we have absolutely none: but there is no doubt that Conrad recommended himself to Kaiser Redbeard, nor any that the Kaiser was a judge

* Riesebeck's *Travels* (English Translation. London, 1787), I. 140.
Büsching: *Volks-Sagen*, &c. (Leipzig, 1820), I. 323; &c. &c.

of men. Very earnest to discern men's worth and capabilities; having unspeakable need of worth, instead of unworth, in those under him! We may conclude he had found capabilities in Conrad; found that the young fellow did effective services as the occasion rose, and knew how to work, in a swift, resolute, judicious and exact manner. Promotion was not likely on other terms; still less, high promotion.

One thing farther is known, significant for his successes: Conrad found favour with "the Heiress of the Vohburg Family," desirable young heiress, and got her to wife. The Vohburg Family, now much forgotten everywhere, and never heard of in England before, had long been of supreme importance, of immense possessions, and opulent in territories, and we need not add, in honours and offices, in those Franconian Nürnberg regions; and was now gone to this one girl. I know not that she had much inheritance after all; the vast Vohburg properties lapsing all to the Kaiser, when the male heirs were out. But she had pretensions, tacit claims; in particular, the Vohburgs had long been habitual or in effect hereditary Burggrafs of Nürnberg; and if Conrad had the talent for that office, he now, in preference to others, might have a chance for it. Sure enough, he got it; took root in it, he and his; and, in the course of centuries, branched up from it, high and wide, over the adjoining countries; waxing towards still higher destinies. That is the epitome of Conrad's history; history now become very great, but then no bigger than its neighbours, and very meagrely re-

corded; of which the reflective reader is to make what he can.

There is nothing clearly known of Conrad more than these three facts: That he was a cadet of Hohenzollern (whose father's name, and some forefathers' names are definitely known in the family archives, but do not concern us); that he married the Heiress of the Vohburgs, whose history is on record in like manner; and that he was appointed Burggraf of Nürnberg, year not precisely known, — but before 1170, as would seem. "In a *Reichstag* (Diet of the Empire) held at "Regensburg in or about 1170," he formally complains, he and certain others, all stanch Kaiser's-friends (for in fact it was with the Kaiser's knowledge, or at his instigation), of Henry the Lion's high procedures and malpractices; of Henry's League with the Pope, League with the King of Denmark, and so forth; the said Henry having indeed fallen into opposition, to a dangerous degree; — and signs himself *Burggraf of Nürnberg*, say the old Chronicles.* The old Document itself has long since perished, I conclude: but the Chronicles may be accepted as reporters of so conspicuous a thing; which was the beginning of long strife in Germany, and proved the ruin of Henry the Lion, supreme Welf grown over-big, — and cost our English Henry II., whose daughter he had married, a world of trouble and expense, we may remark withal. Conrad therefore is already Burggraf of Nürnberg, and a man of mark, in 1170: and his marriage, still

* Rentsch, p. 276 (who cites *Aventinus, Tritheim, &c.*).

more his first sally from the paternal Castle to seek his fortune, must all be dated earlier.

More is not known of Conrad: except indeed that he did not perish in Barbarossa's grand final Crusade. For the antiquaries have again found him signed to some contract, or otherwise insignificant document, A.D. 1200. Which is proof positive that he did not die in the Crusade; and proof probable that he was not of it, — few, hardly any, of those stalwart 150,000 champions of the Cross having ever got home again. Conrad, by this time, might have sons come to age; fitter for arms and fatigues than he; and indeed at Nürnberg, in Deutschland generally, as Official Prince of the Empire, and man of weight and judgment, Conrad's services might be still more useful, and the Kaiser's interests might require him rather to stay at home in that juncture. Burggraf of Nürnberg he continued to be; he and his descendants, first in a selective, then at length in a directly hereditary way, century after century; and so long as that office lasted in Nürnberg (which it did there much longer than in other Imperial Free-Cities), a *Comes de Zolre* of Conrad's producing was always the man thenceforth.

Their acts, in that station and capacity, as Burggraves and Princes of the Empire, were once conspicuous enough in German History; and indeed are only so dim now, because the History itself is, and was always, dim to us on this side of the sea. They did strenuous work in their day; and occasionally towered up (though little driven by the poor wish of

"towering" or "shining" without need) into the high places of Public History. They rest now from their labours, Conrad and his successors, in long series, in the old Monastery of Heilsbronn (between Nürnberg and Anspach), with Tombs to many of them, which were very legible for slight Biographic purposes in my poor friend Rentsch's time, a hundred and fifty years ago; and may perhaps still have some quasi-use, as "sepulchral brasses," to another class of persons. One or two of those old buried Figures, more peculiarly important for our little Friend now sleeping in his cradle yonder, we must endeavour, as the Narrative proceeds, to resuscitate a little, and render visible for moments.

Of the Hohenzollern Burggraves generally.

As to the Office, it was more important than perhaps the reader imagines. We already saw Conrad first Burggraf, among the magnates of the country, denouncing Henry the Lion. Every Burggraf of Nürnberg is, in virtue of his office, "Prince of the Empire:" if a man happened to have talent of his own, and solid resources of his own (which are always on the growing hand with this family), here is a basis from which he may go far enough. Burggraf of Nürnberg: that means again, *Graf* (judge, defender, manager, *g'reeve*) of the Kaiser's *Burg* or Castle, — in a word, Kaiser's Representative and *Alter Ego*, — in the old Imperial Free-Town of Nürnberg; with much adjacent very complex

territory, also, to administer for the Kaiser. A flourishing extensive City, this old Nürnberg, with valuable adjacent territory, civic and imperial, intricately intermixed; full of commercial industries, opulences, not without democratic tendencies. Nay it is almost, in some senses, the *London and Middlesex* of the Germany that then was, if we will consider it!

This is a place to give a man chances, and try what stuff is in him. The office involves a talent for governing, as well as for judging; talent for fighting also, in cases of extremity, and what is still better, a talent for avoiding to fight. None but a man of competent superior parts can do that function; I suppose, no imbecil could have existed many months in it, in the old earnest times. Conrad and his succeeding Hohenzollerns proved very capable to do it, as would seem; and grew and spread in it, waxing bigger and bigger, from their first planting there by Kaiser Barbarossa, a successful judge of men. And ever since that time, from "about the year 1170," down to the year 1815, — when so much was changed, owing to another (temporary) "Kaiser" of new type, Napoleon his name, — the Hohenzollerns have had a footing in Frankenland; and done sovereignty in and round Nürnberg, with an enlarging Territory in that region. Territory at last of large compass; which, under the names *Margrafdom of Anspach*, and of *Baireuth*, or in general *Margrafdom of Culmbach*, which includes both, has become familiar in History.

For the House went on steadily increasing, as it were, from the first day; the Hohenzollerns being always of a growing, gaining nature; — as men are that live conformably to the laws of this Universe, and of their place therein; which, as will appear from good study of their old records, though idle rumour, grounded on no study, sometimes says the contrary, these Hohenzollerns eminently were. A thrifty, stedfast, diligent, clear-sighted, stout-hearted line of men; of loyal nature withal, and even to be called just and pious, sometimes to a notable degree. Men not given to fighting, where it could be avoided; yet with a good swift stroke in them, where it could not: princely people after their sort, with a high, not an ostentatious turn of mind. They, for most part, go upon solid prudence; if possible, are anxious to reach the goal without treading on any one; are peaceable, as I often say, and by no means quarrelsome, in aspect and demeanour; yet there is generally in the Hohenzollerns a very fierce flash of anger, capable of blazing out in cases of urgency: — this latter also is one of the most constant features I have noted in the long series of them. That they grew in Frankenland, year after year, and century after century, while it was their fortune to last, alive and active there, is no miracle, on such terms.

Their old big Castle of Plassenburg (now a Penitentiary, with treadmill and the other furnishings) still stands on its Height, near Culmbach, looking down over the pleasant meeting of the Red and White Mayn

Rivers and of their fruitful valleys; awakening many thoughts in the traveller. Anspach Schloss, and still more Baireuth Schloss (Mansion, one day, of our little Wilhelmina of Berlin, Fritzkin's sister, now prattling there in so old a way; where notabilities have been, one and another; which Jean Paul, too, saw daily in his walks, while alive and looking skyward): these, and many other castles and things, belonging now wholly to Bavaria, will continue memorable for Hohenzollern history.

The Family did its due share, sometimes an excessive one, in religious beneficences and foundations; which was not quite left off in recent times, though much altering its figure. Erlangen University, for example, was of Wilhelmina's doing. Erlangen University; — and also an Opera-House of excessive size in Baireuth. Such was poor Wilhelmina's sad figure of "religion." In the old days, their largest bequest that I recollect was to the *Teutsche Ritter*, Order of Teutonic Knights, very celebrated in those days. Junior branches from Hohenzollern, as from other families, sought a career in that chivalrous devout Brotherhood now and then: one pious Burggraf had three sons at once in it; he, a very bequeathing Herr otherwise, settled one of his mansions, Virnsparg, with rents and incomings, on the Order. Which accordingly had thenceforth a *Comthurei* (Commandery) in that country; Comthurei of Virnsparg the name of it: the date of donation is A. D. 1294; and two of the old Herr's three *Ritter* sons, we

can remark, were successively *Comthurs* (Commanders, steward-prefects) of Virnsperg, the first two it had.*

This was in 1294; the palmy period, or culmination time of the *Teutsches Ritterthum*. Concerning which, on wider accounts, we must now say a word.

* Rentsch, p. 288.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TEUTSCH RITTERS OR TEUTONIC ORDER.

BARBAROSSA's Army of Crusaders did not come home again, any more than Barbarossa. They were stronger than Turk and Saracen, but not than Hunger and Disease; Leaders did not know then, as our little Friend at Berlin came to know, that "an Army, like a serpent, goes upon its *belly*." After fine fighting and considerable victories, the end of this Crusade was, it took to "besieging Acre," and in reality lay perishing as of murrain on the beach at Acre, without shelter, without medicine, without food. Not even Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and his best prowess and help, could avert such issue from it.

Richard's Crusade fell-in with the fag-end of Barbarossa's; and it was Richard chiefly that managed to take Acre; — at least so Richard flattered himself, when he pulled poor Leopold of Austria's standard from the towers, and trailed it through the gutters: "Your standard? *You* have taken Acre?" Which turned out ill for Richard afterwards. And Duke Leopold has a bad name among us in consequence; much worse than he deserves. Leopold had stuff in him too. He died, for example, in this manner: falling with his horse, I think in some siege or other, he had got his leg hurt; which hindered him in fighting. Leg could not be

cured: "Cut it off, then!" said Leopold. This also the leech could not do; durst not, and would not; so that Leopold was come quite to a halt. Leopold ordered out two squires; put his thigh upon a block, the sharp edge of an axe at the right point across his thigh: "Squire first, hold you that axe; steady! Squire second, smite you on it, with forge-hammer, with all your strength, heavy enough!" Squire second struck, heavy enough, and the leg flew off; but Leopold took inflammation, died in a day or two, as the leech had predicted. That is a fact to be found in current authors (quite exact or not quite), that surgical operation:* such a man cannot have his flag trailed through the gutters by any Cœur-de-Lion. — But we return to the beach at Acre, and the poor Crusaders, dying as of murrain there. It is the year 1190, Acre not yet taken, nor these quarrels got to a height.

"The very Templars, Hospitallers, neglect us," murmured the dying Germans; "they have perhaps enough to do, and more than enough, with their own countrymen, whose speech is intelligible to them? For us, it would appear, there is no help!" Not altogether none. A company of pious souls, — compassionate Lübeck ship-captains diligently forwarding it, and one Walpot von Bassenheim, a citizen of Bremen, taking the lead, — formed themselves into a union for succour of the sick and dying; "set up canvas tents," medicinal assuagements, from the Lübeck ship-stores; and did

* Mentzel: *Geschichte der Deutschen* (Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1837), p. 309.

what utmost was in them, silently in the name of Mercy and Heaven. "This Walpot was not by birth a nobleman," says one of the old Chroniclers, "but his deeds were noble." This pious little union proved unconsciously the beginning of a great thing. Finding its work prosper here, and gain favour, the little union took vows on itself, strict chivalry forms, and decided to become permanent. "Knights Hospitallers of our dear Lady of Mount Zion," that or something equivalent was their first title, under Walpot their first Grand-Master; which soon grew to be "German Order of St. Mary" (*Teutsche Ritter* of the *Marien-Orden*), or for shortness *Teutsches Ritterthum*; under which name it played a great part in the world for above three centuries to come, and eclipsed in importance both the Templars and Hospitallers of St. John.

This was the era of Chivalry Orders, and *Gelübde*; time for Bodies of Men uniting themselves by a Sacred Vow, "*Gelübde*;" — which word and thing have passed over to us, in a singularly dwindled condition: "*Club*" we now call it; and the vow, if sacred, does not aim very high! Templars and Hospitallers were already famous bodies; the latter now almost a century old. Walpot's new *Gelübde* was of similar intent, only German in kind, — the protection, defence and solacement of Pilgrims, with whatever that might involve.

Head of Teutsch Order moves to Venice.

The Teutsch Ritters earned character in Palestine, and began to get bequests and recognition; but did not long continue there, like their two rival Orders. It was not in Palestine, whether the Orders might be aware of it or not, that their work could now lie. Pious Pilgrims certainly there still are in great numbers; to these you shall do the sacred rites: but these, under a Saladin bound by his word, need little protection by the sword. And as for Crusading in the armed fashion, that has fallen visibly into the decline. After Barbarossa, Cœur-de-Lion and Philippe Auguste have tried it with such failure, what wise man will be in haste to try it again? Zealous Popes continue to stir up Crusades; but the Secular Powers are not in earnest as formerly: Secular Powers, when they do go, "take Constantinople," "conquer Sicily," never take or conquer anything in Palestine. The Teutsch Order helps valiantly in Palestine, or would help; but what is the use of helping? The Teutsch Order has already possessions in Europe, by pious bequest and otherwise; all its main interests lie there: in fine, after less than thirty years, Hermann von der Salza, a new sagacious *Teutschmeister* or *Hochmeister* (so they call the head of the Order), fourth in the series, a far-seeing, negotiating man, finds that Venice will be a fitter place of lodging for him than Acre: and accordingly during his long Mastership (A.D. 1210-'39), he is mostly to be found there and not at Acre or Jerusalem.

He is very great with the busy Kaiser, Friedrich II., Barbarossa's grandson; who has the usual quarrels with the Pope, and is glad of such a negotiator, statesman as well as armed monk. The usual quarrels this great Kaiser had, all along, and some unusual. Normans ousted from Sicily, who used to be so Papal; a Kaiser *not* gone on the Crusade, as he had vowed; Kaiser at last suspected of freethinking even: — in which matters Hermann much serves the Kaiser. Sometimes he is appointed arbiter between the Pope and Kaiser; — does not give it in the Kaiser's favour, but against him, where he thinks the Kaiser is wrong. He is reckoned the first great Hochmeister, this Hermann von der Salza, a Thüringer by birth, who is fourth in the series of Masters; perhaps the greatest to be found there at all, though many were considerable. It is evident that no man of his time was busier in important public affairs, or with better acceptance, than Hermann. His Order, both Pope and Emperor so favouring the Master of it, was in a vigorous state of growth all this while; Hermann well proving that he could help it better at Venice than at Acre.

But if the Crusades are ended, — as indeed it turned out, only one other worth speaking of, St. Louis's, having in earnest come to effect, or rather to miserable non-effect, and that not yet for fifty years; — if the Crusades are ended, and the Teutsch Order increases always in possessions, and finds less and less work, what probably will become of the Teutsch Order? Grow fat, become luxurious, incredulous, dissolute, in-

solent; and need to be burnt out of the way? That was the course of the Templars, and their sad end. They began poorest of the poor, "two Knights to one Horse," as their Seal bore; and they at last took fire on very opposite accounts. "To carouse like a Templar:" that had become a proverb among men; that was the way to produce combustion, "spontaneous" or other! Whereas their fellow Hospitallers of St. John, chancing upon new work (Anti-Turk garrison-duty, so we may call it, successively in Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta, for a series of ages), and doing it well, managed to escape the like. As did the Teutsch Order in a still more conspicuous manner.

Teutsch Order itself goes to Preussen.

Ever since St. Adalbert fell massacred in Prussia, stamping himself as a Crucifix on that Heathen soil, there have been attempts at conversion going on by the Christian neighbours, Dukes of Poland and others; intermittent fits of fighting and preaching for the last two hundred years, with extremely small result. Body of St. Adalbert was got at light weight, and the poor man canonised; there is even a Titular Bishop of Prussia; and pilgrimages wander to the Shrine of Adalbert in Poland, reminding you of Prussia in a tragic manner: but what avails it? Missionaries, when they set foot in the country, are killed or flung out again. The Bishop of Prussia is titular merely; lives in Lief-land (*Livonia*), properly Bishop of *Riga*, among the

Bremen trading-settlers and converted Lieflanders there, which is the only safe place, — if even that were safe without aid of armed men, such as he has there even now. He keeps his *Schwertbrüder* (Brothers of the Sword), a small Order of Knights, recently got up by him, for express behoof of Liefland itself; and these, fighting their best, are sometimes troublesome to the Bishop, and do not much prosper upon Heathendom, or gain popularity and resources in the Christian world. No hope in the *Schwertbrüder* for Prussia; — and in massacred Missionaries what hope? The Prussian population continues Heathen, untamable to Gospel and Law; and after two centuries of effort, little or no real progress has been made.

But now, in these circumstances, in the year 1226, the Titular Bishop of Prussia, having well considered the matter and arranged it with the Polish Authorities, opens a communication with Hermann von der Salza, at Venice, on the subject; "Crusading is over in the East, illustrious Hochmeister; no duty for a Teutsch Order there at present: what is the use of crusading far off in the East, when Heathenism and the Kingdom of Satan hangs on our own borders, close at hand, in the North? Let the Teutsch Order come to Preussen; head a Crusade there. The land is fruitful; flows really with milk and honey, not to speak of amber, and was once called the *Terrestrial Paradise*" — by I forget whom.* In fact, it is clear the land should belong to Christ; and if the Christian Teutsch Ritterdom could

* Voigt (if he had an Index!) knows.

conquer it from Satan for themselves, it would be well for all parties. Hermann, a man of sagacious clear head, listens attentively. The notion is perhaps not quite new to him: at all events, he takes up the notion; negotiates upon it, with Titular Bishop, with Pope, Kaiser, Duke of Poland, Teutsch Order; and in brief, about two years afterwards (A.D. 1228), having done the negotiating to the last item, he produces his actual Teutsch Ritters, ready, on Prussian ground.

Year 1228, thinks Dryasdust, after a struggle. Place where, proves also at length discoverable in Dryasdust, — not too far across the north Polish frontier, always with "Masovia" (the now Warsaw region) to fall back upon. But in what number; how; nay almost when, to a year, — do not ask poor Dryasdust, who overwhelms himself with idle details, and by reason of the trees is unable to see the wood.* — The Teutsch Ritters straightway build a *Burg* for headquarters, spread themselves on this hand and that; and begin their great task. In the name of Heaven, we may still say in a true sense; as they, every Ritter of them to the heart, felt it to be in all manner of senses.

The Prussians were a fierce fighting people, fanatically Anti-Christian: the Teutsch Ritters had a perilous never-resting time of it, especially for the first fifty years. They built and burnt innumerable stockades for and against; built wooden Forts which are now stone Towns. They fought much and prevalently; galloped desperately to and fro, ever on the alert. In

* Voigt, II. 177, 184, 192.

peaceabler ulterior times, they fenced-in the Nogat and the Weichsel with dams, whereby unlimited quagmire might become grassy meadow, — as it continues to this day. Marienburg (*Mary's Burg*), still a Town of importance in that same grassy region, with its grand stone Schloss still visible and even habitable; this was at length their Headquarter. But how many Burgs of wood and stone they built, in different parts; what revolts, surprisals, furious fights in woody boggy places, they had, no man has counted. Their life, read in Dryasdust's newest chaotic Books (which are of endless length, among other ill qualities), is like a dim nightmare of unintelligible marching and fighting: one feels as if the mere amount of galloping they had would have carried the Order several times round the Globe. What multiple of the Equator was it then, O Dryasdust? The Herr Professor, little studious of abridgment, does not say.

But always some preaching, by zealous monks, accompanied the chivalrous fighting. And colonists came in from Germany; trickling in, or at times streaming. Victorious Ritterdom offers terms to the beaten Heathen; terms not of tolerant nature, but which will be punctually kept by Ritterdom. When the flame of revolt or general conspiracy burnt up again too extensively, there was a new Crusade proclaimed in Germany and Christendom; and the Hochmeister, at Marburg or elsewhere, and all his marshals and ministers were busy, — generally with effect. High personages came on crusade to them. Ottocar King of Bohemia, Duke of Austria

and much else, the great man of his day, came once (A.D. 1255); Johann King of Bohemia, in the next century, once and again. The mighty Ottocar,* with his extensive far-shining chivalry, "conquered Samland in a month;" tore up the Romova where Adalbert had been massacred, and burnt it from the face of the Earth. A certain Fortress was founded at that time, in Ottocar's presence; and in honour of him they named it *King's Fortress*, "Königsberg:" it is now grown a big-domed metropolitan City, — where we of this Narrative lately saw a Coronation going on, and Sophie Charlotte furtively taking a pinch of snuff. Among King Ottocar's esquires or subaltern junior officials on this occasion, is one *Rudolf*, heir of a poor Swiss Lordship and gray Hill-Castle, called *Hapsburg*, rather in reduced circumstances, whom Ottocar likes for his prudent hardy ways; a stout, modest, wise young man, — who may chance to redeem Hapsburg a little, if he live? How the shuttles fly, and the life-threads, always, in this "loud-roaring loom of Time!" —

Along with Ottocar, too, as an ally in the Crusade, was Otto III. Ascanier Markgraf and Elector of Brandenburg, great-grandson of Albert the Bear; — named Otto *the Pious* in consequence. He too founded a Town in Prussia, on this occasion, and called it *Brandenburg*; which is still extant there, a small Brandenburg the Second: for these procedures he is called Otto *the Pious* in History. His Wife, withal, was a Sister

* Voigt, lili. 80-87.

of Ottocar's;* — which, except in the way of domestic felicity, did not in the end amount to much for him; this Ottocar having flown too high, and melted his wings at the sun, in a sad way, as we shall see elsewhere.

None of the Orders rose so high as the Teutonic in favour with mankind. It had by degrees landed possessions far and wide over Germany and beyond: I know not how many dozen of *Balleys* (rich Bailliwicks, each again with its dozen of *Comthureis*, Commanderies, or subordinate groups of estates), and Bailies and Commanders to match; — and was thought to deserve favour from above. Valiant servants, these; to whom Heaven had vouchsafed great labours and unspeakable blessings. In some fifty or fifty-three years they had got Prussian Heathenism brought to the ground; and they endeavoured to tie it well down there by bargain and arrangement. But it would not yet lie quiet, nor for a century to come; being still secretly Heathen; revolting, conspiring ever again, ever on weaker terms, till the Satanic element had burnt itself out, and conversion and composure could ensue.

Conversion and complete conquest once come, there was a happy time for Prussia: ploughshare instead of sword; busy seahavens, German towns, getting built; churches everywhere rising; grass growing, and peaceable cows, where formerly had been quagmire and snakes. And for the Order a happy time? A rich,

* Michaelis, i. 270; Hübner, t. 174.

not a happy. The Order was victorious; Livonian "Sword-Brothers," "Knights of Dobryn," minor Orders and Authorities all round, were long since subordinated to it or incorporated with it; Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, are all got tamed under its influence, or tied down and evidently tameable. But it was in these times that the Order got into its wider troubles, outward and inward; quarrels, jealousies, with Christian neighbours, Poland, Pommern, who did not love it and for cause; — wider troubles, and by no means so evidently useful to mankind. The Order's wages, in this world, flowed higher than ever, only perhaps its work was beginning to run low! But we will not anticipate.

On the whole, this Teutsch Ritterdom, for the first century and more, was a grand phenomenon; and flamed like a bright blessed beacon through the night of things, in those Northern Countries. For above a century, we perceive, it was the rallying-place of all brave men who had a career to seek on terms other than vulgar. The noble soul, aiming beyond money, and sensible to more than hunger in this world, had a beacon burning (as we say), if the night chanced to overtake it, and the earth to grow too intricate, as is not uncommon. Better than the career of stump-oratory, I should fancy, and *its* Hesperides Apples, golden and of gilt horse-dung. Better than puddling away one's poor spiritual gift of God (*loan*, not gift), such as it may be, in building the lofty rhyme, the lofty Review-article, for a discerning public that has sixpence

to spare! Times alter greatly. — Will the reader take a glimpse of Conrad von Thüringen's biography, as a sample of the old ways of proceeding? Conrad succeeded Hermann von der Salza as Grand-Master, and his history is memorable as a Teutonic Knight.

The stuff Teutsch Ritters were made of. Conrad of Thüringen: Saint Elizabeth; Town of Marburg.

Conrad, younger brother of the Landgraf of Thüringen, — which Prince lived chiefly in the Wartburg, romantic old Hill-Castle, now a Weimar-Eisenach property and show-place, then an abode of very earnest people, — was probably a child-in-arms, in that same Wartburg, while Richard Cœur-de-Lion was getting home from Palestine and into troubles by the road: this will date Conrad for us. His worthy elder brother was Husband of the lady since called *Saint Elizabeth*, a very pious but also very fanciful young woman; — and I always guess his going on the Crusade, where he died straightway, was partly the fruit of the life she led him; lodging beggars, sometimes in his very bed, continually breaking his night's rest for prayer, and devotional exercise of undue length; "weeping one moment, then smiling in joy the next;" meandering about, capricious, melodious, weak, at the will of devout whim mainly! However, that does not concern us.* Sure enough her poor Landgraf went crusading,

* Many *Lives of the Saint*. See, in particular, *Libellus de Dictis Quatuor Ancillarum*, &c. — (that is, Report of the evidence got from Eliza-

Year 1227 (Kaiser Friedrich II.'s Crusade, who could not put it off longer); poor Landgraf fell ill by the road, at Brindisi, and died, — not to be driven farther by any cause.

Conrad, left guardian to his deceased Brother's children, had at first much quarrel with Saint Elizabeth, though he afterwards took far other thoughts. Meanwhile he had his own appanage, "Landgraf" by rank he too; and had troubles enough with that of itself. For instance: once the Archbishop of Maintz, being in debt, laid a heavy tax on all Abbeys under him; on Reichartsbronn, an Abbey of Conrad's, among others. "Don't pay it!" said Conrad to the Abbot. Abbot refused accordingly; but was put under ban by the Pope; — obliged to comply, and even to be "whipt thrice" before the money could be accepted. Two whippings at Erfurt, from the Archbishop, there had been; and a third was just going on there, one morning, when Conrad, travelling that way, accidentally stepped-in to matins. Conrad flames into a blazing whirlwind at the phenomenon disclosed. "Whip my Abbot? And he is to pay, then, — Archbishop of Beelzebub?" — and took the poor Archbishop by the rochets, and spun him hither and thither; nay was for cutting him in two, had not friends hysterically busied themselves, and got the sword detained in its scabbard and the

beth's Four Maids, by an Official Person, Devil's Advocate or whatever he was, missioned by the Pope to question them, when her Canonisation came to be talked of. A curious piece): — in Menckeni *Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum* (Lipsiæ, 1728-'80), ii. dd.; where also are other details.

Archbishop away. Here is a fine coil like to be, for Conrad.

Another soon follows; from a quarrel he had with Fritzlar, an Imperial Free-Town in those parts, perhaps a little stiff upon its privileges, and high towards a Landgraf. Conrad marches, one morning (Year 1232), upon insolent Fritzlar; burns the environs; but on looking practically at the ramparts of the place, thinks they are too high, and turns to go home again. Where-upon the idle women of Fritzlar, who are upon the ramparts gazing in fear and hope, burst into shrill universal jubilation of voice, — and even into gestures, and liberties with their dress, which are not describable in History! Conrad, suddenly once more all flame, whirls round; storms the ramparts, slays what he meets, plunders Fritzlar with a will, and leaves it blazing in general fire, which had broken-out in the business. Here is a pair of coils for Conrad; the like of which can issue only in Papal ban or worse.

Conrad is grim and obstinate under these aspects; but secretly feels himself very wicked; knows not well what will come of it. Sauntering one day in his outer courts, he notices a certain female beggar; necessitous female of loose life, who tremulously solicits charity of him. Necessitous female gets some fraction of coin, but along with it bullying rebuke in very liberal measure; and goes away weeping bitterly, and murmuring about "want that drove me to those courses." Conrad retires into himself: "What is her real sin, perhaps, to mine?" Conrad "lies awake all that night;"

mopes about, in intricate darkness, days and nights; rises one morning an altered man. He makes "pilgrimage to Gladbach," barefoot; kneels down at the church-door of Fritzlar with bare back, and a bundle of rods beside him, "Whip me, good injured Christians, for the love of Jesus!" — in brief, reconciles himself to Christian mankind, the Pope included; takes the Teutsch-Ritter vows upon him;* and hastens off to Preussen, there to spend himself, life and life's resources thenceforth, faithfully, till he die. The one course left for Conrad. Which he follows with a great strong step, — with a thought still audible to me. It was of such stuff that Teutsch Ritters were then made; Ritters evidently capable of something.

Saint Elizabeth, who went to live at Marburg, in Hessen-Cassel, after her Husband's death, and soon died there, in a most melodiously pious sort,** made the Teutsch Order guardian of her Son. It was from her and the Grand-Mastership of Conrad that Marburg became such a metropolis of the Order; the Grand-Masters often residing there, many of them coveting burial there, and much business bearing date of the place. A place still notable to the ingenuous Tourist, who knows his whereabouts. Philip the Magnanimous, Luther's friend, memorable to some as Philip with the Two Wives, lived there, in that old Castle, — which is now a kind of Correction-House and Garrison, idle

* A.D. 1234 (Voigt, II. 375-423).

** A.D. 1231; age 24.

blue uniforms strolling about, and unlovely physiognomies with a jingle of iron at their ancles, — where Luther has debated with the Zwinglian Sacramenters and others, and much has happened in its time. Saint Elizabeth and her miracles (considerable, surely, of their kind) were the first origin of Marburg as a Town: a mere Castle, with adjoining Hamlet, before that.

Strange gray old silent Town, rich in so many memories; it stands there, straggling up its rocky hill-edge, towards its old Castles and edifices on the top, in a not unpicturesque manner; flanked by the river Lahn and its fertile plains: very silent, except for the delirious screech, at rare intervals, of a railway train passing that way from Frankfurt-on-the-Mayn to Cassel. "Church of St. Elizabeth," — high, grand Church, built by Conrad our Hochmeister, in reverence of his once terrestrial Sister-in-law, — stands conspicuous in the plain below, where the Town is just ending. St. Elizabeth's Shrine was once there, and pilgrims wending to it from all lands. Conrad himself is buried there, as are many Hochmeisters; their names, and shields of arms, Hermann's foremost, though Hermann's dust is not there, are carved, carefully kept legible, on the shaft of the Gothic arches, — from floor to groin, long rows of them; — and produce, with the other tombs, tomb-paintings by Dürer and the like, thoughts impressive almost to pain. St. Elizabeth's *loculus* was put into its Shrine here, by Kaiser Friedrich II. and all manner of princes and grandees of the Empire, "one million two hundred thousand people looking on," say

the old records, perhaps not quite exact in their arithmetic. Philip the Magnanimous, wishing to stop "pilgrimages-no-whither," buried the *loculus* away, it was never known where; under the floor of that Church somewhere, as is likeliest. Enough now of Marburg, and of its Teutsch Ritters too.

They had one or two memorable Hochmeisters and Teutschmeisters; whom we have not named here, nor shall.* There is one Hochmeister, somewhere about the fiftieth on the list, and properly the last *real* Hochmeister, Albert of Hohenzollern-Culmbach by name, who will be very memorable to us by and by.

Or will the reader care to know how Culmbach came into the possession of the Hohenzollerns, Burg-graves of Nürnberg? The story may be illustrative, and will not occupy us long.

* In our excellent Köhler's *Münzbeistigungen* (Nürnberg, 1729 et seqq. II. 382; v. 102; VIII. 380; &c.) are valuable glimpses into the Teutonic Order, — as into hundreds of other things. The special Book upon it is Voigt's, often cited here: Nine heavy Volumes; grounded on faithful reading, but with a fatal defect of almost every other quality.

CHAPTER VII.

MARGRAVIATE OF CULMBACH: BAIREUTH, ANSPACH.

IN the Year 1248, in his Castle of Plassenburg, — which is now a Correction-House, looking down upon the junction of the Red and White Mayn, — Otto Duke of Meran, a very great potentate, more like a King than a Duke, was suddenly clutched hold of by a certain wedded gentleman name not given, “one of his domestics or dependents,” whom he had enraged beyond forgiveness (signally violating the Seventh Commandment at his expense); and was by the said wedded gentleman there and then cut down, and done to death. “Lamentably killed, *jämmerlich erstochen*,” says old Rentsch.* Others give a different colour to the homicide, and even a different place; a controversy not interesting to us. Slain at any rate he is; still a young man; the last male of his line. Whereby the renowned Dukes of Meran fall extinct, and immense properties come to be divided among connexions and claimants.

Meran, we remark, is still a Town, old Castle now abolished, in the Tyrol, towards the sources of the Etsch (called *Adige* by Italian neighbours). The Merans had been lords not only of most of the Tyrol; but Dukes of “the Voigtland:” — Voigtland, that is *Baillie-*

* P. 293. Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, p. 245. Holle: *Alte Geschichte der Stadt Baireuth* (Baireuth, 1833), pp. 34-37.

land, wide country between Nürnberg and the Fichtelwald; why specially so called, Dryasdust dimly explains, deducing it from certain Counts von Reuss, those strange Reusses who always call themselves *Henry*, and now amount to *Henry the Eightieth and Odd*, with side-branches likewise called Henry; whose nomenclature is the despair of mankind, and worse than that of the Naples Lazzaroni who candidly have no names! — Dukes of Voigtland, I say; likewise of Dalmatia; then also Markgraves of Austria; also Counts of Andechs, in which latter fine country (north of München a day's ride), and not at Plassenburg, some say, the man was slain. These immense possessions, which now (A.D. 1248) all fall asunder by the stroke of that sword, come to be snatched up by active neighbours, and otherwise disposed of.

Active Würzburg, active Bamberg, without much connexion, snatched up a good deal: Count of Orlamünde, married to the eldest Sister of the slain Duke, got Plassenburg and most of the Voigtland: a Tyrolese magnate, whose Wife was an Aunt of the Duke's, laid hold of the Tyrol, and transmitted it to daughters and their spouses, — the finish of which Line we shall see by and by: — in short, there was much property in a disposable condition. The Hohenzollern Burggraf of Nürnberg, who had married a younger Sister of the Duke's two years before this accident, managed to get at least *Baireuth* and some adjacencies; big Orlamünde, who had not much better right, taking the lion's share. This of *Baireuth* proved a notable possession to the

Hohenzollern family: it was Conrad the first Burggraf's great-grandson, Friedrich, counted "Friedrich III." among the Burggraves, who made the acquisition in this manner, A.D. 1248.

Onolzbach (On'z-bach or "-brook," now called *Anspach*) they got, some fourscore years after, by purchase and hard money down ("24,000 pounds of farthings," whatever that may be),* which proved a notable twin possession of the family. And then, in some seven years more (A.D. 1338), the big Orlamünde people having at length, as was too usual, fallen considerably insolvent, sold Plassenburg Castle itself, the Plassenburg with its Town of Culmbach and dependencies, to the Hohenzollern Burggraves,** who had always ready-money about them. Who in this way got most of the Voigtland, with a fine Fortress, into hand; and had, independently of Nürnberg and its Imperial properties, an important Princely Territory of their own. Margraviate or Principality of *Culmbach* (Plassenburg being only the Castle) was the general title; but more frequently in later times, being oftenest split in two between brothers unacquainted with primogeniture, there were two Margraviates made of it: one of Baireuth, called also "Margraviate On the Hill;" and one of Anspach, "Margraviate Under the Hill:" of which, in their modern designations, we shall by and by hear more than enough.

* A.D. 1331: *Stadt Anspach*, by J. B. Fischer (Anspach, 1786), p. 196.

** Rentsch, p. 157.

Thus are the Hohenzollern growing, and never declining: by these few instances judge of many. Of their hard labours, and the storms they had to keep under control, we could also say something: How the two young Sons of the Burggraf once riding out with their Tutor, a big hound of theirs, in one of the streets of Nürnberg, accidentally tore a child; and there arose wild mother's-wail; and "all the Scythe-smiths turned out," fire-breathing, deaf to a poor Tutor's pleadings and explainings; and how the Tutor, who had ridden forth in calm humour with two Princes, came galloping home with only one, — the Smiths having driven another into boggy ground, and there caught and killed him;* with the Burggraf's commentary on that sad proceeding (the same Friedrich III. who had married Meran's Sister); and the amends exacted by him, strict and severe, not passionate or inhuman. Or again how the Nürnbergers once, in the Burggraf's absence, built a ringwall round his Castle; entrance and exit now to depend on the Nürnbergers withal! And how the Burggraf did not fly out into battle in consequence, but remedied it by imperturbable countenance and power of driving. With enough of the like sort; which readers can conceive.

Burggraf Friedrich III., and the Anarchy of Nineteen Years.

This same Friedrich III., Great-Grandson of Conrad the first Burggraf, was he that got the Burggraviate

* Rentsch, p. 306 (Date not given; guess, about 1270).

made hereditary in his family (A.D. 1273); which thereby rose to the fixed rank of Princes, among other advantages it was gaining. Nor did this acquisition come gratis at all, but as the fruit of good service adroitly done; service of endless importance as it proved. Friedrich's life had fallen in times of huge anarchy; the Hohenstauffen line gone miserably out, — Boy Conradin, its last representative, perishing on the scaffold even (by a desperate Pope and a desperate Duke of Anjou);* — Germans, Sicilian Normans, Pope and Reich, all at daggers-drawn with one another; no Kaiser, nay as many as Three at once! Which lasted from 1254 onwards; and is called "the Interregnum," or Anarchy "of Nineteen Years," in German History.

Let us at least name the Three Kaisers, or Triple-elixir of No-Kaiser; though, except as chronological landmarks, we have not much to do with them. First Kaiser is William Count of Holland, a rough fellow, Pope's protegee, Pope even raising cash for him; till William perished in the Dutch peat-bogs (horse and man, furiously pursuing, in some fight there, and getting swallowed up in that manner); which happily reduces our false Kaisers to two: Second and Third who are both foreign to Germany.

Second Kaiser is Alphonso King of Castille, Alphonso the Wise, whose saying about Ptolemy's Astronomy, "That it seemed a crank machine, that it was pity the Creator had not taken advice!" is still remem-

* At Naples, 25th October 1268.

bered by mankind; — this and no other of his many sayings and doings. He was wise enough to stay at home; and except wearing the title, which cost nothing, to concern himself very little about the Holy Roman Empire, — some clerk or two dating "*Toleti* (At Toledo)," did languidly a bit of official writing now and then, and that was all. Confused crank machine of the German Empire too, your Majesty? Better stay at home, and date "*Toleti*."

The Third false Kaiser, — futile call him rather, wanting clear majority, — was the English Richard of Cornwall; younger Son of John Lackland; and little wiser than his Father, to judge by those symptoms. He had plenty of money, and was liberal with it; — no other call to Germany, you would say, except to get rid of his money; in which he succeeded. He lived actually in Germany, twice over for a year or two: — Alphonso and he were alike shy of the Pope, as Empire; and Richard, so far as his money went, found some gleams of authority and comfortable flattery in the Rhenish provinces: at length, in 1263, money and patience being both probably out, he quitted Germany for the second and last time; came home to Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire here,* more fool than he went. Till his death (A.D. 1271), he continued to call himself, and was by many persons called, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire; — needed a German clerk or two at Berkhamstead, we can suppose: — but never went back; preferring pleasant Berkhamstead, with troubles

* Gough's *Camden*, i. 339.

of Simon de Montfort or whatever troubles there might be, to anything Germany had to offer him. These were Three futile Kaisers: and the *late* Kaiser Conrad's young Boy, who one day might have swept the ground clear of them, perished, — bright young Conradin, bright and brave, but only sixteen, and Pope's captive by ill luck, — perished on the scaffold; "throwing out his glove" (in symbolical protest) amid the dark mute Neapolitan multitudes, that wintry morning. It was October 25th, 1268, — Dante Alighieri then a little boy at Florence, not three years old; gazing with strange eyes as the elders talked of such a performance indeed, which brought on the Sicilian Vespers by and by; for the Heavens never fail to pay debts, your Holiness! —

Germany was rocking down towards one saw not what, — an Anarchic Republic of Princes, perhaps, and of Free Barons fast verging towards robbery? Sovereignty of multiplex Princes, with a Peerage of intermediate Robber Barons? Things are verging that way. Such Princes, big and little, each wrenching-off for himself what lay loosest and handiest to him, found it a stirring game, and not so much amiss. On the other hand, some voice of the People, in feeble whimperings of a strange intensity, to the opposite effect, are audible to this day. Here are Three old Minstrels (*Minnesänger*) picked from Manesse's Collection by an obliging hand, who are of this date, and shall speak each a word:

No. 1 *loquitur* (in cramp doggerel, done into speech): "To

"thee, O Lord, we poor folk make moan; the Devil has sown
"his seeds in this land! Law thy hand created for protection
"of thy children: but where now is Law? Widows and
"Orphans weep that the Princes do not unite to have a
"Kaiser."

Nº. 2: "The Princes grind in the Kaiser's mill: to the
"Reich they fling the siftings; and keep to themselves the
"meal. Not much in haste, they, to give us a Kaiser."

Nº. 3: "Like the Plague of Frogs, there they are come
"out; defiling the Reich's honour. Stork, when wilt thou ap-
"pear, then," and with thy stiff mandibles act upon them a
little?*

It was in such circumstances, that Friedrich III.,
Burggraf of Nürnberg, who had long moaned and
striven over these woes of his country, came to pay
that visit, late in the night (1st or 2d of October 1273),
to his Cousin Rudolf Lord of Hapsburg, under the
walls of Basel; a notable scene in History. Rudolf
was besieging Basel, being in some feud with the
Bishop there, of which Friedrich and another had been
proposed as umpires; and Friedrich now waited on his
Cousin, in this hasty manner, — not about the Basel
feud, but on a far higher quite unexpected errand, —
to say, That he Rudolf was elected Kaiser, and that
better times for the Holy Roman Empire were now
probable, with Heaven's help.** We call him Cousin;
though what the kindred accurately was, a kindred by
mothers, remains, except the general fact of it, dis-

* Mentzel: *Geschichte der Deutschen*, p. 345.

** Rentsch, pp. 299, 286, 298.

putable by Dryasdust. The actual visit, under the walls of Basel, is by some considered romantic. But that Rudolf, tough steel-gray man, besieging Basel on his own quarrel, on the terms just stated, was altogether unexpectedly apprised of this great news, and that Cousin Friedrich of Nürnberg had mainly contributed to such issue, is beyond question.* The event was salutary, like life instead of death, to anarchic Germany; and did eminent honour to Friedrich's judgment in men.

Richard of Cornwall having at last died, and his futile German clerks having quitted Berkhamstead forever, — Alphonso of Castille, not now urged by rivalry, and seeing long since what a crank machine the thing was, had no objection to give it up; said so to the Pope, — who was himself anxious for a settled Kaiser, the supplies of Papal German cash having run almost dry during these troubles. Whereupon ensued earnest consultations among leading German men; Diet of the Empire, sternly practical (we may well perceive), and with a minimum of talk, the Pope too being held rather well at a distance: the result of which was what we see.** Mainly due to Friedrich of Nürnberg, say all Historians; conjoining with him the then Archbishop of Maintz, who is officially President Elector (literally *Convener* of Electors): they two did it. Archbishop of Maintz had himself a pleasant accidental acquaintance with Rudolf, — a night's lodging once at Hapsburg, with escort over the Hills, in dangerous circumstances;

* Köhler, pp. 249, 251.

** 29th September 1273.

— and might the more readily be made to understand what qualities the man now had; and how, in justness of insight, toughness of character, and general strength of bridle-hand, this actually might be the adequate man.

Kaiser Rudolf and Burggraf Friedrich III.

Last time we saw Rudolf, near thirty years ago, he was some equerry or subaltern dignitary among the Ritters of King Ottocar, doing a crusade against the Prussian Heathen, and seeing his master found Königsberg in that country. Changed times now! Ottocar King of Bohemia, who (by the strong hand mainly, and money to Richard of Cornwall, in the late troubles) has become Duke of Austria and much else, had himself expected the Kaisership; and of all astonished men, King Ottocar was probably the most astonished at the choice made. A dread sovereign, fierce, and terribly opulent, and everyway resplendent to such degree; and this threadbare Swiss gentleman-at-arms, once "my domestic" (as Ottocar loved to term it), preferred to me! Flat insanity, King Ottocar thought; refused to acknowledge such a Kaiser; would not in the least give up his unjust properties, or even do homage for them or the others.

But there also Rudolf contrived to be ready for him, Rudolf invaded his rich Austrian territories; smote down Vienna, and all resistance that there was;* forced

* 1276 (Köhler, p. 253).

Ottocar to beg pardon and peace. "No pardon, nor any speech of peace, till you first do homage for all those lands of yours, whatever we may find them to be!" Ottocar was very loth; but could not help himself. Ottocar quitted Prag with a resplendent retinue, to come into the Danube country, and do homage to "my domestic" that once was. He bargained that the sad ceremony should be at least private; on an Island in the Danube, between the two retinues or armies; and in a tent, so that only official select persons might see it. The Island is called *Camberg* (near Vienna, I conclude), in the middle of the Donau River: there Ottocar accordingly knelt; he in great pomp of tailorage, Rudolf in mere buff jerkin, practical leather and iron; — hide it, charitable canvas, from all but a few! Alas, precisely at this moment, the treacherous canvas rushes down, — hung so on purpose, thinks Ottocar; and it is a tent indeed, but a tent without walls; and all the world sees me in this scandalous plight!

Ottocar rode home in deep gloom; his poor Wife, too, upbraided him: he straightway rallied into War again; Rudolf again very ready to meet him. Rudolf met him, Friedrich of Nürnberg there among the rest under the Reichs-Banner; on the Marchfeld by the Donau (modern *Wagram* near by); and entirely beat and even slew and ruined Ottocar.* Whereby Austria fell now to Rudolf, who made his sons Dukes of it; which, or even Archdukes, they are to this day. Bohemia, Moravia, of these also Rudolf would have been

* 26th August 1278 (Kühler, p. 263).

glad; but of these there is an heir of Ottocar's left; these will require time and luck.

Prosperous, though toilsome days for Rudolf; who proved an excellent bit of stuff for a Kaiser; and found no rest, proving what stuff he was. In which prosperities, as indeed he continued to do in the perils and toils, Burggraf Friedrich III. of Nürnberg naturally partook: hence, and not gratis at all, the Hereditary Burggrafdom, and many other favours and accessions he got. For he continued Rudolf's steady help, friend and first-man in all things, to the very end. Evidently one of the most important men in Germany, and candour will lead us to guess one of the worthiest, during those bad years of Interregnum and the better ones of Kaisership. After Conrad his great-grandfather he is the second notable architect of the Family House; — founded by Conrad; conspicuously built up by this Friedrich III., and the first *story* of it finished, so to speak. Then come two Friedrichs as Burggrafs, his son and his grandson's grandson, "Friedrich IV." and "Friedrich VI.," by whom it was raised to the second story and the third, — thenceforth one of the high Houses of the world.

That is the glimpse we can give of Friedrich first Hereditary Burggraf, and of his Cousin Rudolf first Hapsburg Kaiser. The latest Austrian Kaisers, the latest Kings of Prussia, they are sons of these two men.

CHAPTER VIII.

ASCANIER MARKGRAVES IN BRANDENBURG.

WE have said nothing of the Ascanier Markgraves, Electors of Brandenburg, all this while; nor, in these limits, can we now or henceforth, say almost anything. A proud enough, valiant and diligent line of Markgraves; who had much fighting and other struggle in the world, steadily enlarging their border upon the Wends to the north; and adjusting it, with mixed success, against the *Wettin* gentlemen, who are Markgraves farther east (in the *Lausitz* now), who bound us to the south too (*Meissen*, *Misnia*), and who in fact came in for the whole of modern Saxony in the end. Much fighting, too, there was with the Archbishops of Magdeburg, now that the Wends are down: standing quarrel there, on the small scale, like that of Kaiser and Pope on the great; such quarrel as is to be seen in all places, and on all manner of scales, in that era of the Christian World.

None of our Markgraves rose to the height of their Progenitor, Albert the Bear; nor indeed, except massed up, as "Albert's Line," and with a History ever more condensing itself almost to the form of *label*, can they pretend to memorability with us. What can Dryasdust himself do with them? That wholesome Dutch cabbages continued to be more and more planted, and

peat-mire, blending itself with waste sand, became available for Christian mankind, — intrusive Chaos, and especially divine *Triglaph* and his ferocities being well held aloof: — this, after all, is the real History of our Markgraves; and of this, by the nature of the case, Dryasdust can say nothing. "New Mark," which once meant Brandenburg at large, is getting subdivided into Mid-Mark, into *Uckermark* (closest to the Wends); and in Old Mark and New, much is spreading, much getting planted and founded. In the course of centuries there will grow gradually to be "seven cities; and "as many towns," says one old jubilant Topographer, "as there are days in the year," — struggling to count up 365 of them.

Of Berlin City.

In the year (guessed to be) 1240, one Ascanier Markgraf "fortifies Berlin;" that is, first makes Berlin a German *Burg* and inhabited outpost in those parts: — the very name, some think, means "Little Rampart" (*Wehrlin*), built there, on the banks of the Spree, against the Wends, and peopled with Dutch; of which latter fact, it seems, the old dialect of the place yields traces.* How it rose afterwards to be chosen for

* Nicolai: *Beschreibung der Königlichen Residenzstädte Berlin und Potsdam* (Berlin, 1786), i. pp. 16, 17 of "Einleitung." Nicolai rejects the *Wehrlin* etymology; admits that the name was evidently appellative, not proper, "The Berlin," "To the Berlin;" finds in the world two objects, one of them at Halle, still called "The Berlin;" and thinks it must have meant (in some language of extinct mortals) "Wild Pasture-ground," — "The Scrubs," as we should call it. — Possible; perhaps likely.

Metropolis, one cannot say, except that it had a central situation for the now widened principalities of Brandenburg: the place otherwise is sandy by nature, sand and swamp the constituents of it; and stands on a sluggish river the colour of oil. Wendish fishermen had founded some first nucleus of it long before; and called their fishing-hamlet *Cöln*, which is said to be the general Wendish title for places *founded on piles*, a needful method where your basis is swamp. At all events, "Cöln" still designates the oldest quarter of Berlin; and "Cöln on the Spree" (Cologne, or Cöln on the Rhine, being very different) continued, almost to modern times, to be the Official name of the Capital.

How the Dutch and Wends agreed together, within their rampart inclusive of both, is not said. The river lay between; they had two languages; peace was necessary: it is probable they were long rather on a taciturn footing! But in the oily river you do catch various fish; Cöln, amid its quagmires and straggling sluggish waters, can be rendered very strong. Some husbandry, wet or dry, is possible to diligent Dutchmen. There is room for trade also; Spree Havel Elbe, is a direct water-road to Hamburg and the Ocean; by the Oder, which is not very far, you communicate with the Baltic on this hand, and with Poland and the uttermost parts of Silesia on that. Enough, Berlin grows; becomes, in about 300 years, for one reason and another, Capital City of the country, of these many countries. The Markgraves or Electors, after quitting Brandenburg, did not come immediately to Berlin; their

next Residence was Tangermünde (*Mouth of the Tanger*, where little Tanger issues into Elbe); a much grassier place than Berlin, and which stands on a Hill, clay-and-sand Hill, likewise advantageous for strength. That Berlin should have grown, after it once became Capital, is not a mystery. It has quadrupled itself, and more, within the last hundred years, and I think doubled itself within the last thirty.

Markgraf Otto IV., or Otto with the Arrow.

One Ascanier Markgraf, and one only, Otto IV. by title, was a Poet withal; had an actual habit of doing verse. There are certain so-called Poems of his, still extant, read by Dryasdust, with such enthusiasm as he can get up, in the old *Collection of Minne-singers*, made by *Manesse* the Zürich Bürgermeister, while the matter was much fresher than it now is.* Madrigals all; *Minne-Songs*, describing the passion of love; how Otto felt under it, — well and also ill; with little peculiarity of symptom, as appears. One of his lines is,

“*Ich wünsch ich were tot*, I wish that I were dead:”

— the others shall remain safe in *Manesse's Collection*.

This same Markgraf Otto IV., Year 1278, had a dreadful quarrel with the See of Magdeburg, about electing a Brother of his. The Chapter had chosen another

* Rüdiger von Manesse, who fought the Austrians, too, made his *Sammlung* (Collection) in the latter half of the fourteenth century; it was printed, after many narrow risks of destruction in the interim, in 1758, — Bodmer and Breitinger editing; — at Zürich, 2 vols. 4to.

Carlyle, *Frederic the Great*. l.

than Otto's Brother; Otto makes war upon the Chapter. Comes storming along; "will stable my horses in your Cathedral," on such and such a day! But the Archbishop chosen, who had been a fighter formerly, stirs up the Magdeburgers, by preaching ("Horses to be stabled here, my Christian brethren"), by relics and quasi-miracles, to a furious condition; leads them out against Otto, beats Otto utterly; brings him in captive, amid hooting jubilations of the conceivable kind: "Stable ready; but where are the horses, — Serene child of Satanas!" Archbishop makes a Wooden Cage for Otto (big beams, spars stout enough, mere straw to lie on), and locks him up there. In a public situation in the City of Magdeburg; — visible to mankind so, during certain months of that year 1278. It was in the very time while Ottocar was getting finished in the Marchfeld; much mutiny still abroad, and the new Kaiser Rudolf very busy.

Otto's Wife, all streaming in tears, and flaming in zeal, what shall she do? "Sell your jewels," so advises a certain old Johann von Buch, discarded Ex-official: "Sell your jewels, Madam; bribe the Canons of Magdeburg with extreme secrecy, none knowing of his neighbour; they will consent to ransom on terms possible." Poor Wife bribed as was bidden; Canons voted as they undertook; unanimous for ransom, — high, but humanly possible. Markgraf Otto gets out on parole. But now, How raise such a ransom, our very jewels being sold? Old Johann von Buch again indicates ways and means, — miraculous old gentle-

man: — Graf Otto returns, money in hand; pays, and is solemnly discharged. The title of the sum I could give exact; but as none will in the least tell me what the value is, I humbly forbear.

"We are clear, then, at this date?" said Markgraf Otto from his horse, just taking leave of the Magdeburg Canonry. "Yes," answered they. — "Pshaw, you don't know the value of a Markgraf!" said Otto. — "What is it, then?" — "Rain gold ducats on his war-horse and him," said Otto, looking up with a satirical grin, "till horse and Markgraf are buried in them, and you cannot see the point of his spear atop!" — That would be a cone of gold coins equal to the article, thinks our Markgraf; and rides grinning away.* — The poor Archbishop, a valiant pious man, finding out that late strangely unanimous vote of his Chapter for ransoming the Markgraf, took it so ill, that he soon died of a broken heart, say the old Books. Die he did, before long; — and still Otto's Brother was refused as successor. Brother, however, again survived; behaved always wisely; and Otto at last had his way. "Makes an excellent Archbishop, after all!" said the Magdeburgers. Those were rare times, Mr. Rigmarole.

The same Otto, besieging some stronghold of his Magdeburg or other enemies, got an arrow shot into the scull of him; into, not through; which no surgery could extract, not for a year to come. Otto went about, sieging much the same, with the iron in his head; and

* Michaelis, l. 271; Pauli, l. 816; Kloss; &c.

is called *Otto mit dem Pfeile*, *Otto Sagittarius*, or *Otto with the Arrow*, in consequence. A Markgraf who writes Madrigals; who does sieges with an arrow in his head; who lies in a wooden cage, jeered by the Magdeburgers, and proposes such a cone of ducats: I thought him the memorablest of those forgotten Markgraves; and that his jolting Life-pilgrimage might stand as the general sample. Multiply a year of *Otto* by 200, you have, on easy conditions, some imagination of a History of the Ascanier Markgraves. Forgettable otherwise: or it can be read in the gross, darkened with endless details, and thrice-dreary half-intelligible traditions, in Pauli's fatal Quartos and elsewhere, if any one needs. — The year of that Magdeburg speech about the cone of ducats is 1278: King Edward the First, in this country, was walking about, a prosperous man of forty, with very *Long Shanks*, and also with a head of good length.

Otto, as had been the case in the former Line, was a frequent name among those Markgraves: "*Otto the Pious*" (whom we saw crusading once in Preussen, with King Ottocar his Brother-in-law), "*Otto the Tall*," "*Otto the Short (Parvus)*;" I know not how many *Ottos* besides him "*with the Arrow*." Half a century after this one of the *Arrow* (under his Grand-Nephew it was), the Ascanier Markgraves ended, their Line also dying out.

Not the successfulest of Markgraves, especially in later times. Brandenburg was indeed steadily an Electorate, its Markgraf a *Kurfürst*, or Elector of the

Empire; and always rather on the increase than otherwise. But the Territories were apt to be much split-up to younger sons; two or more Markgraves at once, the eldest for Elector, with other arrangements; which seldom answer. They had also fallen into the habit of borrowing money; pawning, redeeming, a good deal, with Teutsch Ritters and others. Then they puddled considerably, — and to their loss, seldom choosing the side that proved winner, — in general broils of the Reich, which at that time, as we have seen, was unusually anarchic. None of the success-fullest of Markgraves latterly. But they were regretted beyond measure in comparison with the next set that came; as we shall see.

CHAPTER IX.

BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH IV.

BRANDENBURG and the Hohenzollern Family of Nürnberg have hitherto no mutual acquaintanceship whatever: they go, each its own course, wide enough apart in the world; — little dreaming that they are to meet by and by, and coalesce, wed for better and worse, and become one flesh. As is the way in all romance. "Marriages," among men, and other entities of importance, "are, evidently, made in Heaven."

Friedrich IV. of Nürnberg, Son of that Friedrich III., Kaiser Rudolf's successful friend, was again a notable increaser of his House; which, finally, under his Great-grandson, named Friedrich VI., attained the Electoral height. Of which there was already some hint. Well; under the first of these two Friedrichs, some slight approximation, and under his Son a transient express introduction (so to speak) of Brandenburg to Hohenzollern, took place, without immediate result of consequence; but under the second of them occurred the wedding, as we may call it, or union "for better or worse, till death do us part." — How it came about? Easy to ask, How! The reader will have to cast some glances into the confused *Reichs*-History of the time; — timid glances, for the element is of dangerous, extensive sort, mostly jungle and shaking-bog; — and we

must travel through this corner of it, as on shoes of swiftness, treading lightly.

Contested Elections in the Reich: Kaiser Albert I.; after whom Six Non-Hapsburg Kaisers.

The Line of Rudolf of Hapsburg did not at once succeed continuously to the Empire, as the wont had been in such cases, where the sons were willing and of good likelihood. After such a spell of anarchy, parties still ran higher than usual in the Holy Roman Empire; and wide-yawning splits would not yet coalesce to the old pitch. It appears too the posterity of Rudolf, stiff, inarticulate, proud men, and of a turn for engrossing and amassing, were not always lovely to the public. Albert, Rudolf's eldest son, for instance, Kaiser Albert I., — who did succeed, though not at once, or till after killing Rudolf's immediate Successor,* — Albert was by no means a prepossessing man, though a tough and hungry one. It must be owned, he had a harsh ugly character; and face to match: big-nosed, loose-lipped, blind of an eye: not kaiser-like at all to an Electoral Body. "*Est homo monocolus, et vultu rustico; non potest esse Imperator* (A one-eyed fellow, and looks like a clown; he cannot be Emperor!)" said Pope Boniface VIII., when consulted about him.**

Enough, from the death of Rudolph, A.D. 1281,

* Adolf of Nassau; slain by Albert's own hand; "Battle" of Hasenbühl "near Worms, 2d July 1298" (Köhler, p. 265).

** Köhler, pp. 267-73; and *Münzbelustigungen*, xix. 156-60.

there intervened a hundred-and-fifty years, and eight successive Kaisers singly or in line, only one of whom (this same Albert of the unlovely countenance) was a Hapsburger, — before the Family, often trying it all along, could get a third time into the Imperial saddle. Where, after that, it did sit steady. Once in for the third time, the Hapsburgers got themselves “elected” (as they still called it) time after time: always elected, — with but one poor exception, which will much concern my readers by and by, — to the very end of the matter. And saw the Holy Roman Empire itself expire, and as it were both saddle and horse vanish out of Nature, before they would dismount. Nay they still ride there on the shadow of a saddle, so to speak; and are “Kaisers of Austria” at this hour. Steady enough of seat at last, after many vain trials!

For during those Hundred-and-fifty years, — among those six intercalary Kaisers, too, who followed Albert, — they were always trying; always thinking they had a kind of quasi-right to it; whereby the Empire often fell into trouble at Election-time. For they were proud stout men, our Hapsburgers, though of taciturn unconciliatory ways; and Rudolf had so fitted them out with fruitful Austrian Dukedoms, which they much increased by marriages and otherwise, — Styria, Carinthia, the Tyrol, by degrees, not to speak of their native *Hapsburg* much enlarged, and claims on Switzerland all round it, — they had excellent means of battling for their pretensions and disputable elections. None of them succeeded, however, for a Hundred-and-fifty years,

except that same one-eyed, loose-lipped unbeautiful Albert I.; a Kaiser dreadfully fond of earthly goods, too. Who indeed grasped all round him, at property half his, or wholly not his: Rhine-tolls, Crown of Bohemia, Landgraviate of Thuringen, Swiss Forest Cantons, Crown of Hungary, Crown of France even: — getting endless quarrels on his hands, and much defeat mixed with any victory there was. Poor soul, he had one-and-twenty children by one wife; and felt that there was need of apanages! He is understood (guessed, not proved) to have instigated two assassinations in pursuit of these objects; and he very clearly underwent *one* in his own person. Assassination first, was of Dietzmann the Thuringian Landgraf, and Anti-Albert champion, who refused to be robbed by Albert, — for whom the great Dante is (with almost palpable absurdity) fabled to have written an Epitaph still legible in the Church at Leipzig.* Assassination second was of Wentzel, the poor young Bohemian King, Ottocar's Grandson and last heir. Sure enough, this important young gentleman "was murdered by some one at Olmütz next year" (1306, a promising event for Albert then), "but none yet knows who it was."**

Neither of which suspicious transactions came to any result for Albert; as indeed most of his unjust graspings proved failures. He at one time had thoughts of the Crown of France: "Yours, I solemnly declare!" said the Pope. But that came to nothing; — only to

* *Menckenii Scriptores*, 1. § *Fredericus Admorsus* (by Tentzel).

** Köhler, p. 270.

France's shifting of the Popes to Avignon, more under the thumb of France. What his ultimate success with Tell and the Forest Cantons was, we all know! A most clutching, strong-fisted, dreadfully hungry, tough and unbeautiful man. Whom his own Nephew, at last, had to assassinate, at the Ford of the Reuss (near Windisch Village, meeting of the Reuss and Aar; 1st May 1308): "Scandalous Jew pawnbroker of an Uncle, wilt thou flatly keep from me my Father's heritage, then, entrusted to thee in his hour of death? Regardless of God and man, and of the last look of a dying Brother? Uncle worse than pawnbroker: for it is a heritage with *no* pawn on it, with much the reverse!" thought the Nephew, — and stabbed said Uncle down dead; having gone across with him in the boat; attendants looking on in distraction from the other side of the river. Was called *Johannes Parricida* in consequence; fled out of human sight that day, he and his henchmen, never to turn up again till Doomsday. For the pursuit was transcendent, regardless of expense; the cry for legal vengeance very great (on the part of Albert's daughters chiefly), though in vain, or nearly so, in this world.*

Of Kaiser Henry VII. and the Luxemburg Kaisers.

Of the other six Kaisers not Hapsburgers we are bound to mention one, and dwell a little on his for-

* Köhler, p. 272. Hormayr: *Österreichischer Plutarch, oder Leben und Bildnisse &c.* (12 Bändchen; Wien, 1807, — a superior Book), i. 65.

tunes and those of the Family he founded, both Brandenburg and our Hohenzollerns coming to be much connected therewith, as time went on. This is Albert's next successor, Henry Count of Luxemburg; called among Kaisers Henry VII. He is founder, he alone among these Non-Hapsburgers, of a small intercalary line of Kaisers, "the Luxemburg Line;" who amount indeed only to Four, himself included; and are not otherwise of much memorability, if we except himself; though straggling about, like well-rooted briars, in that favourable ground, they have accidentally hooked themselves upon World-History in one or two points. By accident a somewhat note-worthy line, those Luxemburg Kaisers: — a celebrated place, too, or name of a place, that "*Luxembourg*" of theirs, with its French Marshals, grand Parisian Edifices, lending it new lustre: what, thinks the reader, is the meaning of Lützenburg, Luxemburg, Luxembourg? Merely *Lützelburg*, wrong pronounced; and that again is nothing but *Littleborough*: such is the luck of names! —

Heinrich Graf von Luxemburg was, after some pause on the parricide of Albert, chosen Kaiser, "on account of his renowned valour," say the old Books, — and also, add the shrewder of them, because his Brother, Archbishop of Trier, was one of the Electors, and the Pope did not like either the Austrian or the French candidate then in the field. Chosen, at all events, he was, 27th November 1308;* clearly, and

* Köhler, p. 274.

by much, the best Kaiser that could be had. A puissant soul; who might have done great things, had he lived. He settled feuds; cut off oppressions from the *Reichsstädte* (Free-Towns); had a will of just sort, and found or made a way for it. Bohemia lapsed to him, the old race of Kings having perished out, — the last of them far too suddenly “at Olmütz,” as we saw lately! Some opposition there was, but much more favour especially by the Bohemian People; and the point, after some small “Siege of Prag” and the like, was definitely carried by the Kaiser. The now Burggraf of Nürnberg, Frederick IV., son of Rudolf’s friend, was present at this Siege of Prag:* a Burggraf much attached to Kaiser Henry, as all good Germans were. But the Kaiser did not live.

He went to Italy, our Burggraf of Nürnberg and many more along with him, to pull the crooked Guelf-Ghibelline Facts and Avignon Pope a little straight, if possible; and was vigorously doing it, when he died on a sudden: “poisoned in sacramental wine,” say the Germans! One of the crowning summits of human scoundrelism, which painfully stick in the mind. It is certain he arrived well at Buonconvento near Sienna, on the 24th September 1313, in full march towards the rebellious King of Naples, whom the Pope much countenanced. At Buonconvento, Kaiser Henry wished to enjoy the communion; and a Dominican monk, whose dark rat-eyed look men afterwards bethought them of, administered it to him in both species (Council of Trent.

* 1310 (Rentsch, p. 311).

not yet prohibiting the liquid species): that is certain, and also that on the morrow Henry was dead. The Dominicans endeavoured afterward to deny; which, for the credit of human nature, one wishes they had done with effect.* But there was never any trial had; the denial was considered lame; and German History continues to shudder, in that passage, and assert. Poisoned in the wine of his sacrament: the Florentines, it is said, were at the bottom of it, and had hired the rat-eyed Dominican; — "*O Italia, O Firenze!*" That is not the way to achieve Italian Liberty, or Obedience to God; that is the way to confirm, as by frightful stygian oath, Italian Slavery, or continual Obedience, under varying forms, to the Other Party! The voice of Dante, then alive among men, proclaims, sad and loving as a mother's voice, and implacable as a voice of Doom, that you are wandering, and have wandered, in a terrible manner! —

Peter the then Archbishop of Maintz says, there had not for hundreds of years such a death befallen the German Empire; to which Köhler, one of the wisest moderns, gives his assent: "It could not enough "be lamented," says he, "that so vigilant a Kaiser, in "the flower of his years, should have been torn from "the world in so devilish a manner; who, if he had "lived longer, might have done Teutschland unspeak- "able benefit."**

* Köhler, p. 281 (Ptolomey of Lucca, himself a Dominican, is one of the accusing spirits: Muratori, l. xi. § *Ptolomæus Lucensis*, A.D. 1313).

** Ibid. p. 282-5.

Henry's Son Johann is King of Bohemia; and Ludwig the Bavarian, with a Contested Election, is Kaiser.

Henry VII. having thus perished suddenly, his Son Johann, scarcely yet come of age, could not follow him as Kaiser, according to the Father's thought; though in due time he prosecuted his advancement otherwise to good purpose, and proved a very stirring man in the world. By his Father's appointment, to whom as Kaiser the chance had fallen, he was already King of Bohemia, strong in his right and in the favour of the natives; though a titular Competitor, Henry of the Tyrol, beaten off by the late Kaiser, was still extant: whom, however, and all other perils, Johann contrived to weather; growing up to be a farsighted, stout-hearted man, and potent Bohemian King, widely renowned in his day. He had a Son, and then two Grandsons, who were successively Kaisers, after a sort; making up the "Luxemburg Four" we spoke of. He did Crusades, one or more, for the Teutsch Ritters, in a shining manner; — unhappily with loss of an eye; nay ultimately, by the aid of quack oculists, with loss of both eyes. An ambitious man, not to be quelled by blindness; man with much negotiation in him; with a heavy stroke of fight too, and temper nothing loth at it; of which we shall see some glimpse by and by.

The pity was, for the Reich if not for him, he could not himself become Kaiser. Perhaps we had not then seen Henry VII.'s fine enterprises, like a fleet of half-built ships, go mostly to planks again, on the waste

sea, had his Son followed him. But there was, on the contrary, a contested election; Austria in again, as usual, and again unsuccessful. The late Kaiser's Austrian competitor, "Friedrich the Fair, Duke of Austria," the parricided Albert's Son, was again one of the parties. Against whom, with real but not quite indisputable majority, stood Ludwig Duke of Bavaria: "Ludwig IV.," "*Ludwig der Baier* (the Bavarian)" as they call him among Kaisers. Contest attended with the usual election expenses; war-wrestle, namely, between the parties till one threw the other. There was much confused wrestling and throttling for seven years or more (1315-1322). Our Nürnberg Burggraf, Friedrich IV., held with Ludwig, as did the real majority, though in a languid manner, and was busy he as few were; the Austrian Hapsburgs also doing their best, now under now above. Johann King of Bohemia was on Ludwig's side as yet. Ludwig's own Brother, Kur-Pfalz (ancestor of all the Electors, and their numerous Branches, since known there), an *elder* Brother, was, "out of spite" as men thought, decidedly against Ludwig.

In the eighth year came a Fight that proved decisive. Fight a Mühldorf on the Inn, 28th September 1322, — far down in those Danube Countries, beyond where Marlborough ever was, where there has been much fighting first and last: Burggraf Friedrich was conspicuously there. A very great Battle, say the old Books, — says Hormayr, in a new readable Book,*

* Hormayr: *Österreichischer Plutarch*, II. 31-7.

giving minute account of it. Ludwig rather held aloof rearward; committed his business to the Hohenzollern Burggraf and to one Schweppermann, aided by a noble lord called Rindsmaul ("Cowmouth" no less), and by others experienced in such work. Friedrich the Hapsburger *der Schöne*, Duke of Austria, and self-styled Kaiser, a gallant handsome man, breathed mere martial fury, they say: he knew that his Brother Leopold was on march with a reinforcement to him from the Strassburg quarter, and might arrive any moment; but he could not wait, — perhaps afraid Ludwig might run; — he rashly determined to beat Ludwig without reinforcement. Our rugged fervid Hormayr (though imitating Tacitus and Johannes von Müller overmuch) will instruct fully any modern that is curious about this big Battle: what furious charging, worrying; how it "lasted ten hours," how the blazing Handsome Friedrich stormed about and "slew above fifty with his own hand." To us this is the interesting point: At one turn of the Battle, tenth hour of it now ending, and the tug of war still desperate, there arose a cry of joy over all the Austrian ranks, "Help coming! Help!" — and Friedrich noticed a body of Horse, "in Austrian cognisance" (such the cunning of a certain man), coming in upon his rear. Austrians and Friedrich never doubted but it was Brother Leopold just getting on the ground; and rushed forward doubly fierce. Doubly fierce; and were doubly astonished when it plunged in upon them, sharp-edged, as Burggraf Friedrich of Nürnberg, — and quite ruined Austrian Friedrich! Austrian Friedrich

fought personally like a lion at bay; but it availed nothing. Rindsmaul (not lovely of lip, *Cowmouth* so-called) disarmed him: "I will not surrender except to a Prince!" — so Burggraf Friedrich was got to take surrender of him; and the Fight, and whole Controversy with it, was completely won.*

Poor Leopold, the Austrian Brother, did not arrive till the morrow; and saw a sad sight, before flying off again. Friedrich the Fair sat prisoner in the old Castle of Traussnitz (*Ober Pfalz*, Upper Palatinate, or Nürnberg country) for three years; whittling sticks: — Tourists, if curious, can still procure specimens of them at the place, for a consideration. There sat Friedrich, Brother Leopold moving Heaven and Earth, — and in fact they said, the very Devil by art magic,** — to no purpose, to deliver him. And his poor Spanish Wife cried her eyes, too literally, *out*, — sight gone in sad fact.

Ludwig the Bavarian reigned thenceforth, — though never on easy terms. How grateful to Friedrich of Nürnberg we need not say. For one thing, he gave him all the Austrian Prisoners; whom Friedrich, judiciously generous, dismissed without ransom except that they should be feudally subject to him henceforth.

* *Jedem Mann ein Ey* (One egg to every man),

Dem frommen Schweppermann Zwei (Two to the excellent Schweppermann):

Tradition still repeats this old rhyme, as the Kaiser's Address to his Army, or his Head Captains, at supper, after such a day's work, — in a country already eaten to the bone.

** Köhler, p. 288.

This is the third Hohenzollern whom we mark as a conspicuous acquirer in the Hohenzollern family, this Friedrich IV., builder of the second story of the House. If Conrad, original Burggraf, founded the House, then (figuratively speaking) the able Friedrich III., who was Rudolf of Hapsburg's friend, built it one story high; and here is a new Friedrich, his Son, who has added a second story. It is astonishing, says Dryasdust, how many feudal superiorities the Anspach and Baireuth people still have in Austria; — they maintain their own *Lehnprobst*, or Official Manager for fief-casualties in that country: — all which proceed from this Battle of Mühl-dorf.* Battle fought on the 28th of September 1322: eight years after *Bannockburn*; while our poor Edward II. and England with him were in such a welter with their Spencers and their Gavestons: eight years after *Bannockburn*, and four-and-twenty before Crecy. That will date it for English readers.

Kaiser Ludwig reigned some twenty-five years more, in a busy and even strenuous, but not a successful way. He had good windfalls, too; for example, Brandenburg, as we shall see. He made friends; reconciled himself to his Brother Kur-Pfalz and junior Cousinry there, settling handsomely, and with finality, the debateable points between them. Enemies, too, he made; especially Johann the Luxemburger, King of Bohemia, on what ground will be seen shortly, who became at last inveterate to a high degree. But there was one su-

* Rentsch, p. 313; Paull; &c.

premely sore element in his lot: a Pope at Avignon to whom he could by no method make himself agreeable. Pope who put him under ban, not long after that Mühl-dorf victory; and kept him so; inexorable, let poor Ludwig turn as he might. Ludwig's German Princes stood true to him; declared, in solemn Diet, the Pope's ban to be mere spent shot, of no avail in Imperial Politics. Ludwig went vigorously to Italy; tried setting up a Pope of his own; but that did not answer, nor of course tend to mollify the Holiness at Avignon.

In fine, Ludwig had to carry this cross on his back, in a sorrowful manner, all his days. The Pope at last, finding Johann of Bohemia in a duly irritated state, persuaded him into setting-up an Anti-Kaiser, Johann's second Son as Anti-Kaiser, — who, though of little account, and called *Pfaffen-Kaiser* (Parsons' Kaiser) by the public, might have brought farther troubles, had that lasted. We shall see some ultimate glimpses of it farther on.

CHAPTER X.

BRANDENBURG LAPSES TO THE KAISER.

Two years before the victory at Mühldorf, a bad chance befel in Brandenburg; the *Ascanier* Line of Markgraves or Electors ended. Magniloquent Otto with the Arrow, Otto the Short, Hermann the Tall, all Ottos, Hermanns and others, died by course of nature; nephew Waldemar himself, a stirring man, died prematurely (A.D. 1319), and left only a young cousin for successor, who died few months after:* the Line of Albert the Bear went out in Brandenburg. They had lasted there about Two-hundred years. They had not been, in late times, the successfulest Markgraves; territories much split-up among younger sons, joint Markgraves reigning, which seldom answers: yet to the last they always made stout fight for themselves; walked the stage in a high manner; and surely might be said to quit it creditably, leaving such a Brandenburg behind them, chiefly of their making, during the Two Centuries that had been given them before the Night came.

There were plenty of Ascanier Cousins still extant in those parts, Saxon dignitaries, Anhalt dignitaries, lineal descendants of Albert the Bear; to some of whom, in usual times, Albert's inheritance would naturally

* September 1320 (Pauli, i. 391). Michaelis, i. 260-277.

have been granted. But the times were of battle, uncertainty, contested election; and the Ascaniers, I perceive, had rather taken Friedrich of Austria's side, which proved the losing one. Kaiser Ludwig *der Baier* would appoint none of these; Anti-Kaiser Friedrich's appointments, if he made any, could be only nominal, in those distant Northern parts. Ludwig, after his victory of Mühldorf, preferred to consider the Electorate of Brandenburg as lapsed, lying vacant, ungoverned these three years; and now become the Kaiser's again. Kaiser, in consequence, gave it to his Son; whose name also is Ludwig: the date of the Investiture is 1323 (year after that victory of Mühldorf); a date unfortunate to Brandenburg. We come now into a Line of *Bavarian* Markgraves, and then of *Luxemburg* ones; both of which are of fatal significance to Brandenburg.

The Ascanier Cousins, high Saxon dignitaries some of them, gloomed mere disappointment, and protested hard; but could not mend the matter, now or afterwards. Their Line went out in Saxony too, in course of time; gave place to the *Wettins*, who are still there. The Ascanier had to be content with the more pristine state of acquisitions, — high pedigrees, old castles of Ascanien and Ballenstädt, territories of Anhalt or what else they had; — and never rose again to the lost height; though the race still lives, and has qualities besides its pedigree. We said the "Old Dessauer," Leopold Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, was the head of it in Friedrich Wilhelm's time; and to this day he has descendants. Catherine II. of Russia was of Anhalt-

Zerbst, a junior branch. Albert the Bear, if that is of any use to him, has still occasionally notable representatives.

Ludwig junior, Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian's eldest son, was still under age when appointed Kurfürst of Brandenburg in 1323: of course he had a "*Stateholder*" (Viceregent, *Statthalter*); then, and afterwards in occasional absences of his, a series of such. Kaiser's Councillors, Burggraf Friedrich IV. among them, had to take some thought of Brandenburg in its new posture. Who these Brandenburg Statthalters were, is heartily indifferent even to Dryasdust, — except that one of them for some time was a Hohenzollern: which circumstance Dryasdust marks with the due note of admiration. "What he did there," Dryasdust admits, "is not written anywhere;" — good, we will hope, and not evil; — but only the Diploma nominating him (of date 1346, not in Ludwig's minority, but many years after that had ended*) now exists by way of record. A difficult problem he, like the other regents and viceregents, must have had; little dreaming that it was intrinsically for a grandson of his own, and long line of grandsons. The name of this temporary Statthalter, the first Hohenzollern who had ever the least concern with Brandenburg, is Burggraf Johann II., eldest Son of our distinguished Mühlendorf friend Friedrich IV.; and Grandfather (through another Friedrich) of Burggraf Friedrich VI., — which last gentleman, as will be seen, did doubtless

* Rentsch, p. 323.

reap the sowings, good and bad, of all manner of men in Brandenburg. The same Johann II. it was who purchased Plassenburg Castle and Territory (cheap, for money down), where the Family afterwards had its chief residence. Hof, Town and Territory, had fallen to his Father in those parts; a gift of gratitude from Kaiser Ludwig:—most of the Voigtland is now Hohenzollern.

Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian left his sons Electors of Brandenburg; — “Electors, *Kurfürsts*,” now becomes the commoner term for so important a Country; — Electors not in easy circumstances. But no son of his succeeded Ludwig as Kaiser, — successor in the Reich was that Pfaffen-Kaiser, Johann of Bohemia’s son, a Luxemburger once more. No son of Ludwig’s; nor did any descendant, — except, after four-hundred years, that unfortunate Kaiser Karl VII., in Maria Theresa’s time. He was a descendant. Of whom we shall hear more than enough. The unluckiest of all Kaisers that Karl VII.; less a Sovereign Kaiser than a bone thrown into the ring for certain royal dogs, Louis XV., George II. and others, to worry about; — watch-dogs of the gods; apt sometimes to run into hunting instead of warding.— We will say nothing more of Ludwig the Baier, or his posterity, at present: we will glance across to Preussen, and see, for one moment, what the Teutsch Ritters are doing in their new Century. It is the year 1330; Johann II. at Nürnberg, as yet only coming to be Burggraf, by no means yet administering in Branden-

burg; and Ludwig junior seven years old in his new dignity there.

The Teutsch Ritters, after infinite travail, have subdued heathen Preussen; colonised the country with industrious German immigrants; banked the Weichsel and the Nogat, subduing their quagmires into meadows, and their waste streams into deep ship-courses. Towns are built, Königsberg (*King Ottocar's town*), Thoren (*Thorn, City of the Gates*), with many others: so that the wild population and the tame now lived tolerably together, under Gospel and Lübeck Law; and all was ploughing and trading, and a rich country; which had made the Teutsch Ritters rich, and victoriously at their ease in comparison. But along with riches and the ease of victory, the common bad consequences had ensued. Ritters given up to luxuries, to secular ambitions; ritters no longer clad in austere mail and prayer; ritters given up to wantonness of mind and conduct; solemnly vowing, and quietly not doing; without remorse or consciousness of wrong, daily eating forbidden fruit; ritters swelling more and more into the fatted-ox condition, for whom there is but one doom. How far they had carried it, here is one symptom that may teach us.

In the year 1330, one Werner von Orseln was Grandmaster of these Ritters. The Grandmaster, who is still usually the best man they can get, and who by theory is sacred to them as a Grand-Lama or Pope among Cardinal-Lamas, or as an Abbot to his Monks,—

Grandmaster Werner, we say, had lain down in Marienburg one afternoon of this year 1330, to take his siesta, and was dreaming peaceably after a moderate repast, when a certain devil-ridden mortal, Johann von Endorf, one of his Ritters, long grumbling about severity, want of promotion and the like, rushed-in upon the good old man; ran him through, dead for a ducat;* — and consummated a *parricide* at which the very cross on one's white cloak shudders! Parricide worse, a great deal, than that at the Ford of Reuss upon one-eyed Albert.

We leave the shuddering Ritters to settle it, sternly vengeful; whom, for a moment, it has struck broad-awake to some sense of the very questionable condition they are getting into.

* Voigt, iv. 474, 482.

CHAPTER XI.

BAVARIAN KURFÜRSTS IN BRANDENBURG.

YOUNG Ludwig Kurfürst of Brandenburg, Kaiser Ludwig's eldest son, having come of years, the Tutors or Statthalters went home, — not wanted except in cases of occasional absence henceforth; — and the young man endeavoured to manage on his own strength. His success was but indifferent; he held on, however, for a space of twenty years, better or worse. "He helped King Edward III. at the siege of Cambray (A.D. 1339);"* whose French politics were often connected with the Kaiser's: it is certain, Kurfürst Ludwig "served personally with 600 horse" (on good payment, I conclude) "at that Siege of Cambray;" — and probably saw the actual Black Prince, and sometimes dined with him, as English readers can imagine. In Brandenburg he had many checks and difficult passages, but was never quite beaten out, which it was easy to have been.

A man of some ability, as we can gather, though not of enough: he played his game with resolution, not without skill; but from the first the cards were against him. His Father's affairs going mostly ill were no help to his, which of themselves went not well. The Brandenburgers, mindful of their old Ascanier sovereigns, were ill-affected to Ludwig and the new Bava-

* Michaelis, i. 279.

rian sort. The Anhalt Cousinry gloomed irreconcilable; were never idle, digging pitfalls, raising troubles. From them and others Kurfürst Ludwig had troubles enough; which were fronted by him really not amiss; which we wholly omit in this place.

A resuscitated Ascanier; the False Waldemar.

The wickedest and worst trouble of their raising was that of the resuscitated Waldemar (A. D. 1345); "False Waldemar," as he is now called in Brandenburg Books. Waldemar was the last, or as good as the last, of the Ascanier Markgraves; and he, two years before Ludwig ever saw those countries, died in his bed, twenty-five good years ago; and was buried, and seemingly ended. But no; after twenty-five years, Waldemar reappears: "Not buried or dead, only sham-buried, sham-dead; have been in the Holy Land all this while doing pilgrimage and penance; and am come to claim my own again, — which strangers are much misusing!"*

Perkin Warbeck, *Post-mortem* Richard II., Dimitri of Russia, Martin Guerre of the *Causes Célèbres*: it is a common story in the world, and needs no commentary now. *Post-mortem* Waldemar it is said, was a Miller's Man, "of the name of Jakob Rehback;" who used to be about the real Waldemar in a menial capacity, and had some resemblance to him. He showed signets, recounted experiences, which had belonged to the real

* Michaelis, i. 279.

Waldemar. Many believed in his pretension, and took arms to assert it; the Reich being in much internal battle at the time; poor Kaiser Ludwig, with his Avignon Popes and angry Kings Johann, wading in deep waters. Especially the disaffected Cousinry, or Princes of Anhalt, believed and battled for *Post-mortem* Waldemar; who were thought to have got him up from the first. Kurfürst Ludwig had four or five most sad years with him; — all the worse when the *Pfaffen-Kaiser* (King Johann's son) came on the stage, in the course of them (A.D. 1346), and Kaiser Ludwig, yielding not indeed to him, but to Death, vanished from it two years after;* leaving Kurfürst Ludwig to his own shifts with the Pfaffen-Kaiser. Whom he could not now hinder from succeeding to the Reich. He tried hard; set up, he and others, an Anti-Kaiser (*Günther of Schwartzburg*, temporary Anti-Kaiser, whom English readers can forget again): he bustled, battled, negotiated, up and down; and ran across, at one time, to Preussen to the Teutsch Ritters, — presumably to borrow money: — but it all would not do. The Pfaffen-Kaiser carried it, in the Diet and out of the Diet: Karl IV. by title; a sorry enough Kaiser, and by nature an enemy of Ludwig's.

It was in this whirl of intricate misventures that Kurfürst Ludwig had to deal with his False Waldemar, conjured from the deeps upon him, like a new goblin, where already there were plenty, in the dance round

* Elected, 1314; Mühlendorf, and Election complete, 1322; died, 1347, age sixty.

poor Ludwig. Of which nearly inextricable goblin-dance; threatening Brandenburg, for one thing, with annihilation, and yet leading Brandenburg abstrusely towards new birth and higher destinies, — how will it be possible (without raising new ghosts, in a sense) to give readers any intelligible notion? — Here, flickering on the edge of conflagration after duty done, is a poor Note which perhaps the reader had better, at the risk of superfluity, still in part take along with him:

“Kaiser Henry VII., who died of sacramental wine, First
“of the Luxemburg Kaisers, left Johann still a Boy of fifteen,
“who could not become the second of them, but did in time
“produce the Second, who again produced the Third and
“Fourth.

“Johann was already King of Bohemia; the important
“young gentleman, Ottocar’s grandson, whom we saw
“‘murdered at Olmütz none yet knows by whom,’ had left
“that throne vacant, and it lapsed to the Kaiser; who, the
“Nation also favouring, duly put-in his son Johann. There
“was a competitor, ‘Duke of the Tyrol,’ who claimed on loose
“grounds; ‘My wife was Aunt of the young murdered King,’
“said he; ‘wherefore’ — ! — Kaiser, and Johann after him,
“rebutted this competitor; but he long gave some trouble,
“having great wealth and means. He produced a Daughter,
“Margaret Heiress of the Tyrol, — with a terrible *mouth* to her
“face, and none of the gentlest hearts in her body: — that was
“perhaps his principal feat in the world. He died 1331; had
“styled himself ‘King of Bohemia’ for twenty years, — ever
“since 1308; — but in the last two years of his life he gave it
“up, and ceased from troubling, having come to a beautiful
“agreement with Johann.

"Johann, namely, wedded his eldest Son to this competitor's fine Daughter with the mouth (Year 1329): 'In this manner do not Bohemia and the Tyrol come together in my blood and in yours, and both of us are made men?' said the two contracting parties. — Alas, no: the competitor Duke, father of the Bride, died some two years after, probably with diminished hopes of it; and King Johann lived to see the hope expire dismally altogether. There came no children, there came no — In fact Margaret, after a dozen years of wedlock, in unpleasant circumstances, broke it off as if by explosion; took herself and her Tyrol irrevocably over to Kaiser Ludwig, quite away from King Johann, — who, his hopes of the Tyrol expiring in such dismal manner, was thenceforth the bitter enemy of Ludwig and what held of him." —

Tyrol explosion was in 1342. And now, keeping these preliminary dates and outlines in mind, we shall understand the big-mouthed Lady better, and the consequences of her in the world.

Margaret with the Pouch-mouth.

What principally raised this dance of the devils round poor Ludwig, I perceive, was a marriage he had made, three years before Waldemar emerged; of which, were it only for sake of the Bride's name, some mention is permissible. Margaret of the Tyrol, commonly called, by contemporaries and posterity, *Maultasche* (Mouthpoke, Pocket-mouth), she was the bride; — marriage done at Innspruck, 1342, under furtherance of father Ludwig the Kaiser: — such a mouth as we can

fancy, and a character corresponding to it. This, which seemed to the two Ludwigs a very conquest of the golden-fleece under conditions, proved the beginning of their worst days to both of them.

Not a lovely Bride at all, this Maultasche; who is verging now towards middle life withal, and has had enough to cross her in the world. Was already married thirteen years ago; not wisely nor by any means too well. A terrible dragon of a woman. Has been in nameless domestic quarrels; in wars and sieges with rebellious vassals; claps you an iron cap on her head, and takes the field when need is: furious she-bear of the Tyrol. But she has immense possessions, if wanting in female charms. She came by mothers from that Duke of Meran whom we saw get his death (for cause), in the Plassenburg a hundred years ago.* Her ancestor was Husband to a Sister of that homicided Duke: from him she inherits the Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria; is herself an only child, the last of a line; hugest Heiress now going. So that, in spite of the mouth and humour, she has not wanted for wooers, — especially prudent Fathers wooing her for their sons.

In her Father's lifetime, Johann King of Bohemia, always awake to such symptoms of things, and having very peculiar interests in this case, courted and got her for his Crown-Prince (as we just saw), a youth of great outlooks, outlooks towards Kaisership itself perhaps; to whom she was wedded, thirteen years ago, and duly brought the Tyrol for Heritage: but with the worst re-

* Antea, p. 124.

sults. Heritage, namely, could not be had without strife with Austria, which likewise had claims. Far worse, the marriage itself went awry: Johann's Crown-Prince was "a soft-natured Herr," say the Books: why bring your big she-bear into a poor deer's den? Enough, the marriage came to nothing, except to huge brawlings far enough away from us: and Margaret Pouch-mouth has now divorced her Bohemian Crown-Prince as a Nullity; and again weds, on similar terms, Kaiser Ludwig's son, our Brandenburg Kurfürst, — who hopes possibly that *he* now may succeed as Kaiser, on the strength of his Father and of the Tyrol. Which turned out far otherwise.

The marriage was done in the Church of Innsbruck, 10th February 1342 (for we love to be particular), "Kaiser Ludwig," happy man, "and many Princes of "the Empire, looking on;" little thinking what a coil it would prove. "At the high altar she stript off her veil" (symbol of wifehood or widowhood), "and put on a *jungfernkranz* (maiden's-garland)," symbolically testifying how happy Ludwig junior still was. They had a son by and by; but their course otherwise, and indeed this-wise too, was much chequered.

King Johann, seeing the Tyrol gone in this manner, gloomed terribly upon his Crown-Prince; flung him aside as a Nullity, "Go to Moravia, out of sight, on an apanage, you; be Crown-Prince no longer!" — And took to fighting Kaiser Ludwig; colleague'd diligently with the hostile Pope, with the King of France; intrigued and colleague'd far and wide; swearing, by

every method, everlasting enmity to Kaiser Ludwig; — and set up his son Karl as Pfaffen-Kaiser. Nay, perhaps he was at the bottom of *Post-obit* Waldemar too. In brief, he raised, he mainly, this devils'-dance, in which, Kaiser Ludwig having died, poor Kurfürst Ludwig, with Maultasche hanging on him, is sometimes near his wit's end.

Johann's poor Crown-Prince, finding matters take this turn, retired into *Mähren* (Moravia) as bidden; "Margrave of Mähren;" and peaceably adjusted himself to his character of Nullity and to the loss of Maultasche; — chose, for the rest, a new Princess in wedlock, with more moderate dimensions of mouth; and did produce sons and daughters on a fresh score. Produced, among others, one Jobst, his successor in the apanage or Margrafdom; who, as *Jobst*, or Jodocus, of *Mähren*, made some noise for himself in the next generation, and will turn up again in reference to Brandenburg in this History.

As for Margaret Pouch-mouth, she, with her new Husband as with her old, continued to have troubles, pretty much as the sparks fly upwards. She had fierce siegings after this, and explosive procedures, — little short of Monk Schwartz, who was just inventing gunpowder at the time. We cannot hope she lived in Elysian harmony with Kurfürst Ludwig; — the reverse in fact; and oftenest with the whole breadth of Germany between them, he in Brandenburg, she in the Tyrol. Nor did Ludwig junior ever come to be Kaiser, as his Father and she had hoped; on the con-

trary, King Johann of Bohemia's people, — it was they that next got the Kaisership and kept it; a new provocation to Maultasche.

Ludwig and she had a son, as we said; Prince of the Tyrol and appendages, titular Markgraf of Mähren and much else, by nature: but alas, he died about ten; a precocious boy, — fancy the wild weeping of a maternal She-bear! And the Father had already died;* a malicious world whispering that perhaps she poisoned them *both*. The proud woman, now old too, pursed her big coarse lips together at such rumour, and her big coarse soul, — in a gloomy scorn appealing beyond the world; in a sorrow that the world knew not of. She solemnly settled her Tyrol and appendages upon the Austrian Archdukes, who were children of her Mother's Sister; whom she even installed into the actual government, to make matters surer. This done, she retired to Vienna, on a pension from them, there to meditate and pray a little, before Death came; as it did now in a short year or two. Tyrol and the appendages continue with Austria from that hour to this, Margaret's little boy having died.

Margaret of the Pouch-mouth, rugged dragoon-major of a woman, with occasional steel cap on her head, and capable of swearing terribly in Flanders or elsewhere, remains in some measure memorable to me. Compared with Pompadour, Duchess of Cleveland, of Kendal and other high-rouged unfortunate-females, whom

* In 1361, died Kurfürst Ludwig; 1363, the Boy; 1366, Maultasche herself.

it is not proper to speak of without necessity, though it is often done, — Maultasche rises to the rank of Historical. She brought the Tyrol and appendages permanently to Austria; was near leading Brandenburg to annihilation, raising such a goblin-dance round Ludwig and it, yet did abstrusely lead Brandenburg towards a far other goal, which likewise has proved permanent for it.

CHAPTER XII.

BRANDENBURG IN KAISER KARL'S TIME; AND OF THE
BAVARIAN KURFÜRSTS.

KAISER LUDWIG died in 1347, while the False Waldemar was still busy. We saw Karl IV., Johann of Bohemia's second son, come to the Kaisership thereupon, Johann's eldest Nullity being omitted. This Fourth Karl, — other three Karls are of the Charlemagne set, Karl the Bald, the Fat, and such like, and lie under our horizon, while *Charles Fifth* is of a still other set, and known to everybody, — this Karl IV. is the Kaiser who discovered the Well of *Karlsbad* (Bath of Karl), known to Tourists of this day; and made the *Golden Bull*, which I forbid all Englishmen to take for an agricultural Prize Animal, the thing being far other, as is known to several.

There is little farther to be said of Karl in Reichs-History. An unesteemed creature; who strove to make his time peaceable in this world, by giving from the Holy Roman Empire with both hands to every bull-beggar, or ready payer who applied. Sad sign what the Roman Empire had come and was coming to. The Kaiser's shield, set up aloft in the Roncalic Plain in Barbarossa's time, intimated, and in earnest too, "Ho, every one that has suffered wrong!" — intimates now, "Ho, every one that can bully me, or has money in

his pocket!" Unadmiring posterity has confirmed the nickname of this Karl IV.; and calls him *Pfaffen-Kaiser*. He kept mainly at Prag, ready for receipt of cash, and holding well out of harm's way. In younger years he had been much about the French Court; in Italy he had suffered troubles, almost assassinations; much blown to and fro, poor light wretch, on the chaotic winds of his Time, — steering towards no star.

Johann, King of Bohemia, did not live to see Karl an acknowledged Kaiser. Old Johann, blind for some time back, had perished two years before that event; — bequeathing a Heraldic Symbol to the World's History and to England's, if nothing more. Poor man, he had crusaded in Preussen in a brilliant manner, being fond of fighting. He wrung Silesia, gradually by purchase and entreaty (*pretio ac prece*), from the Polish King;* joined it firmly to Bohemia and Germany, — unconsciously waiting for what higher destinies Silesia might have. For Maultasche and the Tyrol he brought sad woes on Brandenburg: and yet was unconsciously leading Brandenburg, by abstruse courses, whither it had to go. A restless, ostentatious, far-grasping, strong-handed man; who kept the world in a stir wherever he was. All which has proved voiceless in the World's memory; while the casual Shadow of a Feather he once wore has proved vocal there. World's memory is very whimsical now and then.

Being much implicated with the King of France,

* 1327-'41 (Köhler, p. 302).

who with the Pope was his chief stay in these final Anti-Ludwig operations, Johann, — in 1346, Pfaffen-Kaiser Karl just set on foot, — had led his chivalry into France, to help against the English Edwards, who were then very intrusive there. Johann was blind, but he had good ideas in war. At the Battle of Crecy, 24th August 1346, he advised we know not what; but he actually fought, though stone-blind. "Tied his bridle to that of the Knight next him; and charged in," — like an old blind warhorse kindling madly at the sound of the trumpet; — and was there, by some English lance or yew, laid low. They found him on that field of carnage (field of honour too in a sort); his old blind face looking, very blindly, to the stars: on his shield was blazoned a Plume of three ostrich-feathers with "*Ich dien* (I serve)" written under: — with which emblem every English reader is familiar ever since! This Editor himself, in very tender years, noticed it on the Britannic Majesty's war-drums; and had to inquire of children of a larger growth what the meaning might be.

That is all I had to say of King Johann and his "*Ich dien*." Of the Luxemburg Kaisers (four in number, two sons of Karl still to come); who, except him of the sacramental wine, with "*Ich-dien*" for son, are good for little; and deserve no memory from mankind except as they may stick, not easily extricable, to the history of nobler men: — of them also I could wish to be silent, but must not. Must at least explain how they came in, as "Luxemburg Kurfürsts" in Branden-

burg; and how they went out, leaving Brandenburg not annihilated, but very near it.

*End of Resuscitated Waldemar; Kurfürst Ludwig
sells out.*

Imaginary Waldemar being still busy in Brandenburg, it was natural for Kaiser Karl to find him genuine, and keep up that goblin-dance round poor Kurfürst Ludwig, the late Kaiser's son, by no means a lover of Karl's. Considerable support was managed to be raised for Waldemar. Kaiser Karl regularly infeoffed him as real Kurfürst, so far as parchment could do it; and in case of his decease, says Karl's diploma farther, the Princes of Anhalt shall succeed, Ludwig in any case is to be zero henceforth. War followed, or what they called war: much confused invading, bickering and throttling, for two years to come. "Most of the Towns declared for Waldemar, and their old Anhalt line of "Margraves:" Ludwig and the Bavarian sort are clearly not popular here. Ludwig held out strenuously, however; would not be beaten. He had the King of Denmark for Brother-in-law; had connexions in the Reich: perhaps still better he had the *Reichs-Insignia*, lately his Father's, still in hand. He stood obstinate siege from the Kaiser's people and the Anhalters; shouted-in Denmark to help; started an Anti-Kaiser, as we said, — temporary Anti-Kaiser Günther of Schwartzburg, whom the reader can forget a second time: — in brief, Ludwig contrived to bring Kaiser

Karl, and Imaginary Waldemar with his Anhalters, to a quietus and negotiation, and to get Brandenburg cleared of them. Year 1349, they went their ways; and that devils'-dance, which had raged five years and more round Ludwig, was fairly got laid or lulled again.

Imaginary Waldemar, after some farther ineffectual wriggings, retired altogether into private life, at the Court of Dessau; and happily died before long. Died at the Court of Dessau; the Anhalt Cousins treating him to the last as Head Representative of Albert the Bear, and real Prince Waldemar; for which they had their reasons. Portraits of this False Waldemar still turn up in the German Printshops;* and represent a very absurd fellow, much muffled in drapery, mouth partially open, eyes wholly and widely so, — never yet recovered from his astonishment at himself and things in general! How it fared with poor Brandenburg, in these chaotic throttlings and vicissitudes under the Bavarian Kurfürsts, we can too well imagine; and that is little to what lies ahead for it.

However, in that same year 1349, temporary quietus having come, Kurfürst Ludwig, weary of the matter, gave it over to his Brother: "Have not I an opulent Maultasche, Gorgon-Wife, susceptible to kindness, in the Tyrol; have not I in the Reich elsewhere resources, appliances?" thought Kurfürst Ludwig. And gave the

* In Kloss (*Vaterländische Gemälde*, II. 29), a sorry Compilation, above referred to, without value except for the old Excerpts, &c., there is a Copy of it.

thing over to his next Brother. Brother whose name also is *Ludwig* (as their Father's also had been, three Ludwigs at once, for our dear Germans shine in nomenclature): "*Ludwig the Roman*" this new one; — the elder Brother, our acquaintance, being Ludwig simply, distinguishable too as *Kurfürst Ludwig*, or even as *Ludwig Senior* at this stage of the affair. *Kurfürst Ludwig*, therefore, Year 1349, washes his hands of Brandenburg while the quietus lasts; retaining only the Electorship and Title; and goes his ways, resolving to take his ease in Bavaria and the Tyrol thenceforth. How it fared with him there, with his loving Gorgon and him, we will not ask farther. They had always separate houses to fly to, in case of extremity! They held out, better or worse, twelve years more; and Ludwig left his little Boy still surviving him, in 1361.

*Second, and then Third and last, of the Bavarian
Kurfürsts in Brandenburg.*

In Brandenburg, the new Markgraf Ludwig, who we say is called "*the Roman*" (*Ludwig der Römer*, having been in Rome) to distinguish him, continued warring with the Anarchies, fifteen years, in a rather tough manner, without much victory on either side; — made his peace with Kaiser Karl however, delivering up the *Reichs-Insignia*; and tried to put down the domestic Robbers, who had got on foot, "many of them persons of quality;" * — till he also died, childless, A.D. 1365;

* Michaelis, i. 282.

having been Kurfürst too, since his Brother's death, for some four years.

Whereupon Brandenburg, Electorship and all Titles with it, came to Otto, third son of Kaiser Ludwig, who is happily the last of these Bavarian Electors. They were an unlucky set of Sovereigns, not hitherto without desert; and the unlucky Country suffered much under them. By far the unluckiest, and by far the worst, was this Otto; a dissolute, drinking, entirely worthless Herr; under whom, for eight years, confusion went worse confounded; as if plain Chaos were coming; and Brandenburg and Otto grew tired of each other to the last degree.

In which state of matters, A.D. 1373, Kaiser Karl offered Otto a trifle of ready-money, to take himself away. Otto accepted greedily; sold his Electorate and big Mark of Brandenburg to Kaiser Karl for an old song, — 200,000 thalers (about 30,000*l.*, and only half of it ever paid);* — withdrew to his Schloss of Wolfstein in Bavaria; and there, on the strength of that or other sums, "rolled deep as possible in every sort of debauchery." And so in few years puddled himself to death; foully ending the Bavarian set of Kurfürsts. They had lasted fifty years; with endless trouble to the Country and to themselves; and with such mutual profit as we have seen.

* Michaelis, i. 283.

CHAPTER XIII.

LUXEMBURG KURFÜRSTS IN BRANDENBURG.

IF Brandenburg suffered much under the Bavarian Kurfürsts for Fifty years, it was worse, and approached to the state of worst, under the Luxemburgers, who lasted for some Forty more. Ninety years of anarchy in all; which at length brought it to great need of help from the Fates! —

Karl IV. made his eldest Boy Wenzel, still only about twelve, Elector of Brandenburg;* Wenzel shall be Kaiser and King of Bohemia, one day, thinks Karl; — which actually came to pass, and little to Wenzel's profit, by and by. In the mean while Karl accompanied him to Brandenburg; which country Karl liked much at the money, and indeed ever after, in his old days, he seemed rather to busy himself with it. He assembled some kind of *Stände* (States) twice over; got the Country "incorporated with Bohemia" by them, and made tight and handy so far. Brandenburg shall rest from its woes, and be a silent portion of Bohemia henceforth, thinks Karl, — if the Heavens so please. Karl, a futile Kaiser, would fain have done something to "encourage trade" in Brandenburg; though one sees not what it was he did, if any thing. He built the Schloss of Tangermünde, and oftenest lived there in

* 1378 (born 1361).

time coming; a quieter place than even Prag for him. In short, he appears to have fancied his cheap Purchase, and to have cheered his poor old futile life with it, as with one thing that had been successful. Poor old creature: he had been a Kaiser on false terms, "Ho, every one that dare bully me, or that has money in his pocket;" — a Kaiser that could not but be futile! In five-years time he died;* and doubtless was regretted in Brandenburg and even in the Reich, in comparison with what came next.

In Brandenburg, he left, instead of one indifferent or even bad governor steadily tied to the place and in earnest to make the best of it, a fluctuating series of governors holding loose, and not in earnest; which was infinitely worse. These did not try to govern it; sent it to the Pawnbroker, to a fluctuating series of Pawnbrokers; under whom, for the next Five-and-thirty years, Brandenburg tasted all the fruits of Non-government, that is to say, Anarchy or Government by the Pawnbroker; and sank faster and faster, towards annihilation as it seemed. That was its fate under the Luxemburg Kurfürsts, who made even the Bavarian and all others be regretted.

One thing Kaiser Karl did, which ultimately proved the saving of Brandenburg: made friendship with the Hohenzollern Burggraves. These, Johann II., temporary "*Statthalter*" Johann, and his Brother, who were

* King of Bohemia, 1346, on his Father's death; Kaiser (acknowledged on Ludwig the *Baier's* death), 1347; died, 1378, age 62.

Co-regents in the Family Domain, when Karl first made appearance, — had stood true to Kaiser Ludwig and his Son, so long as that play lasted at all; nay one of these Burggraves was talked of as Kaiser after Ludwig's death, but had the wisdom not to try. Kaiser Ludwig being dead, they still would not recognise the *Pfaffen-Kaiser* Karl, but held gloomily out. So that Karl had to march in force into the Nürnberg country; and by great promises, by considerable gifts, and the "example of the other Princes of the Empire,"* brought them over to do homage.

After which, their progress, and that of their successor (Johann's Son, Friedrich V.), in the grace of Karl, was something extraordinary. Karl gave his Daughter to this Friedrich V.'s eldest Son; appointed a Daughter of Friedrich's for his own second Prince, the famed Sigismund, famed that is to be, — which latter match did not take effect, owing to changed outlooks after Karl's death. Nay there is a Deed still extant about marrying children not yet born: Karl to produce a Princess within five years, and Burggraf Friedrich V. a Prince, for that purpose!*** But the Burggraf never had another Prince; though Karl produced the due Princess, and was ready, for his share. Unless indeed this strange eager-looking Document, not dated in the old Books, may itself relate to the above wedding which did come to pass? — Years before that,

* "Hallow-eve, 1347, on the Field of Nürnberg," Agreement was come to (Rentsch, p. 326).

** Rentsch, p. 336.

Karl had made his much-esteemed Burggraf Friedrich V. "Captain-General of the Reich;" "Imperial Vicar" (*Substitute*, if need were), and much besides; nay had given him the Landgraviate of Elsass (*Alsace*), — so far as lay with him to give, — of which valuable country this Friedrich had actual possession so long as the Kaiser lived. "Best of men," thought the poor light Kaiser; "never saw such a man!"

Which proved a salutary thought, after all. The man had a little Boy Fritz (not the betrothed to Karl's Princess), still chasing butterflies at Culmbach, when Karl died. In this Boy lie new destinies for Brandenburg: towards him, and not towards annihilation, are Karl and the Luxemburg Kurfürsts and Pawnbrokers unconsciously guiding it.

CHAPTER XIV.

BURGGRAPH FRIEDRICH VI.

KARL left three young Sons, Wenzel, Sigismund, Johann; and also a certain Nephew much older; all of whom now more or less concern us in this unfortunate History.

Wenzel the eldest Son, heritable Kurfürst of Brandenburg as well as King of Bohemia, was as yet only seventeen; who nevertheless got to be Kaiser,* — and went widely astray, poor soul. The Nephew was no other than Margrave Jobst of Moravia (Son of Maultasche's late Nullity there), now in the vigour of his years and a stirring man: to him, for a time, the chief management in Brandenburg fell, in these circumstances. Wenzel, still a minor, and already Kaiser and King of Bohemia, gave up Brandenburg to his two younger Brothers, most of it to Sigismund, with a cutting for Johann, to help their apanages; and applied his own powers to govern the Holy Roman Empire, at that early stage of life.

To govern the Holy Roman Empire, poor soul; — or rather "to drink beer, and dance with the girls;" in which, if defective in other things, Wenzel had an eminent talent. He was one of the worst Kaisers; and the least victorious on record. He would attend to

* 1378, on his Father's death.

nothing in the Reich; "the Prag white beer, and girls" of various complexion, being much preferable, as he was heard to say. He had to fling his poor Queen's Confessor into the River Moldau, — Johann of Nepomuk, *Saint* so-called, if he is not a fable altogether; whose Statue stands on Bridges ever since, in those parts. Wenzel's Bohemians revolted against him; put him in jail; and he broke prison, a boatman's daughter helping him out, with adventures. His Germans were disgusted with him; deposed him from the Kaisership;* chose Rupert of the Pfalz; and then after Rupert's death** chose Wenzel's own Brother Sigismund in his stead, — left Wenzel to jumble about in his native Bohemian element, as King there, for nineteen years longer, still breaking pots to a ruinous extent.

He ended, by apoplexy, or sudden spasm of the heart; terrible Zisca, as it were, killing him at second-hand. For Zisca, stout and furious, blind of one eye and at last of both, a kind of human rhinoceros driven mad, had risen out of the ashes of murdered Huss, and other bad Papistic doings, in the interim; and was tearing-up the world at a huge rate. Rhinoceros Zisca was on the Weissenberg, or a still nearer Hill of Prag since called *Zisca-Berg* (Zisca Hill); and none durst whisper of it to the King. A servant waiting at dinner inadvertently let slip the word: — "Zisca there? Deny it, slave!" cried Wenzel frantic. Slave durst not deny. Wenzel drew his sword to run at him, but fell down dead: that was the last pot broken by Wenzel. The

* 25th May 1400 (Köhler, p. 331).

** 1410 (ib. p. 336).

hapless royal ex-imperial Phantasm self-broken in this manner.* Poor soul, he came to the Kaisership too early; was a thin violent creature, sensible to the charms and horrors of created objects; and had terrible rhinoceros Ziscas, and unruly horned-cattle to drive. He was one of the worst Kaisers ever known, — could have done Opera-singing much better; — and a sad sight to Bohemia. Let us leave him there: he was never actual Elector of Brandenburg, having given it up in time; never did any ill to that poor Country.

Sigismund is Kurfürst of Brandenburg, but is King of Hungary also.

The real Kurfürst of Brandenburg all this while was Sigismund, Wenzel's next Brother, under tutelage of Cousin Jobst or otherwise; — real and yet imaginary, for he never himself governed, but always had Jobst of Mähren or some other in his place there. Sigismund, as above said, was to have married a Daughter of Burggraf Friedrich V.; and he was himself, as was the young lady, well inclined to this arrangement. But the old people being dead, and some offer of a King's Daughter turning up for Sigismund, Sigismund broke off; and took the King's Daughter, King of Hungary's, — not without regret then and afterwards, as is believed. At any rate, the Hungarian charmer proved a wife of small merit, and a Hungarian successor she had was a wife of light conduct even; Hungarian charmers, and Hun-

* 30th July 1419 (Hormayr, vii. 119.)

garian affairs, were much other than a comfort to Sigismund.

As for the disappointed Princess, Burggraf Friedrich's Daughter, she said nothing that we hear; silently became a Nun, an Abbess; and through a long life looked out, with her thoughts to herself, upon the loud whirlwind of things, where Sigismund (oftenest like an imponderous rag of conspicuous colour) was riding and tossing. Her two Brothers also, joint Burggraves after their Father's death, seem to have reconciled themselves without difficulty. The elder of them was already Sigismund's Brother-in-law; married to Sigismund's and Wenzel's sister, — by such predestination as we saw. Burggraf Johann III. was the name of this one: a stout fighter and manager for many years; much liked, and looked to, by Sigismund. As indeed were both the Brothers, for that matter; always, together or in succession, a kind of right-hand to Sigismund. Friedrich the younger Burggraf, and ultimately the survivor and inheritor (Johann having left no sons), is the famed Burggraf Friedrich VI., the last and notablest of all the Burggraves. A man of distinguished importance, extrinsic and intrinsic; chief or among the very chief of German public men in his time; — and memorable to Posterity, and to this History, on still other grounds! But let us not anticipate.

Sigismund, if apanaged with Brandenburg alone, and wedded to his first love, not a King's Daughter, might have done tolerably well there; — better than Wenzel, with the Empire and Bohemia, did. But

delusive Fortune threw her golden apple at Sigismund too; and he, in the wide high world, had to play strange pranks. His Father-in-law died in Hungary, Sigismund's first wife his only child. Father-in-law bequeathed Hungary to Sigismund;* who plunged into a strange sea thereby; got troubles without number, beatings not a few, — and had even to take boat, and sail for his life down to Constantinople, at one time. In which sad adventure Burggraf Johann escorted him, and as it were tore him out by the hair of the head. These troubles and adventures lasted many years; in the course of which, Sigismund, trying all manner of friends and expedients, found in the Burggraves of Nürnberg, Johann and Friedrich, with their talents, possessions and resources, the main or almost only sure support he got.

No end of troubles to Sigismund, and to Brandenburg through him, from this sublime Hungarian legacy! Like a remote fabulous golden-fleece, which you have to go and conquer first, and which is worth little when conquered. Before ever setting out (A. D. 1387), Sigismund saw too clearly he would have cash to raise: an operation he had never done with, all his life afterwards. He pawned Brandenburg to Cousin Jobst of Mähren; got "20,000 Bohemian gulden," — I guess, a most slender sum, if Dryasdust would but interpret it. This was the beginning of Pawnings to Brandenburg; of which when will the end be? Jobst thereby came into Brandenburg on his own right for the time,

* 1387 (Sigismund's age then twenty).

not as Tutor, or Guardian, which he had hitherto been. Into Brandenburg; and there was no chance of repayment to get him out again.

Cousin Jobst has Brandenburg in Pawn.

Jobst tried at first to do some governing; but finding all very anarchic, grew unhopeful; took to making matters easy for himself. Took, in fact, to turning a penny on his pawn-ticket; alienating crown-domains, winking hard at robber-barons, and the like; — and, after a few years, went home to Moravia, leaving Brandenburg to shift for itself, under a Statthalter (*Viceregent*, more like a hungry land-steward), whom nobody took the trouble of respecting. Robber-castles flourished; all else decayed. No highway not unsafe; many a Turpin with sixteen quarters, and styling himself *Edle Herr* (noble Gentleman), took to “living from the saddle:” — what are Hamburg pedlars made for but to be robbed?

The Towns suffered much; any trade they might have had, going to wreck in this manner. Not to speak of private feuds, which abounded *ad libitum*. Neighbouring potentates, Archbishop of Magdeburg and others, struck-in also at discretion, as they had gradually got accustomed to do, and snapped away (*abzwackten*) some convenient bit of territory; or, more legitimately, they came across to coerce, at their own hand, this or the other *Edle Herr* of the Turpin sort, whom there was no other way of getting at, when he carried matters

quite too high. "Droves of six-hundred swine," — I have seen (by reading in those old Books) certain noble Gentlemen, "of Putlitz," I think, driving them openly, captured by the stronger hand; and have heard the short querulous squeak of the bristly creatures: "What is the use of being a pig at all, if I am to be stolen in this way, and surreptitiously made into ham?" Pigs do continue to be bred in Brandenburg: but it is under such discouragements. Agriculture, trade, well-being and well-doing of any kind, it is not encouragement they are meeting here. Probably few countries, not even Ireland, have a worse outlook, unless help come.*

Jobst came back in 1398, after eight-years absence; but no help came with Jobst. The *Newmark* part of Brandenburg, which was Brother Johann's portion, had fallen home to Sigismund, Brother Johann having died: but Sigismund, far from redeeming old pawn-tickets with the Newmark, pawned the Newmark too, — the second Pawnage of Brandenburg. Pawned the Newmark to the Teutsch Ritters "for 63,000 Hungarian gold gulden" (I think, about 30,000*l.*); and gave no part of it to Jobst; — had not nearly enough for himself and his Hungarian occasions.

Seeing which, and hearing such squeak of pigs surreptitiously driven, with little but discordant sights and sounds everywhere, Jobst became disgusted with the matter; and resolved to wash his hands of it, at least to have his money out of it again. Having sold what

* Paull, l. 541-612. Michaelis, l. 283-285.

of the Domains he could to persons of quality, at an uncommonly easy rate, and so pocketed what ready-cash there was among them; he made over his pawn-ticket, or properly he himself repawned Brandenburg to the Saxon Potentate, a speculative monied man, Markgraf of Meissen, "Wilhelm the Rich" so called. Pawned it to Wilhelm the Rich, — sum not named; — and went home to Moravia, there to wait events. This is the third Brandenburg pawning: let us hope there may be a fourth and last.

Brandenburg in the hands of the Pawnbrokers; Rupert of the Pfalz is Kaiser.

And so we have now reached that point in Brandenburg History when, if some help do not come, Brandenburg will not long be a country, but will either get dissipated in pieces and stuck to the edge of others where some government is, or else go waste again and fall to the bisons and wild bears.

Who now is Kurfürst of Brandenburg, might be a question. "I unquestionably!" Sigismund would answer, with astonishment. "Soft, your Hungarian Majesty," thinks Jobst: "till my cash is paid, may it not probably be another?" This question has its interest: the Electors just now (A.D. 1400) are about deposing Wenzel; must choose some better Kaiser. If they wanted another scion of the House of Luxemburg; a mature old gentleman of sixty; full of plans, plausibilities, pretensions, — Jobst is their man. Jobst and

Sigismund were of one mind as to Wenzel's going; at least Sigismund voted clearly so, and Jobst said nothing counter: but the Kurfürsts did not think of Jobst for successor. After some stumbling, they fixed upon Rupert *Kur-Pfalz* (Elector Palatine, *Ruprecht von der Pfalz*) as Kaiser.

Rupert of the Pfalz proved a highly respectable Kaiser; lasted for ten years (1400—1410), with honour to himself and the Reich. A strong heart, strong head, but short of means. He chastised petty mutiny with vigour; could not bring down the Milanese Visconti, who had perched themselves so high on money paid to Wenzel; could not heal the schism of the Church (Double or Triple Pope, Rome-Avignon affair), or awaken the Reich to a sense of its old dignity and present loose condition. In the late loose times, as Antiquaries remark,* most Members of the Empire, Petty Princes even and Imperial Towns, had been struggling to set-up for themselves; and were now concerned chiefly to become Sovereign in their own Territories. And Schilter informs us, it was about this period that most of them attained such rather unblest consummation; Rupert of himself not able to help it, with all his willingness. The People called him "*Rupert Klemm* (*Rupert Smith's-vice*)" from his resolute ways; which nickname, — given him not in hatred, but partly in satirical goodwill, — is itself a kind of history. From Historians of the *Reich* he deserves honourable regretful mention.

* Köhler, p. 334; who quotes Schilter.

He had for Empress a Sister of Burggraf Friedrich's; which high lady, unknown to us otherwise, except by her Tomb at Heidelberg, we remember for her Brother's sake. Kaiser Rupert, — great-grandson of that Kur-Pfalz who was Kaiser Ludwig's elder brother, — is the culminating point of the Electors Palatine; the Highest that Heidelberg produced. Ancestor of those famed Protestant "Palatines;" of all the Palatines or *Pfalzes* that reign in these late centuries. Ancestor of the present Bavarian Majesty; Kaiser Ludwig's race having died out. Ancestor of the unfortunate *Winterkönig*, Friedrich King of Bohemia, who is too well known in English History; — ancestor also of Charles XII. of Sweden, a highly creditable fact of the kind to him. Fact indisputable: A cadet of Pfalz-Zweibrück (*Deux-Ponts*, as the French call it), direct from Rupert, went to serve in Sweden in his soldier business; distinguished himself in soldiering; — had a Sister of the great Gustav Adolf to wife; and from her a renowned Son, Karl Gustav (Christina's Cousin), who succeeded as King; who again had a Grandson made in his own likeness, only still more of *iron* in his composition. — Enough now of Rupert *Smith's-vice*; who died in 1410, and left the Reich again vacant.

Rupert's funeral is hardly done, when, over in Preussen, far off in the Memel region, place called Tannenberg, where there is still "a churchyard to be seen," if little more, the Teutsch Ritters had, unexpectedly, a terrible Defeat: consummation of their Polish

Miscellaneous quarrels of long standing; and the end of their high courses in this world. A ruined Teutsch Ritterdom, as good as ruined, ever henceforth. Kaiser Rupert died 18th May; and on the 15th July, within two months, was fought that dreadful "Battle of Tannenberg," — Poland and Polish King, with miscellany of savage Tartars and revolted Prussians, *versus* Teutsch Ritterdom; all in a very high mood of mutual rage; the very elements, "wild thunder, tempest and rain-deluges," playing chorus to them on the occasion.* Ritterdom fought lion-like, but with insufficient strategic and other wisdom; and was driven nearly distracted to see its pride tripped into the ditch by such a set. Vacant Reich could not in the least attend to it; nor can we farther at present.

Sigismund, with a struggle, becomes Kaiser.

Jobst and Sigismund were competitors for the Kaisership; Wenzel, too, striking-in with claims for reinstatement: the House of Luxemburg divided against itself. Wenzel, finding reinstatement not to be thought of, threw his weight, such as it was, into the scale of Cousin Jobst; remembering angrily how Brother Sigismund voted in the Deposition case, ten years ago. The contest was vehement, and like to be lengthy. Jobst, though he had made-over his pawn-ticket, claimed to be Elector of Brandenburg; and voted for Himself. The like, with still more emphasis, did Sigismund, or Burg-

* Volgt, vii. 82. Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung* (Hamburg, 1770), ii. 1038.

graf Friedrich acting for him: "Sigismund, sure, is Kur-Brandenburg, though under pawn!" argued Friedrich, — and, I almost guess, though that is not said, produced from his own purse, at some stage of the business, the actual money for Jobst, to close his Brandenburg pretension.

Both were elected (majority contested in this manner); and old Jobst, then above seventy, was like to have given much trouble: but happily in three months he died;* and Sigismund became indisputable. Jobst was the Son of Maultasche's Nullity; him too, in an involuntary sort, she was the cause of. In his day Jobst made much noise in the world, but did little or no good in it. "He was thought a great man," says one satirical old Chronicler; "and there was nothing great about him but the beard."

"The cause of Sigismund's success with the Electors," says Köhler, "or of his having any party among them, was the faithful and unwearied diligence which had been used for him by the above-named Burggarf Friedrich VI. of Nürnberg, who took extreme pains to forward Sigismund to the Empire; pleading that Sigismund and Wenzel would be sure to agree well henceforth, and that Sigismund, having already such extensive territories (Hungary, Brandenburg and so forth) by inheritance, would not be so exact about the *Reichs*-Tolls and other Imperial Incomes. This same Friedrich also, when the Election fell out doubtful, was Sigismund's best support in Germany, nay

* "*Jodocus Barbatas*," 21st July 1411.

"almost his right-hand, through whom he did whatever
"was done." *

Sigismund is Kaiser, then, in spite of Wenzel. King of Hungary, after unheard-of troubles and adventures, ending some years ago in a kind of peace and conquest, he has long been. King of Bohemia, too, he at last became; having survived Wenzel, who was childless. Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, and so much else: is not Sigismund now a great man? Truly the loom he weaves upon, in this world, is very large. But the weaver was of headlong, highpacing, flimsy nature; and both warp and woof were gone dreadfully entangled! —

This is the Kaiser Sigismund who held the Council of Constance; and "blushed visibly," when Huss, about to die, alluded to the Letter of Safeconduct granted him, which was issuing in such fashion.** Sigismund blushed; but could not conveniently mend the matter, — so many matters pressing on him just now. As they perpetually did, and had done. An always-hoping, never-resting, unsuccessful, vain and empty Kaiser. Specious, speculative; given to eloquence, diplomacy, and the windy instead of the solid arts; — always short of money, for one thing. He roamed about, and talked eloquently; — aiming high, and generally missing: — how he went to conquer Hungary, and had to float down the Donau instead, with an attendant or two, in a most private manner, and take refuge with the Grand Turk: this we have seen, and this is a general emblem

* Köhler, p. 387.

** 15th June 1415.

of him. Hungary and even the Reich have at length become his; but have brought small triumph in any kind; and instead of ready-money, debt on debt. His Majesty has no money, and his Majesty's occasions need it more and more.

He is now (A.D. 1414) holding this Council of Constance, by way of healing the Church, which is sick of Three simultaneous Popes and of much else. He finds the problem difficult; finds he will have to run into Spain, to persuade a refractory Pope there, if eloquence can (as it cannot): all which requires money, money. At opening of the Council, he "officiated as deacon;" actually did some kind of litanying "with a surplice over him,"* though Kaiser and King of the Romans. But this passage of his opening speech is what I recollect best of him there: "Right reverend Fathers, *dote operam ut illa nefanda schisma eradicetur*," exclaims Sigismund, intent on having the Bohemian Schism well dealt with, — which he reckons to be of the feminine gender. To which a Cardinal mildly remarking, "*Domine, schisma est generis neutrius* (*Schisma* is neuter, your Majesty)," — Sigismund loftily replies, "*Ego sum Rex Romanus et super grammaticam* (I am King of the Romans, and above Grammar)!"** For which reason I call him in my Notebooks Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, to distinguish him in the imbroglio of Kaisers.

* 25th December 1414 (Köhler, p. 340).

** Wolfgang Meitzel: *Geschichte der Deutschen*, I. 477.

Brandenburg is pawned for the last time.

How Jobst's pawn-ticket was settled I never clearly heard; but can guess it was by Burggraf Friedrich's advancing the money, in the pinch above indicated, or paying it afterwards to Jobst's heirs whoever they were. Thus much is certain: Burggraf Friedrich, these three years and more (ever since 8th July 1411) holds Sigismund's Deed of acknowledgment "for 100,000 gulden lent at various times;" and has likewise got the Electorate of Brandenburg in pledge for that sum; and does himself administer the said Electorate till he be paid. This is the important news; but this is not all.

The new journey into Spain requires new moneys; this Council itself, with such a pomp as suited Sigismund, has cost him endless moneys. Brandenburg, torn to ruins in the way we saw, is a sorrowful matter; and, except the title of it, as a feather in one's cap, is worth nothing to Sigismund. And he is still short of money; and will forever be. Why could not he give up Brandenburg altogether; since, instead of paying, he is still making new loans from Burggraf Friedrich; and the hope of ever paying were mere lunacy! Sigismund revolves these sad thoughts too, amid his world-wide diplomacies, and efforts to heal the Church. "Pledged for 100,000 gulden," sadly ruminates Sigismund; "and 50,000 more borrowed since, by little and little; and more ever needed, especially for this grand Spanish journey!" these were Sigismund's sad thoughts:

— “Advance me, in a round sum, 250,000 gulden more,” said he to Burggraf Friedrich, “250,000 more, for my manifold occasions in this time; — that will be 400,000 in whole;* — and take the Electorate of Brandenburg to yourself, Land, Titles, Sovereign Electorship and all, and make me rid of it!” That was the settlement adopted, in Sigismund’s apartment at Constance, on the 30th of April 1415; signed, sealed and ratified, — and the money paid. A very notable event in World-History; virtually completed on the day we mention.

The ceremony of Investiture did not take place till two years afterwards, when the Spanish journey had proved fruitless, when much else of fruitless had come and gone, and Kaiser and Council were probably more at leisure for such a thing. Done at length it was, by Kaiser Sigismund in utmost gala, with the Grandees of the Empire assisting, and august members of the Council and world in general looking on; in the big Square or Marketplace of Constance, 17th April 1417; — is to be found described in Rentsch, from Nauclerus and the old Newsmongers of the time. Very grand indeed: much processioning on horseback, under powerful trumpet peals and flourishes; much stately kneeling, stately rising, stepping backwards (done well, *zierlich*, on the Kurfürst’s part); liberal expenditure of cloth and pomp; in short, “above 100,000 people looking on from roofs

* Rentsch, pp. 75, 857.

and windows,"* and Kaiser Sigismund in all his glory. Sigismund was on a high Platform in the Marketplace, with stairs to it and from it; the illustrious Kaiser, — red as a flamingo, "with scarlet mantle and crown of gold," — a treat to the eyes of simple mankind.

What sum of modern money, in real purchasing power, this "400,000 Hungarian Gold Gulden" is, I have inquired in the likely quarters without result; and it is probable no man exactly knows. The latest existing representatives of the ancient Gold Gulden is the *Ducat*, worth generally about a Half-sovereign in English. Taking the sum at that latest rate, it amounts to 200,000*l.*; and the reader can use that as a note of memory for the sale-price of Brandenburg with all its lands and honours, — multiplying it perhaps by four or six to bring out its effective amount in current coin. Dogcheap, it must be owned, for size and capability; but in the most waste condition, full of mutiny, injustice, anarchy and highway robbery; a purchase that might have proved dear enough to another man than Burggraf Friedrich.

But so, at any rate, moribund Brandenburg has got its Hohenzollern Kurfürst; and started on a new career it little dreamt of; — and we can now, right willingly, quit Sigismund and the Reichs-History; leave Kaiser Sigismund to sink or swim at his own will henceforth.

* Paull: *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte*, II. 74. Rentsch, pp. 76-78.

His grand feat in life, the wonder of his generation, was this same Council of Constance; which proved entirely a failure; one of the largest *wind-eggs* ever dropped with noise and travail in this world. Two-hundred thousand human creatures, reckoned and reckoning themselves the elixir of the Intellect and Dignity of Europe; Two-hundred thousand, nay some, counting the lower menials and numerous unfortunate-females, say Four-hundred thousand, were got congregated into that little Swiss Town; and there as an Ecumenic Council, or solemnly-distilled elixir of what pious Intellect and Valour could be scraped together in the world, they laboured with all their select might for four-years space. That was the Council of Constance. And except this transfer of Brandenburg to Friedrich of Hohenzollern, resulting from said Council in the quite reverse and involuntary way, one sees not what good result it had.

They did indeed burn Huss; but that could not be called a beneficial incident; that seemed to Sigismund and the Council a most small and insignificant one. And it kindled Bohemia, and kindled rhinoceros Zisca, into never-imagined flame of vengeance; brought mere disaster, disgrace, and defeat on defeat to Sigismund, and kept his hands full for the rest of his life, however small he had thought it. As for the sublime four-years deliberations and debates of this Sanhedrim of the Universe, — eloquent debates, conducted, we may say, under such extent of *wig* as was never seen before or since, — they have fallen wholly to the

domain of Dryasdust; and amount, for mankind at this time, to zero *plus* the Burning of Huss. On the whole, Burggraf Friedrich's Electorship, and the first Hohenzollern to Brandenburg, is the one good result.

Adieu, then, to Sigismund. Let us leave him at this his culminating point, in the Marketplace of Constance; red as a flamingo; doing one act of importance, though unconsciously and against his will. — I sub-join here, for refreshment of the reader's memory, a Synopsis, or bare arithmetical List, of those Intercalary Non-Hapsburg Kaisers, which, now that its original small duty is done, may as well be printed as burnt:

The Seven Intercalary or Non-Hapsburg Kaisers.

Rudolf of Hapsburg died A.D. 1291, after a reign of eighteen vigorous years, very useful to the Empire after its Anarchic *Interregnum*. He was succeeded, not by any of his own sons or kindred, but by

1°. Adolf of Nassau, 1291-1298. A stalwart but necessitous Herr; much concerned in the French projects of our Edward Longshanks: *miles stipendiarius Eduardi*, as the Opposition party scornfully termed him. Slain in battle by the Anti-Kaiser, Albrecht or Albert eldest son of Rudolf, who thereupon became Kaiser.

Albert I. (of Hapsburg, he), 1298-1308. Parricided, in that latter year, at the Ford of the Reuss.

2° (a). Henry VII. of Luxemburg, 1308-1313; poisoned (1313) in sacramental wine. The first of the Luxemburgers; who are marked here, in their order, by the addition of an alphabetic letter.

3°. Ludwig der Baier, 1314-1347 (Duke of *Ober-Baiern*,
Carlyle, Frederic the Great. I.

Upper Bavaria; progenitor of the subsequent Kurfürsts of Baiern, who are *Cousins* of the Pfalz Family).

4^o (b). Karl IV., 1347-1378, Son of Johann of Bohemia (Johann *Ich-dien*), and Grandson of Henry VII. Nicknamed the *Pfaffen-Kaiser* (Parsons'-Kaiser). Karlsbad; the Golden Bull; Castle of Tangermünde.

5^o (c). Wenzel (or Wenceslaus), 1378-1400, Karl's eldest Son. Elected 1378, still very young; deposed in 1400, Kaiser Rupert succeeding. Continued King of Bohemia till his death (by Zisca *at secondhand*) nineteen years after. Had been Kaiser for twenty-two years.

6^o. Rupert of the Pfalz, 1400-1410; called Rupert *Klemm* (Pincers, Smith's-vice); Brother-in-law to Burggraf Friedrich VI. (afterwards Kurfürst Friedrich I.), who marched with him to Italy and often elsewhere, Burggraf Johann the elder Brother-in-law being then oftenest in Hungary with Sigismund, Karl IV.'s second Son.

7^o (d). Sigismund, 1410-1437, Wenzel's younger Brother; the fourth and last of the Luxemburgers, seventh and last of the Intercalary Kaisers. Sold Brandenburg, after thrice or oftener pawning it. Sigismund *super Grammaticam*.

Super-Grammaticam died 9th December 1437; left only a Daughter, wedded to the then Albert Duke of Austria; which Albert, on the strength of this, came to the Kingship of Bohemia and of Hungary, as his Wife's inheritance, and to the Empire by election. Died thereupon in few months: "three crowns, Bohemia, Hungary, the Reich, in that one year, "1438," say the old Historians; "and then next year he "quitted them all, for a fourth and more lasting crown, as is "hoped." Kaiser Albert II., 1438-1439: After whom all are Hapsburgers, — excepting, if that is an exception, the unlucky Karl VII. alone (1742-1745), who descends from Ludwig the Baier.

BOOK III.
THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG.
1412-1713.

CHAPTER I.

KURFÜRST FRIEDRICH I.

BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH, on his first coming to Brandenburg, found but a cool reception as Statthalter.* He came as the representative of law and rule; and there had been many helping themselves by a ruleless life, of late. Industry was at a low ebb, violence was rife; plunder, disorder everywhere; too much the habit for baronial gentlemen to "live by the saddle," as they termed it, that is by highway robbery in modern phrase.

The Towns, harried and plundered to skin and bone, were glad to see a Statthalter, and did homage to him with all their heart. But the Baronage or Squirearchy of the country were of another mind. These, in the late anarchies, had set-up for a kind of kings in their own right: they had their feuds; made war, made peace, levied tolls, transit-dues; lived much at their own discretion in these solitary countries; — rushing out from their stone towers ("walls fourteen feet thick"), to seize any herd of "six-hundred swine," any convoy of Lübeck or Hamburg merchant-goods, that had not

* "*Johannistage*" (24 June) "1412," he first set foot in Brandenburg, with due escort, in due state; only Statthalter (Vice-regent) as yet: Paull, i. 594, ll. 58; Stenzel, *Geschichte des Preussischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1830-1851), i. 167-169.

contented them in passing. What were pedlars and mechanic fellows made for, if not to be plundered when needful? Arbitrary rule, on the part of these Noble Robber-Lords! And then much of the Crown-Domains had gone to the chief of them, — pawned (and the pawn-ticket lost, so to speak), or sold for what trifle of ready-money was to be had, in Jobst and Company's time. To these gentlemen, a Statthalter coming to inquire into matters was no welcome phenomenon. Your *Edle Herr* (Noble Lord) of Putlitz, Noble Lords of Quitzow, Rochow, Maltitz and others, supreme in their grassy solitudes this long while, and accustomed to nothing greater than themselves in Brandenburg, how should they obey a Statthalter?

Such was more or less the universal humour in the Squirearchy of Brandenburg; not of good omen to Burggraf Friedrich. But the chief seat of contumacy seemed to be among the Quitzows, Putlitzes, above spoken of; big Squires in the district they call the Priegnitz, in the Country of the sluggish Havel River, north-west from Berlin a fifty or forty miles. These refused homage, very many of them; said they were "incorporated with Böhmen;" said this and that; — much disinclined to homage; and would not do it. Stiff surly fellows, much deficient in discernment of what is above them and what is not: — a thick-skinned set; bodies clad in buff leather; minds also cased in ill habits of long continuance.

Friedrich was very patient with them; hoped to

prevail by gentle methods. He "invited them to dinner;" "had them often at dinner for a year or more:" but could make no progress in that way. "Who is this we have got for a Governor?" said the noble lords privately to each other: "A *Nürnberger Tand* (Nürnberg Plaything, — wooden image, such as they make at Nürnberg)," said they, grinning, in a thick-skinned way: "If it rained Burggraves all the year round, none of them would come to luck in this Country;" — and continued their feuds, toll-levyings, plunderings and other contumacies.

Seeing matters come to this pass after waiting above a year, Burggraf Friedrich gathered his Frankish men-at-arms; quietly made league with the neighbouring Potentates, Thüringen and others; got some munitions, some artillery together, — especially one huge gun, the biggest ever seen, "a twenty-four pounder" no less; to which the peasants, dragging her with difficulty through the clayey roads, gave the name of *Faule Grete* (Lazy, or Heavy Peg); a remarkable piece of ordnance. Lazy Peg he had got from the Landgraf of Thüringen, on loan merely; but he turned her to excellent account of his own. I have often inquired after Lazy Peg's fate in subsequent times; but could never learn anything distinct: — the German Dryasdust is a dull dog, and seldom carries anything human in those big wallets of his! —

Equipped in this way, Burggraf Friedrich (he was not yet Kurfürst, only coming to be) marches for the

Havel Country (early days of 1414);* makes his appearance before Quitzow's strong-house of Friesack, walls fourteen feet thick: "You Dietrich von Quitzow, are you prepared to live as a peaceable subject henceforth; to do homage to the Laws and me?" — "Never!" answered Quitzow, and pulled-up his drawbridge. Whereupon Heavy Peg opened upon him, Heavy Peg and other guns; and, in some eight-and-forty hours, shook Quitzow's impregnable Friesack about his ears. This was in the month of February 1414, day not given: Friesack was the name of the impregnable Castle (still discoverable in our time); and it ought to be memorable and venerable to every Prussian man. Burggraf Friedrich VI., not yet quite become Kurfürst Friedrich I., but in a year's space to become so, he in person was the beneficent operator; Heavy Peg, and steady Human Insight, these were clearly the chief implements.

Quitzow being settled, — for the country is in military occupation of Friedrich and his allies, and except in some stone castle a man has no chance, — straightway Putlitz or another mutineer, with his drawbridge up, was battered to pieces, and his drawbridge brought slamming down. After this manner, in an incredibly short period, mutiny was quenched; and it became apparent to Noble Lords, and to all men, that here at length was a man come who would have the Laws obeyed again, and could and would keep mutiny down.

* Michaelis, i. 287; Stenzel, i. 168 (where, contrary to wont, is an insignificant error or two). Pauli (ii. 58) is, as usual, lost in water.

Friedrich showed no cruelty; far the contrary. Your mutiny once ended, and a little repented of, he is ready to be your gracious Prince again: Fairplay and the social wine-cup, or inexorable war and Lazy Peg, it is at your discretion which. Brandenburg submitted; hardly ever rebelled more. Brandenburg, under the wise Kurfürst it has got, begins in a small degree to be cosmic again, or of the domain of the gods; ceases to be chaotic and a mere cockpit of the devils.

There is no doubt but this Friedrich also, like his ancestor Friedrich III., the First Hereditary Burggraf, was an excellent citizen of his country; a man conspicuously important in all German business in his time. A man setting-up for no particular magnanimity, ability or heroism, but unconsciously exhibiting a good deal; which by degrees gained universal recognition. He did not shine much as Reichs-Generalissimo, under Kaiser Sigismund, in his expeditions against Zisca; on the contrary, he presided over huge defeat and rout, once and again, in that capacity; and indeed had represented in vain that, with such a species of militia, victory was impossible. He represented and again represented, to no purpose; whereupon he declined the office farther; in which others fared no better.*

The offer to be Kaiser was made him in his old days; but he wisely declined that too. It was in Brandenburg, by what he silently founded there, that he did his chief benefit to Germany and mankind. He understood the noble art of governing men; had in him the

* Hormayr: *Österreichischer Plutarch*, vii. 109-158, § Zisca.

justice, clearness, valour and patience needed for that. A man of sterling probity, for one thing. Which indeed is the first requisite in said art: — if you will have your Laws obeyed without mutiny, see well that they be pieces of God Almighty's Law: otherwise all the artillery in the world will not keep down mutiny.

Friedrich "travelled much over Brandenburg;" looking into everything with his own eyes; — making, I can well fancy, innumerable crooked things straight. Reducing more and more that famishing dogkennel of a Brandenburg into a fruitful arable field. His Portraits represent a square-headed, mild-looking solid gentleman, with a certain twinkle of mirth in the serious eyes of him. Except in those Hussite wars for Kaiser Sigismund and the Reich, in which no man could prosper, he may be defined as constantly prosperous. To Brandenburg he was, very literally, the blessing of blessings; redemption out of death into life. In the ruins of that old Friesack Castle, battered down by Heavy Peg, Antiquarian Science (if it had any eyes) might look for the taproot of the Prussian Nation, and the beginning of all that Brandenburg has since grown to under the sun.

Friedrich, in one capacity or another, presided over Brandenburg near thirty years. He came thither first of all in 1412; was not completely Kurfürst in his own right till 1415; nor publicly installed, "with 100,000 locking-on from the roofs and windows" in Constance yonder, till 1417, — age then some forty-five. His Brandenburg residence, when he happened to have time

for residing or sitting still, was Tangermünde, the Castle built by Kaiser Karl IV. He died there, 21st September 1440; laden tolerably with years, and still better with memories of hard work done. Rentsch guesses by good inference he was born about 1372. As I count, he is seventh in descent from that Conrad, Burggraf Conrad I., Cadet of Hohenzollern, who came down from the Rauhe Alp, seeking service with Kaiser Redbeard, above two centuries ago: Conrad's generation and six others had vanished successively from the world-theatre in that ever-mysterious manner, and left the stage clear, when Burggraf Friedrich the Sixth came to be First Elector. Let three centuries, let twelve generations farther come and pass, and there will be another still more notable Friedrich, — our little Fritz, destined to be Third King of Prussia, officially named Friedrich II., and popularly Frederick the Great. This First Elector is his lineal ancestor, twelve times removed.*

* Rentsch, pp. 349-372; Hübner, t. 176.

CHAPTER II.

MATINÉES DU ROI DE PRUSSE.

ELEVEN successive Kurfürsts followed Friedrich in Brandenburg. Of whom and their births, deaths, wars, marriages, negotiations and continual multitudinous stream of smaller or greater adventures, much has been written, of a dreary confused nature; next to nothing of which ought to be repeated here. Some list of their Names, with what rememberable human feature or event (if any) still speaks to us in them, we must try to give. Their Names, well dated, with any actions, incidents, or phases of life, which may in this way get to adhere to them in the reader's memory, the reader can insert, each at its right place, in the grand Tide of European Events, or in such Picture as the reader may have of that. Thereby with diligence he may produce for himself some faint twilight notion of the Flight of Time in remote Brandenburg, — convince himself that remote Brandenburg was present all along, alive after its sort, and assisting, dumbly or otherwise, in the great World-Drama as that went on.

We have to say in general, the history of Brandenburg under the Hohenzollerns has very little in it to excite a vulgar curiosity, though perhaps a great deal to interest an intelligent one. Had it found treatment duly intelligent; — which, however, how could it,

lucky beyond its neighbours, hope to do! Common-place Dryasdust, and voluminous Stupidity, not worse here than elsewhere, play their part.

It is the history of a State, or Social Vitality, growing from small to great; steadily growing henceforth under guidance: and the contrast between guidance and no-guidance, or mis-guidance, in such matters, is again impressively illustrated there. This we see well to be the fact; and the details of this would be of moment, were they given us: but they are not; — how could voluminous Dryasdust give them? Then, on the other hand, the Phenomenon is, for a long while, on so small a scale, wholly without importance in European politics and affairs, the commonplace Historian, writing of it on a large scale, becomes unreadable and intolerable. Witness grandiloquent Pauli our fatal friend, with his Eight watery Quartos; which gods and men, unless driven by necessity, have learned to avoid!* The Phenomenon of Brandenburg is small, remote; and the essential particulars, too delicate for the eye of Dryasdust, are mostly wanting, drowned deep in details of the unessential. So that we are well content, my readers and I, to keep remote from it on this occasion.

On one other point I must give the reader warning. A rock of offence on which if he heedlessly strike, I reckon he will split; at least no help of mine can benefit him till he be got off again. Alas, offences must come; and must stand, like rocks of offence, to the

* Dr. Carl Friedrich Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte*, often enough cited here.

shipwreck of many! Modern Dryasdust, interpreting the mysterious ways of Divine Providence in this Universe, or what he calls writing History, has done uncountable havoc upon the best interests of mankind. Hapless godless dullard that he is; driven and driving on courses that lead only downward, for him as for us! But one could forgive him all things, compared with this doctrine of devils which he has contrived to get established, pretty generally, among his unfortunate fellow-creatures, for the time! — I must insert the following quotation, readers guess from what Author:

“In an impudent Pamphlet, forged by I know not whom, “and published in 1766, under the title of *Matinées du Roi de Prusse*, purporting to be ‘Morning Conversations’ of Frederick the Great with his Nephew the Heir Apparent, every “line of which betrays itself as false and spurious to a reader “who has made any direct or effectual study of Frederick or “his manners or affairs, — it is set forth, in the way of ex- “ordium to these pretended royal confessions, that ‘*notre “maison,*’ our Family of Hohenzollern, ever since the first “origin of it among the Swabian mountains, or its first descent “therefrom into the Castle and Imperial Wardenship of Nürn- “berg, some six-hundred years ago or more, has consistently “travelled one road, and this a very notable one. ‘We, as I “myself the royal Frederick still do, have all along proceeded,’ “namely, ‘in the way of adroit Machiavelism, as skilful “gamblers in this world’s business, ardent gatherers of this “world’s goods; and in brief as devout worshippers of Beelze- “bub, the grand regulator and rewarder of mortals here “below. Which creed we, the Hohenzollerns, have found, “and I still find, to be the true one; learn it you, my prudent

“Nephew, and let all men learn it. By holding steadily to that, and working late and early in such spirit, we are come to what you see; — and shall advance still farther, if it please Beelzebub, who is generally kind to those that serve him well.’ Such is the doctrine of this impudent Pamphlet; “‘original Manuscripts’ of which are still purchased by simple persons, and have then been nobly offered me, thrice over, gratis or nearly so, as a priceless curiosity. A new printed edition of which, probably the fifth, has appeared within few years. Simple persons consider it a curious and interesting Document; rather ambiguous in origin perhaps, but probably authentic in substance, and throwing unexpected light on the character of Frederick whom men call the Great. In which new light they are willing a meritorious Editor should share.

“Who wrote that Pamphlet I know not, and am in no condition to guess. A certain snappish vivacity (very unlike the style of Frederick whom it personates); a wearisome grimacing, gesticulating malice and smartness, approaching or reaching the sad dignity of what is called ‘wit’ in modern times; in general the rottenness of matter, and the epigrammatic unquiet graciousness of manner in this thing, and its elaborately inhuman turn both of expression and of thought, are visible characteristics of it. Thought, we said, — if thought it can be called: thought all hamstrung, shrivelled by inveterate rheumatism, on the part of the poor ill-thriven thinker; nay tied (so to speak, for he is of epigrammatic turn withal), as by cross ropes, right shoulder to left foot; and forced to advance, hobbling and jerking along, in that sad guise: not in the way of walk, but of saltation and dance; and this towards a false not a true aim, rather nowhither than somewhither: — Here were features leading one to think of an illustrious Prince de Ligne as perhaps

"concerned in the affair? The Bibliographical Dictionaries,
 "producing no evidence, name quite another person, or series
 "of persons;* highly unmemorable otherwise. Whereupon
 "you proceed to said other person's acknowledged *Works* (as
 "they are called); and find there a style bearing no re-
 "semblance whatever; and are left in a dubious state, if it
 "were of any moment. In the absence of proof, I am un-
 "willing to charge his Highness de Ligne with such an action;
 "and indeed am little careful to be acquainted with the in-
 "dividual who did it, who could and would do it. A Prince of
 "Coxcombs I can discern him to have been; capable of shining
 "in the eyes of insincere foolish persons, and of doing detri-
 "ment to them, not benefit; a man without reverence for truth
 "or human excellence; not knowing in fact what is true from
 "what is false, what is excellent from what is sham-excellent
 "and at the top of the mode; an apparently polite and know-
 "ing man, but intrinsically an impudent, dark, and merely
 "modish-insolent man; — who, if he fell-in with Rhadaman-
 "thus on his travels, would not escape a horse-whipping.
 "Him we will willingly leave to that beneficial chance, which
 "indeed seems a certain one sooner or later; and address our-
 "selves to consider the theory itself, and the facts it pretends
 "to be grounded on.

"As to the theory, I must needs say, nothing can be falser,
 "more heretical or more damnable. My own poor opinion,
 "and deep conviction, on that subject is well known, this long
 "while. And, in fact, the summary of all I have believed, and
 "have been trying as I could to teach mankind to believe
 "again, is even that same opinion and conviction, applied to

* A certain "N. de Bonneville" (afterwards a Revolutionary spiritual-
 mountebank, for some time) is now the favourite Name; — proves, on in-
 vestigation, to be an impossible one. Barbier (*Dictionnaire des Anonymes*),
 in a helpless doubting manner, gives still others.

“all provinces of things. Alas, in this his sad theory about
“the world, our poor imprudent Pamphleteer is by no means
“singular at present; nay rather he has in a manner the whole
“practical part of mankind on his side just now; the more is
“the pity for us all! —

“It is very certain, if Beelzebub made this world, our
“Pamphleteer, and the huge portion of mankind that follow
“him, are right. But if God made the world; and only leads
“Beelzebub, as some ugly muzzled bear is led, a longer or
“shorter temporary *dance* in this divine world, and always
“draws him home again, and peels the unjust gains off him,
“and ducks him in a certain hot Lake, with sure intent to
“lodge him there to all eternity at last, — then our Pam-
“phleteer, and the huge portion of mankind that follow him,
“are wrong.

“More I will not say; being indeed quite tired of *speaking*
“on that subject. Not a subject which it concerns me to speak
“of; much as it concerns me, and all men, to know the truth
“of it, and silently in every hour and moment to do said truth.
“As indeed the sacred voice of their own soul, if they listen,
“will conclusively admonish all men; and truly if *it* do not,
“there will be little use in my logic to them. For my own
“share, I want no trade with men who need to be convinced of
“that fact. If I am in their premises, and discover such a
“thing of them, I will quit their premises; if they are in mine,
“I will, as old Samuel advised, count my spoons. Ingenious
“gentlemen who believe that Beelzebub made this world, are
“not a class of gentlemen I can get profit from. Let them
“keep at a distance, lest mischief fall out between us. They
“are of the set deserving to be called, — and this not in the
“way of profane swearing, but of solemn wrath and pity, I say
“of virtuous anger and inexorable reprobation, — the damned
“set. For, in very deed, they are doomed and damned, by

"Nature's oldest Act of Parliament; they, and whatsoever thing they do or say or think; unless they can escape from that devil-element. Which I still hope they may! —

"But with regard to the facts themselves, '*de notre maison*,' I take leave to say, they too are without basis of truth. They are not so false as the theory, because nothing can in falsity quite equal that. '*Notre maison*,' this Pamphleteer may learn, if he please to make study and inquiry before speaking, did *not* rise by worship of Beelzebub at all in this world; but by a quite opposite line of conduct. It rose, in fact, by the course which all, except fools, stockjobber stags, cheating gamblers, forging Pamphleteers and other temporary creatures of the damned sort, have found from of old to be the one way of permanently rising: by steady service, namely, of the Opposite of Beelzebub. By conforming to the Laws of this Universe; instead of trying by pettifoggery to evade and profitably contradict them. The Hohenzollerns too have a History still articulate to the human mind, if you search sufficiently; and this is what, even with some emphasis, it will teach us concerning their adventures, and achievements of success in the field of life. Resist the Devil, good reader, and he will flee from you!" —

So ends our indignant friend.

How the Hohenzollerns got their big Territories, and came to what they are in the world, will be seen. Probably they were not, any of them, paragons of virtue. They did not walk in altogether speckless Sunday pumps, or much clear-starched into consciousness of the moral sublime; but in rugged practical boots, and by such roads as there were. Concerning

their moralities, and conformities to the Laws of the Road and of the Universe, there will much remain to be argued by pamphleteers and others. Men will have their opinion, Men of more wisdom and of less; Apes by the Dead-Sea also will have theirs. But what man that believed in such a Universe as that of this Dead-Sea Pamphleteer could consent to live in it at all? Who that believed in such a Universe, and did not design to live like a Papin's-Digester, or *Porcus Epicuri*, in an extremely ugly manner in it, could avoid one of two things: Going rapidly into Bedlam, or else blowing his brains out? "It will not do for me at any rate, this infinite Doghouse; not for me, ye Dryasdusts, and omnipotent Dog-monsters and Mud-gods, whoever you are. One honourable thing I can do: take leave of you and your Dog-establishment. Enough!"

CHAPTER III.

KURFÜRST FRIEDRICH II.

THE First Friedrich's successor was a younger son, Friedrich II.; who lasted till 1471, above thirty years; and proved likewise a notable manager and governor. Very capable to assert himself, and his just rights, in this world. He was but Twenty-seven at his accession; but the Berlin Burghers, attempting to take some liberties with him, found he was old enough. He got the name *Iron-teeth*, Friedrich *Ferratis Dentibus*, from his decisive ways then and afterwards. He had his share of brabbling with intricate litigant neighbours; quarrels now and then not to be settled without strokes. His worst war was with Pommern, — just claims disputed there, and much confused bickering, sieging and harassing in consequence: of which quarrel we must speak anon. It was he who first built the conspicuous Schloss or Palace at Berlin, having got the ground for it (same ground still covered by the actual fine Edifice, which is a second edition of Friedrich's) from the repentant Burghers; and took up his chief residence there.*

But his principal achievement in Brandenburg History is his recovery of the Province called the Neumark to that Electorate. In the thriftless Sigismund times, the

* 1442-1451 (Nieolai, l. 81).

Neumark had been pledged, had been sold; Teutsch Ritterdom, to whose dominions it lay contiguous, had purchased it with money down. The Teutsch Ritters were fallen moneyless enough since then; they offered to pledge the Neumark to Friedrich, who accepted, and advanced the sum: after a while the Teutsch Ritters, for a small farther sum, agreed to sell Neumark.* Into which Transaction, with its dates and circumstances, let us cast one glance, for our behoof afterwards. The Teutsch Ritters were an opulent domineering Body in Sigismund's early time; but they are now come well down in Friedrich II.'s! And are coming ever lower. Sinking steadily, or with desperate attempts to rise, which only increase the speed downwards, ever since that fatal Tannenberg Business, 15th July 1410. Here is the sad progress of their descent to the bottom; divided into three stages or periods:

“Period First is of Thirty years: 1410-1440. A peace with Poland soon followed that Defeat of Tannenberg; humiliating peace, with mulct in money, and slightly in territory, attached to it. Which again was soon followed by war, and ever again; each new peace more humiliating than its foregoer. Teutsch Order is steadily sinking, — into debt, among other things; driven to severe finance-measures (ultimately even to ‘debase its coin’) which produce irritation enough. Poland is gradually edging itself into the territories and the interior troubles of Preussen; prefatory to greater operations that lie ahead there.

“Period Second, of Fourteen years. So it had gone on,

* Michaelis, i. 301.

"from bad to worse, till 1440; when the general population,
 "through its Heads, the Landed Gentry and the Towns,
 "wearied-out with fiscal and other oppressions from its do-
 "mineering Ritterdom brought now to such a pinch, began
 "everywhere to stir themselves into vocal complaint.
 "Complaint emphatic enough: 'Where will you find a man
 "that has not suffered injury, in his rights, perhaps in his per-
 "son? Our friends they have invited as guests, and under
 "show of hospitality have murdered them. Men, for the sake
 "of their beautiful wives, have been thrown into the river like
 "dogs,'—and enough of the like sort.* No want of complaint,
 "nor of complainants: Town of Thorn, Town of Dantzic,
 "Kulm, all manner of Towns and Baronages, proceeded now
 "to form a *Bund*, or general Covenant for complaining; to
 "repugn, in hotter and hotter form, against a domineering
 "Ritterdom with back so broken; in fine to colleague with
 "Poland, — what was most ominous of all. Baronage,
 "Burgherage, they were German mostly by blood, and by
 "culture were wholly German; but preferred Poland to a
 "Teutsch Ritterdom of that nature. Nothing but brabblings,
 "scufflings, objurgations; a great outbreak ripening itself.
 "Teutsch Ritterdom has to hire soldiers; no money to pay
 "them. It was in these sad years that the Teutsch Ritterdom,
 "fallen moneyless, offered to pledge the Neumark to our Kur-
 "first; 1444, that operation was consummated.** All this
 "goes on, in hotter and hotter form, for ten years longer.

"Period Third begins, early in 1454, with an important
 "special catastrophe; and ends, in the Thirteenth year after,
 "with a still more important universal one of the same nature.
 "Prussian *Bund*, or Anti-Oppression Covenant of the Towns

* Voigt, vii. 747; quoting, evidently, not an express manifesto, but one manufactured by the old Chroniclers.

** Pauli, ii. 187, — does not name the sum.

"and Landed Gentry, rising in temperature for fourteen years
"at this rate, reached at last the igniting point, and burst into
"fire. February 4th, 1454, the Town of Thorn, darling first-
"child of Teutsch Ritterdom, — child 223 years old at this
"time,* and grown very big, and now very angry, — sud-
"denly took its old parent by the throat, so to speak, and
"hurled him out to the dogs; to the extraneous Polacks first
"of all. Town of Thorn, namely, sent, that day, its 'Letter
"of Renunciation' to the Hochmeister over at Marienburg;
"seized in a day or two more the Hochmeister's Official
"Envoys, Dignitaries of the Order; led them through the
"streets, amid universal storm of execrations, hootings and
"unclean projectiles, straight to jail; and besieged the Hoch-
"meister's Burg (*Bastille* of Thorn, with a few Ritters in it),
"all the artillery and all the throats and hearts of the place
"raging deliriously upon it. So that the poor Ritters, who
"had no chance in resisting, were in few days obliged to sur-
"render;** had to come out in bare jerkin; and Thorn igno-
"miniously dismissed them into space forevermore, — with
"actual 'kicks,' I have read in some Books, though others veil
"that sad feature. Thorn threw out its old parent in this
"manner; swore fealty to the King of Poland; and invited
"other Towns and Knightages to follow the example. To
"which all were willing, wherever able.

"War hereupon, which blazed-up over Preussen at large,

* "Founded, 1231, as a wooden Burg, just across the river, on the
"Heathen side, mainly round the stem of an immense old Oak that grew
"handy there, — Seven Barges always on the river (Weichsel), to fly to our
"own side if quite overwhelmed." *Oak and Seven Barges* is still the
"Town's Arms of Thorn. — See Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, xxii. 107; quoting
"Dusburg (a Priest of the Order) and his old *Chronica Terræ Prusiæ*,
"written in 1326.

** 8th February 1454, says Voigt (viii. 361); 16th, says Köhler (*Münz-
belustigungen*, xxii. 110).

"— Prussian Covenant and King of Poland *versus* Teutsch
 "Ritterdom, — and lasted into the thirteenth year, before it
 "could go out again; out by lack of fuel mainly. One of the
 "fellest wars on record, especially for burning and ruining;
 "above '300,000 fighting-men' are calculated to have perished
 "in it; and of towns, villages, farmsteads, a cipher which
 "makes the fancy, as it were, black and ashy altogether. Rit-
 "terdom showed no lack of fighting energy: but that could
 "not save it in the pass things were got to. Enormous lack
 "of wisdom, of reality and human veracity, there had long
 "been; and the hour was now come. Finance went out, to
 "the last coin. Large mercenary armies all along; and in the
 "end not the colour of money to pay them with: mercenaries
 "became desperate; 'besieged the Hochmeister and his Rit-
 "ters in Marienburg;' — finally sold the Country they held;
 "formally made it over to the King of Poland, to get their pay
 "out of it. Hochmeister had to see such things, and say little.
 "Peace, or extinction for want of fuel, came in the year 1466.
 "Poland got to itself the whole of that fine German Country,
 "henceforth called '*West Preussen*' to distinguish it, which
 "goes from the left bank of the Weichsel to the borders of
 "Brandenburg and Neumark; — would have got Neumark
 "too, had not Kurfürst Friedrich been there to save it. The
 "Teutsch Order had to go across the Weichsel, ignominiously
 "driven; to content itself with '*East Preussen*,' the Königs-
 "berg-Memel country, and even to do homage to Poland for
 "that. Which latter was the bitterest clause of all: but it
 "could not be helped, more than the others. In this manner
 "did its revolted children fling out Teutsch Ritterdom igno-
 "miniously to the dogs, to the Polacks first of all, — Thorn,
 "the eldest child, leading-off or setting the example."

And so the Teutsch Ritters are sunk beyond re-

trieval; and West-Preussen, called subsequently "Royal Preussen," not having homage to pay as the "Ducal" or East-Preussen had, is German no longer, but Polish, Sclavic; not prospering by the change.* And all that fine German Country, reduced to rebel against its unwise parent, was cut away by the Polish sword, and remained with Poland, which did not prove very wise either; till — till, in the Year 1773, it was cut back by the German sword! All readers have heard of the Partition of Poland; but of the Partition of Preussen, 307 years before, all have not heard.

It was in the second year of that final tribulation, marked above as Period Third, that the Teutsch Ritters, famishing for money, completed the Neumark transaction with Kurfürst Friedrich; Neumark, already pawned to him ten years before, they in 1455, for a small farther sum, agreed to sell; and he, long carefully steering towards such an issue, and dextrously keeping out of the main broil, failed not to buy. Friedrich could thenceforth, on his own score, protect the Neumark; keep up an invisible but impenetrable wall between it and the neighbouring anarchic conflagrations of thirteen years; and the Neumark has ever since remained with Brandenburg, its original owner.

As to Friedrich's Pomeranian quarrel, this is the figure of it. Here is a scene from Rentsch, which falls

* What Thorn had sunk to, out of its palmy state, see in Nanke's *Wanderungen durch Preussen* (Hamburg and Altona, 1800), II. 177-200: — a pleasant little Book, treating mainly of Natural History; but drawing you, by its innocent simplicity and geniality, to read with thanks whatever is in it.

out in Friedrich's time; and which brought much battling and broiling to him and his. Symbolical withal of much that befel in Brandenburg, from first to last. Under the Hohenzollern as before, Brandenburg grew by aggregation, by assimilation; and we see here how difficult the process often was.

Pommern (*Pomerania*), long Wendish, but peaceably so since the time of Albert the Bear, and growing ever more German, had in good part, according to Friedrich's notion, if there were force in human Treaties and Imperial Laws, fallen fairly to Brandenburg, — that is to say, the half of it, Stettin-Pommern had fairly fallen, — in the year 1464, when Duke Otto of Stettin, the last Wendish Duke, died without heirs. In that case by many bargains, some with bloody crowns, it had been settled, If the Wendish Dukes died out, the country was to fall to Brandenburg; — and here they were dead. "At Duke Otto's burial, accordingly, in "the High Church of Stettin, when the coffin was "lowered into its place, the Stettin Bürgermeister, "Albrecht Glinde, took sword and helmet, and threw "the same into the grave, in token that the Line was "extinct. But Franz von Eichsted," apparently another Burgher instructed for the nonce, "jumped into the "grave, and picked them out again; alleging, No, the "Dukes of *Wolgast-Pommern* were of kin; these tokens "we must send to his Grace at Wolgast, with offer of "our homage, said Franz von Eichsted."* — And sent

* Rentsch, p. 110 (whose printer has put his date awry): Stenzel (i. 333.) calls the man "*Lorenz Eikstetten*, a resolute Gentleman."

they were, and accepted by his Grace. And perhaps half-a-score of bargains, with bloody crowns to some of them; and yet other chances, and centuries, with the extinction of new Lines, — had to supervene, before even Stettin-Pommern, and that in no complete state, could be got.* As to Pommern at large, Pommern not denied to be due, after such extinction and re-extinction of native Ducal Lines, did not fall home for centuries more: and what struggles and inextricable armed-litigations there were for it, readers of Brandenburg-History too wearisomely know. The process of assimilation not the least of an easy one! —

This Friedrich was second son: his Father's outlook for him had, at first, been towards a Polish Princess and the crown of Poland, which was not then so elective as afterwards: and with such view his early breeding had been chiefly in Poland; Johann, the eldest son and heir-apparent, helping his Father at home in the mean while. But these Polish outlooks went to nothing, the young Princess having died; so that Friedrich came home; possessed merely of the Polish language, and of what talents the gods had given him, which were considerable. And now, in the mean while, Johann, who at one time promised well in practical life, had taken to Alchemy; and was busy with crucibles and speculations, to a degree that seemed questionable. Father Friedrich, therefore, had to inter-

* 1648, by Treaty of Westphalia.

fere, and deal with this "Johann the Alchemist" (*Johannes Alchemista*, so the Books still name him); who loyally renounced the Electorship, at his Father's bidding, in favour of Friedrich; accepted Baireuth (better half of the Culmbach Territory) for apanage; and there peacefully distilled and sublimated at discretion; the government there being an easier task, and fitter for a soft speculative Herr. A third Brother, Albert by name, got Anspach, on the Father's decease; very capable to do any fighting there might be occasion for, in Culmbach.

As to the Burggrafship, it was now done, all but the Title. The First Friedrich, once he was got to be Elector, wisely parted with it. The First Friedrich found his Electorship had dreadfully real duties for him, and that this of the Burggrafship had fallen mostly obsolete; so he sold it to the Nürembergers for a round sum: only the Principalities and Territories are retained in that quarter. About which too, and their feudal duties, boundaries and tolls, with a jealous litigious Nürnberg for neighbour, there at length came quarrelling enough. But Albert the third Brother, over at Anspach, took charge of all that; and nothing of it fell in Johann's way.

The good Alchemist died, — performed his last sublimation, poor man, — six or seven years before his Brother Friedrich; age then sixty-three.* Friedrich, with his Iron Teeth and faculties, only held out till

* 14th November 1464.

fifty-eight, — 10th February 1471. The manner of his end was peculiar. In that War with Pommern, he sat besieging a Pomeranian town, Uckermünde the name of it: when at dinner one day, a cannonball plunged down upon the table,* with such a crash as we can fancy; — which greatly confused the nerves of Friedrich; much injured his hearing, and even his memory thenceforth. In a few months afterwards he resigned, in favour of his Successor; retired to Plessenburg, and there died in about a year more.

* Michaelis, l. 308.

CHAPTER IV.

KURFÜRST ALBERT ACHILLES, AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

NEITHER Friedrich nor Johann left other than daughters: so that the united Heritage, Brandenburg and Culmbach both, came now to the third Brother, Albert; who has been in Culmbach these many years already. A tall fiery tough old gentleman, of formidable talent for fighting, who was called the "*Achilles of Germany*" in his day; being then a very blazing far-seen character, dim as he has now grown.* This Albert Achilles was the Third Elector; Ancestor he of all the Brandenburg and Culmbach Hohenzollern Princes that have since figured in the world. After him there is no break or shift in the succession, down to the little Friedrich now born; — Friedrich the old Grandfather, First *King*, was the Twelfth *Kurfürst*.

We have to say, they followed generally in their Ancestors' steps; and had success of the like kind, more or less; Hohenzollerns all of them, by character and behaviour as well as by descent. No lack of quiet energy, of thrift, sound sense. There was likewise solid fair-play in general, no founding of yourself on ground that will not carry; — and there was instant, gentle but inexorable, crushing of mutiny, if it showed itself; which after the Second Elector, or at most the

* Born 1414; Kurfürst 1471-'86.

Third, it had altogether ceased to do. Young Friedrich II., upon whom those Berlin Burghers had tried to close their gates, till he should sign some "Capitulation" to their mind, got from them, and not quite in ill-humour, that name *Iron-teeth*: — "Not the least a Nose-of-wax, this one! No use trying here, then!" — which, with the humour attached to it, is itself symbolical of Friedrich and these Hohenzollern Sovereigns. Albert, his Brother, had plenty of fighting in his time: but it was in the Nürnberg and other distant regions; no fighting, or hardly any, needed in Brandenburg henceforth.

With Nürnberg, and the Ex-Burggrafship there, now when a new generation began to tug at the loose clauses of that Bargain with Friedrich I., and all Free-Towns were going high upon their privileges, Albert had at one time much trouble, and at length actual furious war; — other Free-Towns countenancing and assisting Nürnberg in the affair; numerous petty Princes, feudal Lords of the vicinity, doing the like by Albert. Twenty years ago, all this; and it did not last, so furious was it. "Eight victories," they count on Albert's part, — furious successful skirmishes, call them; — in one of which, I remember, Albert plunged-in alone, his Ritters being rather shy; and laid about him hugely, hanging by a standard he had taken, till his life was nearly beaten out.* Eight victories; and also one defeat, wherein Albert got captured, and had to ransom himself. The captor was one Kunz of Kauffungen, the

* 1449 (Rentsch, p. 399).

Nürnberg hired General at the time; a man known to some readers for his Stealing of the Saxon Princes (*Prinzenraub*, they call it); a feat which cost Kunz his head.* Albert, however, prevailed in the end, as he was apt to do; and got his Nürnbergers fixed to clauses satisfactory to him.

In his early days he had fought against Poles, Bohemians and others, as Imperial general. He was much concerned, all along, in those abstruse armed-litigations of the Austrian House with its dependencies; and diligently helped the Kaiser, — Friedrich III., rather a weakish, but an eager and greedy Kaiser, — through most of them. That inextricable Hungarian-Bohemian-Polish *Donnybrook* (so we may call it) which Austria had on hand, one of Sigismund's bequests to Austria; distressingly tumultuous Donnybrook, which goes from 1440 to 1471, fighting in a fierce confused manner; — the Anti-Turk Hunniades, the Anti-Austrian Corvinus, the royal Majesties George Podiebrad, Ladislaus *Posthumus*, Ludwig *Ohne Haut* (Ludwig *No-skin*), and other Ludwigs, Ladislauses and Vladislauses, striking and getting struck at such a rate: — Albert was generally what we may call chief-constable in all that; giving a knock here and then one there, in the Kaiser's name.** Almost from boyhood, he had learned soldiering, which he had never afterwards leisure to forget. Great store of fighting he had, — say half a

* Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (London, 1857), iv. § *Prinzenraub*.

** Hormayr, H. 138, M^o (§ *Hungary Corvin*); Rentsch, pp. 389-422; Michaels, i. 304-13.

century of it, off and on, during the seventy and odd years he lasted in this world. With the Donnybrook we spoke of; with the Nürnbergers; with the Dukes of Bavaria (endless bickerings with these Dukes, Ludwig *Beardy*, Ludwig *Superbus*, Ludwig *Gibbosus* or Hunchback, against them and about them, on his own and the Kaiser's score); also with the French, already clutching at Lorraine; also with Charles the Rash of Burgundy; — lastly with the Bishop of Bamberg, who got him excommunicated, and would not bury the dead.

Kurfürst Albert's Letter on this last emergency, to his Vicegerent in Culmbach, is a famed Piece still extant (date 1481);* and his plan, in such emergency, is a simple and likely one: "Carry the dead bodies to "the Parson's house; let him see whether he will not "bury them by and by! — One must fence-off the "Devil by the Holy Cross," says Albert, — appeal to Heaven with what honest mother-wit Heaven has vouchsafed one, means Albert. "These fellows" (the Priests), continues he, "would fain have the temporal "sword as well as the spiritual. Had God wished "there should be only one sword, he could have contrived that as well as the two. He surely did not "want for intellect (*Er war ein gar weiser Mann*)," — want of intellect it clearly was not! — In short, they had to bury the dead, and do reason; and Albert hustled himself well clear of this broil, as he had done of many.

Battle enough, poor man, with steel and other wea-

* Rentsch, p. 409.

pons: — and we see he did it with sharp insight, good forecast; now and then in a wildly leonine or *aquiline* manner. A tall hook-nosed man, of lean, sharp, rather taciturn aspect; nose and look are very *aquiline*; and there is a cloudy sorrow in those old eyes, which seems capable of sudden effulgence to a dangerous extent. He was a considerable diplomatist too: very great with the Kaiser, old Friedrich III. (Max's father, Charles V.'s Great-Grandfather);* and managed many things for him. Managed to get the thrice-lovely Heiress of the Netherlands and Burgundy, Daughter of that Charles the Rash, with her Seventeen Provinces, for Max,** — who was thought thereupon by everybody to be the luckiest man alive; though the issue contradicted it, before long.

Kurfürst Albert died in 1486, March 11; age seventy-two. It was some months after Bosworth Fight, where our Crooked Richard got his quietus here in England and brought the Wars of the Roses to their finale: — a little chubby Boy, the son of poor parents at Eisleben in Saxony, Martin Luther the name of him, was looking into this abstruse Universe, with those strange eyes of his, in what rough woollen or linsey-woolsey short-clothes we do not know.***

* How admirable, not to say "almost divine," to the Kaiser's then Secretary, oily-mouthed Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope, — Rentsch can testify (pp. 401, 586); quoting Æneas's eulogies and gossipries (*Historia Rerum Frederici Imperatoris*, I conclude, though no Book is named). Oily diligent Æneas, in his own young years and in Albert's prime, had of course seen much of this "miracle" of Arms and Art, — "miracle" and "almost divine," so to speak.

** 1477.

*** Born 10th November 1483.

Albert's funeral was very grand; the Kaiser himself, and all the Magnates of the Diet and Reich, attending him from Frankfort to his last resting-place, many miles of road. For he died at the Diet, in Frankfort-on-the-Mayn; having fallen ill there while busy, — perhaps too busy for that age, in the harsh spring weather, — electing Prince Maximilian ("lucky Max," who will be Kaiser too before long, and is already deep in *ill-luck*, tragical and other!) to be King of the Romans. The old Kaiser had "looked-in on him at Onolzbach" (Anspach), and brought him along; such a man could not be wanting on such an occasion. A man who "perhaps did more for the German Empire than for the Electorate of Brandenburg," hint some. The Kaiser himself, Friedrich III., was now getting old; anxious to see Max secure, and to set his house in order. A somewhat anxious, croaky, close fisted, ineffectual old Kaiser;* distinguished by his luck in getting Max so provided for, and bringing the Seventeen Provinces of the Netherlands to his House. He is the first of the Hapsburg Kaisers who had what has since been called the "Austrian lip," — protrusive under-jaw, with heavy lip disinclined to shut. He got it from his mother, and bequeathed it in a marked manner; his posterity to this day bearing traces of it. Mother's name was Cimbürgis, a Polish Princess, "Duke of Masovia's daughter;" a lady who had something of the *Maultasche* in her, in character as well as mouth. —

* See Kühler (*Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 394-401; ii. 89-96, &c.) for a vivid account of him.

In old Albert, the poor old Kaiser has lost his right hand; and no doubt muses sadly as he rides in the funeral procession.

Albert is buried at Heilsbronn in Frankenland, among his Ancestors, — burial in Brandenburg not yet common for these new Kurfürsts: — his scull, in an after-time, used to be shown there, laid on the lid of the tomb; scull marvellous for strength, and “for having no visible sutures,” says Rentsch. Pious Brandenburg Officiality at length put an end to that profanation, and restored the scull to its place, — marvellous enough, with what had once dwelt in it, whether it had sutures or not.

Johann the Cicero is Fourth Kurfürst, and leaves Two notable Sons.

Albert's eldest Son, the Fourth Kurfürst, was Johannes Cicero (1486—1499): Johannes was his natural name, to which the epithet “Cicero of Germany (*Cicero Germaniæ*)” was added by an admiring public. He had commonly administered the Electorate during his Father's absences; and done it with credit to himself. He was an active man, nowise deficient as a Governor; creditably severe on highway robbers, for one thing, — destroys you “fifteen baronial robber-towers” at a stroke; — was also concerned in the Hungarian-Bohemian *Donnybrook*, and did that also well. But nothing struck a discerning public like the talent he had for speaking. Spoke “four hours at a stretch.

in Kaiser Max's Diets, in elegantly-flowing Latin;" with a fair share of meaning, too; — and had bursts of parliamentary eloquence in him that were astonishing to hear. A tall, square-headed man, of erect, cheerfully composed aspect, head flung rather back if anything: his bursts of parliamentary eloquence, once glorious as the day, procured him the name "*Johannes Cicero*;" and that is what remains of them: for they are sunk now, irretrievable he and they, into the belly of eternal Night; the final resting-place, I do perceive, of much Ciceronian ware in this world. Apparently he had, like some of his Descendants, what would now be called "distinguished literary talents," — insignificant to mankind and us. I find he was likewise called *der Grosse*, "*John the Great*;" but on investigation it proves to be mere "*John the Big*," a name coming from his tall stature and ultimate fatness of body.

For the rest, he left his Family well off, connected with high Potentates all around; and had increased his store, to a fair degree, in his time. Besides his eldest Son who followed as Elector, by name Joachim I., a burly gentleman of whom much is written in Books, he left a second Son, Archbishop of Magdeburg, who in time became Archbishop of Mainz and Cardinal of Holy-Church,* — and by accident got to be forever

* Ulrich von Hutten's grand "*Panegyric*" upon this Albert on his first Entrance into Mainz (9th October 1514), — "*entrance with a retinue of 2000 horse, mainly furnished by the Brandenburg and Culmbach kludred,*" say the old Books, — is in *Ulrich ab Hutten Equitis Germani Opera* (Münch's edition; Berlin, 1821), l. 276-310.

memorable in Church-History, as we shall see anon. Archbishop of Maintz means withal *Kur-Maintz*, Elector of Maintz; who is Chief of the Seven Electors, and as it were their President or "Speaker." Albert was the name of this one; his elder Brother, the then Kur-Brandenburg, was called Joachim. Cardinal Albert Kur-Maintz, like his brother Joachim Kur-Brandenburg, figures much, and blazes widely abroad, in the busy reign of Karl V., and the inextricable Lutheran-Papal, Turk-Christian business it had.

But the notable point in this Albert of Maintz was that of Leo X. and the Indulgences.* Pope Leo had permitted Albert to retain his Archbishopric of Magdeburg and other dignities along with that of Maintz; which was an unusual favour. But the Pope expected to be paid for it, — to have 30,000 ducats (15,000 *l.*), almost a King's ransom at that time, for the "*Pallium*" to Maintz; *Pallium*, or little Bit of woollen Cloth, on sale by the Pope, without which Maintz could not be held. Albert, with all his dignities, was dreadfully short of money at the time. Chapter of Maintz could or would do little or nothing, having been drained lately; Magdeburg, Halberstadt, the like. Albert tried various shifts; tried a little stroke of trade in relics, — gathered in the Maintz district "some hundreds of fractional sacred bones, and three whole bodies," which he sent to Halle for pious purchase; — but nothing came of this branch. The 15,000 *l.* remained unpaid; and Pope Leo, building St. Peter's, "furnishing a sister's toilet," and doing

* Pauli, v. 496-499; Rentsch, p. 889.

worse things, was in extreme need of it. What is to be done? 'I could borrow the money from the Fuggers of Augsburg,' said the Archbishop hesitatingly; but then —?' — 'I could help you to repay it?' said his Holiness: 'Could repay the half of it, — if only we had (but they always make such clamour about these things) an Indulgence published in Germany!' — 'Well; it must be!' answered Albert at last, agreeing to take the clamour on himself, and to do the feat; being at his wit's-end for money. He draws out his Full-Power, which, as first Spiritual Kurfürst, he could do; nominates (1516) one Tetzels for Chief Salesman, a Priest whose hardness of face, and shiftiness of head and hand, were known to him; and — here is one Hohenzollern that has a place in History! Poor man, it was by accident, and from extreme tightness for money. He was by no means a violent Churchman; he had himself inclinations towards Luther, even of a practical sort, as the thing went on. But there was no help for it.

Cardinal Albert, Kur-Mainz, shows himself a copious dextrous public speaker at the Diets and elsewhere in those times; a man intent on avoiding violent methods; — uncomfortably fat in his later years, to judge by the Portraits. Kur-Brandenburg, Kur-Mainz (the younger now officially even greater than the elder), these names are perpetually turning-up in the German Histories of that Reformation-Period; absent on no great occasion; and they at length, from amid the meaningless beadroll of Names, wearisomely met with in such Books, emerge into Persons for us as above.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE BAIREUTH-ANSPACH BRANCH.

ALBERT ACHILLES the Third Elector had, before his accession, been Margraf of Anspach, and since his Brother the Alchemist's death, Margraf of Baireuth too, or of the whole Principality, — "Margraf of Culmbach," we will call it, for brevity's sake, though the bewildering old Books have not steadily any name for it.* After his accession, Albert Achilles naturally held both Electorate and Principality during the rest of his life. Which was an extremely rare predicament for the two Countries, the big and the little.

No other Elector held them both, for nearly a hundred years; nor then, except as it were for a moment. The two countries, Electorate and Principality, Hohenzollern both, and constituting what the Hohenzollerns had in this world, continued intimately connected; with affinity and clientship carefully kept up, and the lesser

* A certain subaltern of this express title, "Margraf of Culmbach" (a Cadet, with some temporary apanage there, who was once in the service of him they call the Winter-King, and may again be transiently heard of by us here), is the altogether mysterious Personage who prints himself "*Marquis de Lulembach*" in Bromley's *Collection of Royal Letters* (London, 1787), pp. 52, &c.: — one of the most curious Books on the Thirty-Years War; "edited" with a composed stupidity, and cheerful infinitude of ignorance, which still farther distinguish it. The *Bromley* Originals, well worth a real editing, turn out, on inquiry, to have been "sold as Autographs, and dispersed beyond recovery, about fifty years ago."

standing always under the express protection and as it were *cousinship* of the greater. But they had their separate Princes, Lines of Princes; and they only twice, in the time of these Twelve Electors, came even temporarily under the same head. And as to ultimate union, Brandenburg-Baireuth and Brandenburg-Anspach were not incorporated with Brandenburg-Prussia, and its new fortunes, till almost our own day, namely in 1791; nor then either to continue; having fallen to Bavaria, in the grand Congress of Vienna, within the next Five-and-Twenty years. All which, with the complexities and perplexities resulting from it here, we must, in some brief way, endeavour to elucidate for the reader.

*Two Lines in Culmbach or Baireuth-Anspach:
The Gera Bond of 1598.*

Culmbach the Elector left, at his death, to his Second Son, — properly to two sons, but one of them soon died, and the other became sole possessor; — Friedrich by name; who, as founder of the Elder Line of Brandenburg-Culmbach Princes, must not be forgotten by us. Founder of the First or Elder Line, for there are two Lines; this of Friedrich's having gone out in about a hundred years; and the Anspach-Baireuth territories having fallen home again to Brandenburg; — where, however, they continued only during the then Kurfürst's life. Johann George (1525—1598), Seventh Kurfürst, was he to whom Brandenburg-Culmbach fell

home, — nay, strictly speaking, it was but the sure prospect of it that fell home, the thing itself did not quite fall in his time, though the disposal of it did,* — to be conjoined again with Brandenburg-*Proper*. Conjoined for the short potential remainder of his own life; and then to be disposed-of as an apanage again; — which latter operation, as Johann George had three-and-twenty children, could be no difficult one.

Johann George, accordingly (Year 1598), split the Territory in two; Brandenburg-Baireuth was for his second son, Brandenburg-Anspach for his third: hereby again were two new progenitors of Culmbach Princes introduced, and a New Line, Second or “*Younger Line*” they call it (Line mostly split in *two*, as heretofore); which, — after complex adventures in its split condition, Baireuth under one head, Anspach under another, — continues active, down to our little Fritz’s time and farther. As will become but too apparent to us in the course of this History! —

From of old these Territories had been frequently divided: each has its own little capital, Town of Anspach, Town of Baireuth,** suitable for such arrangement. Frequently divided; though always under the closest cousinship, and ready for reuniting if possible. Generally under the Elder Line too, under Friedrich’s posterity, which was rather numerous and often in need of apanages, they had been in separate hands. But the understood practice was, not to divide farther; Bai-

* “Disposal,” 1598; thing itself, 1608, in his Son’s time.

** Populations about the same; 16,000 to 17,000 in our time.

reuth by itself, Anspach by itself (or still luckier if one hand could get hold of both), — and especially Brandenburg by itself, uncut by any apanage: this, I observe, was the received practice. But Johann George, wise Kurfürst as he was, wished now to make it surer; and did so by a famed Deed, called the Gera Bond (*Geraische Vertrag*), dated 1598,* the last year of Johann George's life.

Hereby, in a Family Conclave held at that Gera, a little town in Thüringen, it was settled and indissolubly fixed, That their Electorate, unlike all others in Germany, shall continue indivisible; Law of Primogeniture, here if nowhere else, is to be in full force; and only the Culmbach Territory (if otherwise unoccupied) can be split-off for younger sons. Culmbach can be split-off; and this again withal can be split, if need be, into two (Baireuth and Anspach); but not in any case farther. Which Household-Law was strictly obeyed henceforth. Date of it 1598; principal author Johann George, Seventh Elector. This "Gera Bond," the reader can note for himself as an excellent piece of Hohenzollern thrift, and important in the Brandenburg annals. On the whole, Brandenburg keeps continually growing under these Twelve Hohenzollerns, we perceive; slower or faster, just as the Burggrafdom had done, and by similar methods. A lucky outlay of money (as in the case of Friedrich Iron-teeth in the Neumark) brings them one Province, lucky inheritance

* Michaelis, l. 245.

another: good management is always there, which is the mother of good luck.

And so there goes on again, from Johann George downwards, a new stream of Culmbach Princes, called the Younger or New Line, — properly two contemporary Lines, of Baireuthers and Anspachers; — always in close affinity to Brandenburg, and with ultimate reversion to Brandenburg, should both Lines fail; but with mutual inheritance if only one. They had intricate fortunes, service in foreign armies, much wandering about, sometimes considerable scarcity of cash; but, for a hundred-and-fifty years to come, neither Line by any means failed, — rather the contrary, in fact.

Of this latter or New Culmbach-Line, or split Line, especially of the Baireuth part of it, our little Wilhelmina, little Fritz's Sister, who became Margravine there, has given all the world notice. From the Anspach part of it (at that time in sore scarcity of cash) came Queen Caroline, famed in our George the Second's time.* From it too came an unmomentous Margraf, who married a little Sister of Wilhelmina's and Fritz's; of whom we shall hear. There is lastly a still more unmomentous Margraf, only son of said Unmomentous and his said Spouse; who again combined the two Territories, Baireuth having failed of heirs; and who, himself without heirs, and with a frail Lady Craven as Margravine, — died at Hammersmith, close by us, in 1806; and so ended the troublesome affair. He had already, in 1791, sold-off to Prussia all temporary

* See a Synoptic Diagram of these Genealogies, *infra*.

claims of his; and let Prussia have the Heritage at once without waiting farther. Prussia, as we noticed, did not keep it long; and it is now part of the Bavarian Dominion; — for the sake of editors and readers, long may it so continue!

Of this Younger Line, intrinsically rather insignificant to mankind, we shall have enough to write in time and place: we must at present direct our attention to the Elder Line.

The Elder Line of Culmbach: Friedrich and his Three notable Sons there.

Kurfürst Albert Achilles's second son, Friedrich (1460-1536),* the founder of the Elder Culmbach Line, ruled his country well for certain years, and was "a man famed for strength of body and mind;" but claims little notice from us, except for the sons he had. A quiet, commendable, honourable man, — with a certain pathetic dignity, visible even in the eclipsed state he sank into. Poor old gentleman, after grand enough feats in war and peace, he fell melancholy, fell imbecile, blind, soon after middle life; and continued so for twenty years, till he died. During which dark state, say the old Books, it was a pleasure to see with what attention his Sons treated him, and how reverently the eldest always led him out to dinner.** They live and dine at that high Castle of Plessenburg, where old Friedrich can behold the Red or White Main no more.

* Rentsch, pp. 593-602.

** Ibid., p. 612.

Alas, alas, Plassenburg is now a Correction-House, where male and female scoundrels do beating of hemp; and pious Friedrich, like eloquent Johann, has become a forgotten object. He was of the German Reichs-Array, who marched to the Netherlands to deliver Max from durance; Max, the King of the Romans, whom, for all his luck, the mutinous Flemings had put under lock-and-key at one time.* That is his one feat memorable to me at present.

He was Johann Cicero's *Half*-brother, child by a second wife. Like his Uncle Kurfürst Friedrich II., he had married a Polish Princess; the sharp Achilles having perhaps an eye to crowns in that direction, during that Hungarian-Bohemian-Polish Donnybrook. But if so, there again came nothing of a crown with it; though it was not without its good results for Friedrich's children by and by.

He had eight Sons that reached manhood; five or six of whom came to something considerable in the world, and Three are memorable down to this day. One of his daughters he married to the Duke of Liegnitz in Silesia; which is among the first links I notice of a connexion that grew strong with that sovereign Duchy, and is worth remarking by my readers here. Of the Three notable Sons it is necessary that we say something. Casimir, George, Albert are the names of these Three.

* 1482 (Pauli, ii. 389): his beautiful young Wife, "thrown from her horse," had perished in a thrice-tragic way, short while before; and the Seventeen Provinces were unruly under the guardianship of Max.

Casimir, the eldest,* whose share of heritage is Baireuth, was originally intended for the Church; but inclining rather to secular and military things, or his prospects of promotion altering, he early quitted that; and took vigorously to the career of arms and business. A truculent-looking Herr, with thoughtful eyes, and hanging under-lip: — *hat* of enviable softness; loose disk of felt flung carelessly on, almost like a nightcap artificially extended, so admirably soft; — and the look of the man Casimir, between his cataract of black beard and this semi-nightcap, is carelessly truculent. He had much fighting with the Nürnbergers and others; laid it right terribly on, in the way of strokes, when needful. He was especially truculent upon the Revolt of Peasants in their *Bauernkrieg* (1525). Them, in their wildest rage he fronted; he, that others might rally to him: “Unhappy mortals, will you shake the world to pieces, then, because you have much to complain of?” and hanged the ringleaders of them literally by the dozen, when quelled and captured. A severe, rather truculent Herr. His brother George, who had Anspach for heritage, and a right to half those prisoners, admonished and forgave his half; and pleaded hard with Casimir for mercy to the others, in a fine Letter still extant;** which produced no effect on Casimir. For the dog’s sake, and for all sakes, “let not the dog learn to eat *leather*” (of which his indispensable leashes and

* 1481-1527.

** In Rentsch, p. 627.

muzzles are made)! That was a proverb often heard on the occasion, in Luther's mouth among the rest.

Casimir died in 1527, age then towards fifty. For the last dozen years or so, when the Father's malady became hopeless, he had governed Culmbach, both parts of it; the Anspach part, which belonged to his next brother George, going naturally, in almost all things, along with Baireuth; and George, who was commonly absent, not interfering, except on important occasions. Casimir left one little Boy, age then only six, name Albert; to whom George, henceforth practical sovereign of Culmbach, as his Brother had been, was appointed Guardian. This youth, very full of fire, wildfire too much of it, exploded dreadfully on Germany by and by (Albert *Alcibiades* the name they gave him); nay, towards the end of his nonage, he had been rather sputtery upon his Uncle, the excellent Guardian who had charge of him.

Friedrich's Second Son, Markgraf George of Anspach.

Uncle George of Anspach, Casimir's next Brother, had always been of a peaceabler disposition than Casimir; not indeed without heat of temper, and sufficient vivacity of every kind. As a youth, he had aided Kaiser Max in two of his petty wars; but was always rather given "to reading Latin," to Learning, and ingenious pursuits. His Polish Mother, who, we perceive, had given "Casimir" his name, proved much more important to George. At an early age he went to his

Uncle Vladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia: for — Alas, after all, we shall have to cast a glance into that unbeautiful Hungarian-Bohemian scramble, comparable to an "Irish Donnybrook," where Albert Achilles long walked as Chief Constable! It behoves us, after all, to point-out some of the tallest heads in it; and whitherward, bludgeon in hand, they seem to be swaying and struggling. Courage, patient reader!

George, then, at an early age went to his Uncle Vladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia: for George's Mother, as we know, was of royal kin; daughter of the Polish King, Casimir IV. (late mauler of the *Teutsch Ritters*); which circumstance had results for George and us. Daughter of Casimir IV. the Lady was; and therefore of the Jagellon blood by her father, which amounts to little; but by her mother she was Grand-daughter of that Kaiser Albert II. who "got Three Crowns in one year, and died the next;" whose posterity have ever since, — up to the lips in trouble with their confused competitive accompaniments, Hunniades, Corvinus, George Podiebrad and others, not to speak of dragon Turks coiling ever closer round you on the frontier, — been Kings of Hungary and Bohemia; *two* of the crowns (the *heritable two*) which were got by Kaiser Albert in that memorable year. He got them, as the reader may remember, by having the daughter of Kaiser Sigismund to wife, — Sigismund *Super-Grammaticam*, whom we left standing, red as a flamingo, in the marketplace of Constance, a hundred years ago. Thus Time rolls on in its many-coloured manner, edacious and feracious.

It is in this way that George's Uncle, Vladislaus, Albert's daughter's-son, is now King of Hungary and Bohemia: the last King Vladislaus they had; and the last King but one, of any kind, as we shall see anon. Vladislaus was heir of Poland too, could he have managed to get it; but he gave-up that to his brother, to various younger brothers in succession; having his hands full with the Hungarian and Bohemian difficulty. He was very fond of Nephew George; well recognising the ingenuous, wise and loyal nature of the young man. He appointed George tutor of his poor son Ludwig; whom he left at the early age of ten, in an evil world, and evil position there. "Born without Skin," they say, that is, born in the seventh month; — called Ludwig *Ohne Haut* (Ludwig *No-Skin*), on that account. Born certainly, I can perceive, rather thin of skin; and he would have needed one of a rhinoceros thinkness!

George did his function honestly, and with success: Ludwig grew up a gallant, airy, brisk young King, in spite of difficulties, constitutional and other; got a Sister of the great Kaiser Karl V. to wife; — determined (A.D. 1526) to have a stroke at the Turk dragon; which was coiling round his frontier, and spitting fire at an intolerable rate. Ludwig, a fine young man of twenty, marched away with much Hungarian chivalry, right for the Turk (Summer 1526); George meanwhile going busily to Bohemia, and there with all his strength levying troops for reinforcement. Ludwig fought and fenced, for some time, with the Turk outskirts; came

at last to a furious general Battle with the Turk (29th August 1526), at a place called Mohacz, far east in the flats of the Lower Donau; and was there tragically beaten and ended. Seeing the Battle gone, and his chivalry all in flight, Ludwig too had to fly; galloping for life, he came upon bog which proved bottomless, as good as bottomless; and Ludwig, horse and man, vanished in it straightway from this world. Hapless young man, like a flash of lightning suddenly going down there, — and the Hungarian Sovereignty along with him. For Hungary is part of Austria ever since; having, with Bohemia, fallen to Karl V.'s Brother Ferdinand, as now the nearest convenient heir of Albert with his Three Crowns. Up to the lips in difficulties to this day! —

George meanwhile, with finely-appointed reinforcements, was in full march to join Ludwig; but the sad news of Mohacz met him: he withdrew, as soon as might be, to his own territory, and quitted Hungarian politics. This, I think, was George's third and last trial of war. He by no means delighted in that art, or had cultivated it like Casimir and some of his brothers. —

George by this time had considerable property; part of it important to the readers of this History. Anspach we already know; but the Duchy of Jägersdorf, — that and its pleasant valleys, fine hunting-grounds and larch-clad heights, among the Giant Mountains of Silesia, — that is to us the memorable territory. George got it in this manner:

Some ten or fifteen years ago, the late King Vladislaus, our Uncle of blessed memory, loving George, and not having royal moneys at command, permitted him to redeem with his own cash certain Hungarian Domains, pledged at a ruinously cheap rate, but unredeemable by Vladislaus. George did so; years ago, guess ten or fifteen. George did not like the Hungarian Domains, with their Turk and other inconveniences; he proposed to exchange them with King Vladislaus for the Bohemian-Silesian Duchy of Jägerndorf; which had just then, by failure of heirs, lapsed to the King. This also Vladislaus, the beneficent cashless Uncle, liking George more and more, permitted to be done. And done it was; I see not in what year: only that the ultimate investiture (done, this part of the affair, by Ludwig *Ohne Haut*, and duly sanctioned by the Kaiser) dates 1524, two years before the fatal Mohacz business.

From the time of this purchase, and especially till Brother Casimir's death, which happened in 1527, George resided oftener at Jägerndorf than at Anspach. Anspach, by the side of Baireuth, needed no management; and in Jägerndorf much probably required the hand of a good Governor to put it straight again. The Castle of Jägerndorf, which towers-up there in a rather grand manner to this day, George built: "the old "Castle of the Schellenbergs" (extinct predecessor Line) "now gone to ruins, stands on a Hill with larches on "it, some miles off." Margraf George was much esteemed as Duke of Jägerndorf. What his actions in that region

were, I know not; but it seems he was so well thought of in Silesia, two smaller neighbouring Potentates, the Duke of Oppeln and the Duke of Ratibor, who had no heirs of their body, bequeathed, with the Kaiser's assent, these towns and territories to George:* — in mere love to their subjects (Rentsch intimates), that poor men might be governed by a wise good Duke, in the time coming. The Kaiser would have got the Duchies otherwise.

Nay the Kaiser, in spite of his preliminary assent, proved extortionate to George in this matter; and exacted heavy sums for the actual possession of Oppeln and Ratibor. George, going so zealously ahead in Protestant affairs, grew less and less a favourite with Kaisers. But so, at any rate, on peaceable unquestionable grounds, grounds valid as Imperial Law and ready-money, George is at last Lord of these two little Countries, in the plain of South-Silesia, as of Jägerndorf among the Mountains hard by. George has and holds the Duchy of Jägerndorf, with these appendages (Jägerndorf since 1524, Ratibor and Oppeln since some years later); and lives constantly, or at the due intervals, in his own strong Mountain-Castle of Jägerndorf there, — we have no doubt, to the marked benefit of good men in those parts. Hereby has Jägerndorf joined itself to the Brandenburg Territories; and the reader can note the circumstance, for it will prove memorable one day.

* Rentsch, pp. 623, 127-131. Kaiser is Ferdinand, Karl V.'s Brother, — as yet only King of Bohemia and Hungary, but supreme in regard to such points. His assent is dated "17th June 1531" in Rentsch.

In the business of the Reformation, Margraf George was very noble. A simple-hearted, truth-loving, modestly valiant man; rising unconsciously, in that great element, into the heroic figure. "George the Pious (*der Fromme*)," "George the Confessor (*Bekenner*)," were the names he got from his countrymen. Once this business had become practical, George interfered a little more in the Culmbach Government; his brother Casimir, who likewise had Reformation tendencies, rather hanging-back in comparison to George.

In 1525 the Town-populations, in the Culmbach region, big Nürnberg in the van, had gone quite ahead in the new Doctrine; and were becoming irrepressibly impatient to clear-out the old mendacities, and have the Gospel preached freely to them. This was a questionable step; feasible perhaps for a great Elector of Saxony; — but for a Margraf of Anspach? George had come home from Jägerndorf, some three-hundred miles away, to look into it for himself; found it, what with darkness all round, what with precipices menacing on both hands, and zealous, inconsiderate Town-populations threatening to take the bit between their teeth, a frightfully intricate thing. George mounted his horse, one day this year, day not dated farther, and "with only six attendants" privately rode off, another two-hundred miles, a good three-days ride, to Wittenberg; and alighted at Dr. Martinus Lutherus's door.* A notable passage, worth thinking of. But such visits of

* Rentsch, p. 625.

high Princes, to that poor house of the Doctor's, were not then uncommon. Luther cleared the doubts of George; George returned with a resolution taken: "Ahead then, ye poor Voigtland Gospel populations! I must lead you, we must on!" — And perils enough there proved to be, and precipices on each hand: *Bauern-Krieg*, that is to say Peasants'-War, Anabaptistry and Red-Republic, on the one hand; *Reichs-Acht*, Ban of Empire, on the other. But George, eagerly, solemnly attentive, with ever new light rising on him, dealt with the perils as they came; and went steadily on, in a simple, highly manful and courageous manner.

He did not live to see the actual Wars that followed on Luther's preaching: — he was of the same age with Luther, born few months later, and died two years before Luther;* — but in all the intermediate principal transactions, George is conspicuously present: "George of Brandenburg," as the Books call him, or simply "Margraf George."

At the Diet of Augsburg (1530), and the signing of the Augsburg Confession there, he was sure to be. He rode thither with his Anspach Knightage about him, "four-hundred cavaliers," — Seckendorfs, Huttens, Flanses and other known kindreds, recognisable among the lists;** — and spoke there, not bursts of parliamentary eloquence, but things that had meaning in them. One speech of his, not in the Diet, but in the Kaiser's

* 4th March 1484 — 27th Dec. 1543, George; | 10th November 1483 — 15th February 1546, Luther.

** Rentsch, p. 693.

Lodging (15th June 1530; no doubt, in Anton Fugger's house, where the Kaiser "lodged for year and day" this time, but *without* the "fires of cinnamon" they talk of on other occasions*), is still very celebrated. It was the evening of the Kaiser Karl Fifth's arrival at the Diet; which was then already, some time since, assembled there. And great had been the Kaiser's reception that morning; the flower of Germany, all the Princes of the Empire, Protestant and Papal alike, riding out to meet him, in the open country, at the Bridge of the Lech. With highflown speeches and benignities, on both sides; — only that the Kaiser willed all men, Protestant and other, should in the mean while do the Popish litanyings, waxlight processionings and idolatrous stage-performances with him on the morrow, which was *Corpus-Christi* Day; and the Protestants could not nor would. Imperial hints there had already been, from Innspruck; benign hopes, of the nature of commands, That loyal Protestant Princes would in the interim avoid open discrepancies, — perhaps be so loyal as keep their chaplains, peculiar divine-services, private in the interim? These were hints; — and now this of the *Corpus-Christi*, a still more pregnant hint! Loyal Protestants refused it, therefore; flatly declined, though bidden and again bidden. They attended in a body, old Johann of Saxony, young Philip of Hessen, and the rest; Margraf George, as spokes-

* See Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (II. 294. n.). The House is at present an Inn, "*Gasthaus zu den drei Mohren*;" where tourists lodge, and are still shown the room which the Kaiser occupied on such visits.

man, with eloquent simplicity stating their reasons, — to somewhat this effect:

Invinciblest all-gracious Kaiser, loyal are we to your high Majesty, ready to do your bidding by night and by day. But it is your bidding under God, not against God. Ask us not, O gracious Kaiser! I cannot, and we cannot; and we must not, and dare not. And “before I would deny my God and his Evangel,” these are George’s own words, “I would rather kneel “down here before your Majesty, and have my head “struck off,” — hitting his hind-head, or neck, with the edge of his hand, by way of accompaniment; a strange radiance in the eyes of him, voice risen into musical alt: “*Ehe Ich wolte meinen Gott und sein Evangelium verläugnen, ehe wolte Ich hier vor Eurer Majestät niderknien, und mir den Kopf abhauen lassen.*” — “*Nit Kop ab, löver Först, nit Kop ab!*” answered Charles in his Flemish-German; “Not head off, dear Fürst, not head off!” said the Kaiser, a faint smile enlightening those weighty gray eyes of his and imperceptibly animating the thick Austrian underlip.*

Speaker and company attended again on the morrow; Margraf George still more eloquent. Whose Speech flew over Germany, like fire over dry flax; and still exists, — both Speeches now oftenest rolled into one by inaccurate editors.** And the Corpus-Christi idolatries were forborne the Markgraf and his company this

* Rentsch, p. 637. Marheineke: *Geschichte der Deutschen Reformation* (Berlin, 1831), II. 487.

** As by Rentsch, *ubi supra*.

time; — the Kaiser himself, however, walking, nearly roasted in the sun, in heavy purple-velvet cloak, with a big wax-candle, very superfluous, guttering and blubbering in the right-hand of him, along the streets of Augsburg. Kur-Brandenburg, Kur-Maintz, high Cousins of George, were at this Diet of Augsburg; Kur-Brandenburg (Elector Joachim I., Cicero's son, of whom we have spoken, and shall speak again) being often very loud on the conservative side; and eloquent Kur-Maintz going on the conciliatory tack. Kur-Brandenburg, in his zeal, had ridden on to Innspruck, to meet the Kaiser there, and have a preliminary word with him. Both these high Cousins spoke, and bestirred themselves, a good deal, at this Diet. They had met the Kaiser on the plains of the Lech, this morning; and, no doubt, gloomed unutterable things on George and his Speech. George could not help it.

Till his death in 1543, George is to be found always in the front line of this high Movement, in the line where Kur-Sachsen, John the Steadfast (*der Beständige*), and young Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen were, and where danger and difficulty were. Readers of this enlightened gold-nugget generation can form to themselves no conception of the spirit that then possessed the nobler kingly mind. "The command of God endures through Eternity, *Verbum Dei Manet In Æternum*," was the Epigraph and Life-motto which John the Steadfast had adopted for himself: "V. D. M. I. Æ," these initials he had engraved on all the furnitures of his existence, on his standards, pictures, plate, on the

very sleeves of his lackeys, — and I can perceive, on his own deep heart first of all. V. D. M. I. E.: — or might it not be read withal, as Philip of Hessen sometimes said (Philip, still a young fellow, capable of sport in his magnanimous scorn), "*Verbum Diaboli Manet In Episcopis*, The Devil's Word sticks fast in the Bishops?"

We must now take leave of Markgraf George and his fine procedures in that crisis of World-History. He had got Jägerndorf, which became important for his Family and others: but what was that to the Promethean conquests (such we may call them) which he had the honour to assist in making for his Family, and for his Country, and for all men; very unconscious he of "bringing fire from Heaven," good modest simple man! So far as I can gather, there lived, in that day, few truer specimens of the Honest Man. A rugged, rough-hewn, rather blunt-nosed physiognomy; cheek-bones high, cheeks somewhat bagged and wrinkly; eyes with a due shade of anxiety and sadness in them; affectionate simplicity, faithfulness, intelligence, veracity looking out of every feature of him. Wears plentiful white beard short-cut, plentiful gold-chains, ruffs, ermines; — a hat not to be approved of, in comparison with brother Casimir's; miserable inverted-colander of a hat; hanging at an angle of forty-five degrees; with band of pearls round the top not the bottom of it; insecure upon the fine head of George, and by no means to its embellishment.

One of his Daughters he married to the Duke of Liegnitz; a new link in that connexion. He left one Boy, George Friedrich; who came under *Alcibiades*, his Cousin of Baireuth's tutelage; and suffered much by that connexion, or indeed chiefly by his own conspicuously Protestant turn, to punish which, the *Alcibiades* connexion was taken as a pretext. In riper years, George Friedrich got his calamities brought well under; and lived to do good work, Protestant and other, in the world. To which we may perhaps allude again. The Line of Margraf George the Pious ends in this George Friedrich, who had no children; the Line of Margraf George, and the Elder Culmbach Line altogether (1603), Albert *Alcibiades*, Casimir's one son, having likewise died without posterity.

"Of the younger Brothers," says my Authority, "some four "were in the Church; two of whom rose to be Prelates; — "here are the four:

"1^o. One, Wilhelm by name, was Bishop of Riga, in the "remote Prussian outskirts, and became Protestant; — among "the first great Prelates who took that heretical course; being "favoured by circumstances to cast out the '*V.D. (Verbum* "*Diaboli*),' as Philip read it. He is a wise-looking man, with "magnificent beard, with something of contemptuous patience "in the meditative eyes of him. He had great troubles with "his Riga people, — as indeed was a perennial case between "their Bishop and them, of whatever creed he might be.

"2^o. The other Prelate held fast by the Papal Orthodoxy: "he had got upon the ladder of promotion towards Magde- "burg; hoping to follow his Cousin *Kur-Maintz*, the eloquent "conciliatory Cardinal, in that part of his pluralities. As he

“did, — little to his comfort, poor man; having suffered a
“good deal in the sieges and religious troubles of his Magde-
“burgers; who ended by ordering him away, having openly
“declared themselves Protestant, at length. He had to go;
“and occupy himself complaining, soliciting Aulic-Councils
“and the like, for the rest of his life.

“3°. The *Probst* of Würzburg (*Provost*, kind of Head-
“Canon there); orthodox Papal he too; and often gave his
“Brother George trouble.

“4°. A still more orthodox specimen, the youngest member
“of the family, who is likewise in Orders: Gumbrecht (‘Gum-
“bertus, a Canonikus’ of Something or other, say the Books);
“who went early to Rome, and became one of his Holiness
“Leo Tenth’s Chamberlains; — stood the ‘Sack of Rome’
“(Constable de Bourbon’s) and was captured there, and ran-
“somed; — but died still young (1528). These three were
“Catholics, he of Würzburg a rather virulent one.

“5°. Catholic also was *Johannes*, a fifth Brother, who fol-
“lowed the soldiering and diplomatic professions, oftenest in
“Spain; did Government-messages to Diets, and the like,
“for Karl V.; a high man and well seen of his Kaiser: — he
“had wedded the young Widow of old King Ferdinand in
“Spain; which proved, seemingly, a troublous scene for poor
“Johannes. What we know is, he was appointed Comman-
“dant of Valencia; and died there, still little turned of thirty,
“— by poison it is supposed, — and left his young Widow to
“marry a third time.”

These are the Five minor Brothers, four of them
Catholic, sons of old blind Friedrich of Plassenburg;
who are not, for their own sake, memorable, but are
mentionable for the sake of the three major Brothers.
So many orthodox Catholics, while Brother George

and others went into the heresies at such a rate! A family much split by religion: — and blind old Friedrich, dim of intellect, knew nothing of it; and the excellent Polish Mother said and thought, we know not what. A divided Time! —

Johannes of Valencia, and these Chief Priests, were all men of mark; conspicuous to the able-editors of their day: but the only Brother now generally known to mankind is Albert, Hochmeister of the Teutsch Ritterdom; by whom Preussen came into the Family. Of him we must now speak a little.

CHAPTER VI.

HOCHMEISTER ALBERT, THIRD NOTABLE SON OF FRIEDRICH.

ALBERT was born 1490; George's junior by six years, Casimir's by nine. He too had been meant for the Church; but soon quitted that, other prospects and tendencies opening. He had always loved the ingenuous arts; but the activities too had charms for him. He early shone in his exercises spiritual and bodily; grew tall above his fellows, expert in arts, especially in arms; — rode with his Father to Kaiser Max's Court; was presented by him, as the light of his eyes, to Kaiser Max; who thought him a very likely young fellow; and bore him in mind, when the Mastership of the Teutsch Ritterdom fell vacant.*

The Teutsch Ritterdom, ever since it got its back broken in that Battle of Tannenberg in 1410, and was driven out of West-Preussen with such ignominious kicks, has been lying bedrid, eating its remaining revenues, or sprawling about in helpless efforts to rise again, which require no notice from us. Hopeless of ever recovering West-Preussen, it had quietly paid its homage to Poland for the Eastern part of that Country; quietly for some couple of generations. But, in the third or fourth generation after Tannenberg,

* Rentsch, pp. 840-863.

there began to rise murmurs, — in the Holy Roman Empire first of all. "Preussen is a piece of the Reich," said hot, inconsiderate people; "Preussen could not be alienated without consent of the Reich!" To which discourses the afflicted Ritters listened only too gladly; their dull eyes kindling into new false hopes at sound of them. The point was, To choose as Hochmeister some man of German influence, of power and connexion in the Country, who might help them to their so-called right. With this view, they chose one and then another of such sort; — and did not find it very hopeful, as we shall see.

Albert was chosen Grand-Master of Preussen, in February 1511; age then twenty-one. Made his entry into Königsberg, November next year; in grand cavalcade, "dreadful storm of rain and wind at the time," — poor Albert all in black, and full of sorrow, for the loss of his Mother, the good Polish Princess, who had died since he left home. Twenty months of preparation he had held since his Election, before doing any thing: for indeed the case was intricate. He, like his predecessor in office, had undertaken to refuse that Homage to Poland; the Reich generally, and Kaiser Max himself, in a loose way of talk, encouraging him: "A piece of the Reich," said they all; "Teutsch Ritters had no power to give it away in that manner." Which is a thing more easily said, than made good in the way of doing.

Albert's predecessor, chosen on this principle, was a Saxon Prince, Friedrich of Meissen: cadet of Saxony;

potently enough connected, he too; who, in like manner, had undertaken to refuse the Homage. And zealously did refuse it, — though to his cost, poor man. From the Reich, for all its big talking, he got no manner of assistance; had to stave-off a Polish War as he could, by fair-speaking, by diplomacies and contrivances; and died at middle age, worn-down by the sorrows of that sad position.

An idea prevails, in ill-informed circles, that our new Grand-Master Albert was no better than a kind of cheat; that he took this Grand-Mastership of Preussen; and then, in gaiety of heart, surreptitiously pocketed Preussen for his own behoof. Which is an idle idea; inconsistent with the last inquiry, or real knowledge how the matter stood.* By no means in gaiety of heart did Albert pocket Preussen; nor till after as tough a struggle to do other with it as could have been expected of any man.

One thing not suspected by the Teutsch Ritters, and least of all by their young Hochmeister, was, That the Teutsch Ritters had well deserved that terrible downcome at Tannenberg, that ignominious dismissal out of West-Preussen with kicks. Their insolence, luxury, degeneracy had gone to great lengths. Nor did that humiliation mend them at all; the reverse rather. It was deeply hidden from the young Hochmeister as from them, That probably they were now at length got to the end of their capability; and ready to be withdrawn from the scene, as soon as any good

* Voigt, ix. 740-749; Paull, iv. 404-407.

way offered! — Of course, they were reluctant enough to fulfil their bargain to Poland; very loth they to do Homage now for Preussen, and own themselves sunk to the second degree. For the Ritters had still their old haughtiness of humour, their deep-seated pride of place, gone now into the unhappy *conscious* state. That is usually the last thing that deserts a sinking House: pride of place, gone to the conscious state; — as if, in a reverse manner, the House felt that it deserved to sink.

For the rest, Albert's position among them was what Friedrich of Sachsen's had been; worse, not better: and the main ultimate difference was, he did not die of it, like Friedrich of Sachsen; but found an outlet, not open in Friedrich's time, and lived. To the Ritters, and vague Public which called itself the Reich, Albert had promised he would refuse the Homage to Poland; on which Ritters and Reich had clapt their hands: and that was pretty much all the assistance he got of them. The Reich, as a formal body, had never asserted its right to Preussen, nor indeed spoken definitely on the subject; it was only the vague Public that had spoken, in the name of the Reich. From the Reich, or from any individual of it, Kaiser or Prince, when actually applied to, Albert could get simply nothing. From what Ritters were in Preussen, he might perhaps expect promptitude to fight, if it came to that; which was not much, as things stood. But from the great body of the Ritters, scattered over Germany, with their rich territories (*balleys*, *bailliwick*s), safe re-

sources, and comfortable "Teutschmeister" over them, he got flat refusal.* "We will not be concerned in the adventure at all; we wish you well through it!" Never was a spirited young fellow placed in more impossible position.

His Brother Casimir (George was then in Hungary), his Cousin Joachim Kur-Brandenburg, Friedrich Duke of Liegnitz, a Silesian connexion of the Family,** consulted, advised, negotiated to all lengths; Albert's own effort was incessant. "Agree with King Sigismund," said they; "Uncle Sigismund, your good Mother's Brother; a King softly inclined to us all!" — "How agree?" answered Albert: "He insists on the Homage, which I have promised not to give!" Casimir went and came, to Königsberg, to Berlin; went once himself to Cracow, to the King, on this errand: but it was a case of "Yes and No;" not to be solved by Casimir.

* The titles *Hochmeister* and *Teutschmeister* are defined, in many Books, and in all manner of Dictionaries, as meaning the same thing. But that is not quite the case. They were at first synonymous, so far as I can see; and after Albert's time, they again became so; but at the date where we now are, and for a long while back, they represent different entities, and indeed oftenest, since the Prussian *Decline* began, antagonistic ones. *Teutschmeister*, Sub-president over the *German* affairs and possessions of the Order, resides at Mergentheim in that Country: *Hochmeister* is Chief President of the whole, but resident at Marienburg in Prussen; and feels there acutely where the shoe pinches, — much too acutely, thinks the *Teutschmeister* in his soft list slippers, at Mergentheim in the safe Würzburg region.

** "Duke Friedrich II.:" comes by mothers from Kurfürst Friedrich I.; marries Margraf George's Daughter even now, 1519 (Hübner, tt. 179, 180, 181).

As to King Sigismund, he was patient with it to a degree; made the friendliest paternal professions; — testifying withal, That the claim was undeniable; and could by him, Sigismund, never be foregone with the least shadow of honour, and of course never would: "My dear Nephew can consider whether his dissolute, vain-minded, half-heretical Ritterdom, nay whether this Prussian fraction of it, is in a condition to take Poland by the beard in an unjust quarrel; or can hope to do Tannenberg over again in the reverse way, by Beelzebub's help?" —

For seven years, Albert held-out in this intermediate state, neither peace nor war; moving Heaven and Earth to raise supplies, that he might be able to defy Poland, and begin war. The Reich answers, "We have really nothing for you." Teutschmeister answers again and again, "I tell you, we have nothing!" In the end, Sigismund grew impatient; made (December 1519) some movements of a hostile nature. Albert did not yield; eager only to procrastinate till he were ready. By super-human efforts, of borrowing, bargaining, soliciting, and galloping to and fro, Albert did, about the end of next year, get-up some appearance of an Army: "14,000 German mercenaries horse and foot," so many in theory; who, to the extent of 8,000 in actual result, came marching towards him (October 1520); to serve "for eight months." With these he will besiege Dantzic, besiege Thorn; will plunge, suddenly, like a fiery javelin, into the heart of Poland, and make Poland surrender its claim. Where-

upon King Sigismund bestirred himself in earnest; came out with vast clouds of Polish chivalry; overset Albert's 8,000; — who took to eating the country instead of fighting for it; being indeed in want of all things. One of the gladder days Albert had yet seen, was when he got the 8,000 sent home again.

What then is to be done? "Armistice for four years," Sigismund was still kind enough to consent to that: "Truce for four years: try everywhere, my poor Nephew; after that, your mind will perhaps become pliant." Albert tried the Reich again: "Four years, O Princes, and then I must do it, or be eaten!" Reich, busy with Lutheran-Papal, Turk-Christian quarrels, merely shrugged its shoulders upon Albert. Teutschmeister did the like; every-body the like. In Heaven or Earth, then, is there no hope for me? thought Albert. And his stock of ready-money — we will not speak of that!

Meanwhile Dr. Osiander of Anspach had come to him; and the pious young man was getting utterly shaken in his religion. Monkish vows, Pope, Holy Church itself, what is one to think, Herr Doctor? Albert, religious to an eminent degree, was getting deep into Protestantism. In his many journeyings, to Nürnberg, to Brandenburg, and up and down, he had been at Wittenberg too: he saw Luther in person more than once there; corresponded with Luther; in fine believed in the truth of Luther. The Culmbach Brothers were both, at least George ardently was, inclined to Protestantism, as we have seen; but Albert was foremost

of the three in this course. Osiander and flights of zealous Culmbach Preachers made many converts in Prussen. In these circumstances the Four Years came to a close.

Albert, we may believe, is greatly at a loss; and deep deliberations, Culmbach, Berlin, Liegnitz, Poland all called in, are held: — a case beyond measure intricate. You have given your word; word must be kept, — and cannot, without plain hurt, or ruin even, to those that took it of you. Withdraw, therefore; fling it up! — Fling it up? A valuable article to fling up; fling it up is the last resource. Nay, in fact, to whom will you fling it up? The Prussian Ritters themselves are getting greatly divided on the point; and at last on all manner of points, Protestantism ever more spreading among them. As for the German Brethren, they and their comfortable Teutschmeister, who refused to partake in the dangerous adventure at all; are they entitled to have much to say in the settlement of it now? —

Among others, or as chief oracle of all, Luther was consulted. "What would you have me do towards reforming the Teutsch Order?" inquired Albert of his oracle. Luther's answer was, as may be guessed, emphatic. "Luther," says one reporter, "has in his Writings 'declared the Order to be 'a thing serviceable neither 'to God nor man,' and the constitution of it 'a monstrous, frightful, hermaphroditish, neither secular nor 'spiritual constitution.'"* We do not know what Lu-

* C. J. Weber: *Das Ritterwesen* (Stuttgart, 1837), III. 206.

ther's answer to Albert was; — but can infer the purport of it: That such a Teutsch Ritterdom was not, at any rate, a thing long for this world; that white cloaks with black crosses on them would not, of themselves, profit any Ritterdom; that solemn vows and high supramundane professions, followed by such practice as was notorious, are an afflicting, not to say a damnable, spectacle on God's Earth; — that a young Herr had better marry; better have done with the wretched Babylonian Nightmare of Papistry altogether; better shake oneself awake, in God's name, and see if there are not still monitions in the eternal sky as to what it is wise to do, and wise not to do! — This I imagine to have been, in modern language, the purport of Dr. Luther's advice to Hochmeister Albrecht on the present interesting occasion.

It is certain, Albert, before long, took this course; Uncle Sigismund and the resident Officials of the Ritterdom having made agreement to it as the one practicable course. The manner as follows: 1°. Instead of Elected Hochmeister, let us be Hereditary Duke of Preussen, and pay homage for it to Uncle Sigismund in that character. 2°. Such of the resident Officials of the Ritterdom as are prepared to go along with us, we will in like manner constitute permanent Feudal Proprietors of what they now possess as Life-rent, and they shall be Subvassals under us as Hereditary Duke. 3°. In all which Uncle Sigismund and the Republic of Poland engage to maintain us against the world.

That is, in sum, the Transaction entered into, by King Sigismund I. of Poland, on the one part, and Hochmeister Albert and his Ritter Officials, such as went along with him (which of course none could do that were not Protestant), on the other part: done at Cracow, 8th April 1525.* Whereby Teutsch Ritterdom, the Prussian part of it, vanished from the world; dissolving itself, and its "hermaphrodite constitution," like a kind of Male Nunnery, as so many female ones had done in those years. A Transaction giving rise to endless criticism, then and afterwards. Transaction plainly not reconcilable with the letter of the law; and liable to have logic chopped upon it to any amount, and to all lengths of time. The Teutschmeister and his German Brethren shrieked murder; the whole world, then, and for long afterwards, had much to say and argue.

To us, now that the logic-chaff is all laid long since, the question is substantial, not formal. If the Teutsch Ritterdom was actually at this time *dead*, actually stumbling about as a mere galvanised Lie beginning to be putrid, — then, sure enough, it behoved that somebody should bury it, to avoid pestilential effects

* Rentsch, p. 850. — Here, certified by Rentsch, Voigt and others, is a worn-out patch of Paper, which is perhaps worth printing:

1490, May 17, Albert is born.

1520, November 17, give it up.

1511, February 14, Hochmeister.

1521, April 10, Truce for Four

1519, December, King Sigismund's

Years.

first hostile movements.

1523, June, Albert consults Luther.

1520, October, German Mercenaries arrive.

1524, November, sees Luther.

1520, November, try Siege of Danzig.

1525, April 8, Peace of Cracow, and Albert to be Duke of Prussia.

in the neighbourhood. Somebody or other; — first flaying the skin off, as was natural, and taking that for his trouble. All turns, in substance, on this latter question! If, again, the Ritterdom was not dead —?—

And truly it struggled as hard as Partridge the Almanac-maker to rebut that fatal accusation; complained (Teutschmeister and German-Papist part of it) loudly at the Diets; got Albert and his consorts put to the Ban (*geächtet*), fiercely menaced by the Kaiser Karl V. But nothing came of all that; nothing but noise. Albert maintained his point; Kaiser Karl always found his hands full otherwise, and had nothing but stamped parchments and menaces to fire-off at Albert. Teutsch Ritterdom, the Popish part of it, did enjoy its valuable bailliwicks, and very considerable rents in various quarters of Germany and Europe, having lost only Preussen; and walked about, for three centuries more, with money in its pocket, and a solemn white gown with black cross on its back, — the most opulent Social Club in existence, and an excellent place for bestowing younger sons of sixteen quarters. But it was, and continued through so many centuries, in every essential respect, a solemn Hypocrisy; a functionless merely eating Phantasm, of the nature of goblin, hungry ghost or ghowl (of which kind there are many); — till Napoleon finally ordered it to vanish; its time, even as Phantasm, being come.

Albert, I can conjecture, had his own difficulties

as Regent in Preussen.* Protestant Theology, to make matters worse for him, had split itself furiously into 'doxies; and there was an *Osianderism* (Osiander being the Duke's chaplain), much flamed-upon by the more orthodox *ism*. "Foreigners," too, German-Anspach and other, were ill seen by the native gentlemen; yet sometimes got encouragement. One Funccius, a shining Nürnberg immigrant there, son-in-law of Osiander, who from Theology got into Politics, had at last (1564) to be beheaded, — old Duke Albert himself "bitterly weeping" about him; for it was none of Albert's doing. Probably his new allodial Ritter gentlemen were not the most submissive, when made hereditary? We can only hope the Duke was a Hohenzollern, and not quite unequal to his task in this respect. A man with high bald brow; magnificent spade-beard; air much-pondering, almost gaunt, — gaunt kind of eyes especially, and a slight cast in them, which adds to his severity of aspect. He kept his possession well, every inch of it; and left all safe at his decease in 1568. His age was then near eighty. It was the tenth year of our Elizabeth as Queen; invincible Armada not yet built; but Alba very busy, cutting-off high heads in Brabant; and stirring-up the Dutch to such fury as was needful for exploding Spain and him.

This Duke Albert was a profoundly religious man, as all thoughtful men then were. Much given to Theology, to Doctors of Divinity; being eager to know God's Laws in this Universe, and wholesomely certain

of damnation if he should not follow them. Fond of the profane Sciences too, especially of Astronomy: Erasmus Reinhold and his *Tabulæ Prutenicæ* were once very celebrated; Erasmus Reinhold proclaims gratefully how these his elaborate Tables (done according to the latest discoveries, 1551 and onwards) were executed upon Duke Albert's high bounty; for which reason they are dedicated to Duke Albert, and called "*Prutenicæ*," meaning *Prussian*.* The University of Königsberg was already founded several years before, in 1544.

Albert had not failed to marry, as Luther counselled: by his first Wife he had only daughters; by his second, one son, Albert Friedrich, who, without opposition or difficulty, succeeded his Father. Thus was Preussen acquired to the Hohenzollern Family; — for, before long, the Electoral branch managed to get *Mitbelehrung* (Co-infeftment), that is to say, Eventual Succession; and Preussen became a Family Heritage, as Anspach and Baireuth were.

* Rentsch, p. 855.

CHAPTER VII

ALBERT ALCIBIADES.

ONE word must be spent on poor Albert, Casimir's son,* already mentioned. This poor Albert, whom they call *Alcibiades*, made a great noise in that epoch; being what some define as the "Failure of a Fritz;" who has really features of him we are to call "Friedrich the Great," but who burnt-away his splendid qualities as a mere temporary shine for the able-editors, and never came to anything.

A high and gallant young fellow, left fatherless in childhood; perhaps he came too early into power: — he came, at any rate, in very volcanic times, when Germany was all in convulsion; the Old Religion and the New having at length broken-out into open battle, with huge results to be hoped and feared; and the largest game going on, in sight of an adventurous youth. How Albert staked in it; how he played to immense heights of sudden gain, and finally to utter bankruptcy, I cannot explain here: some German delineator of human destinies, "Artist" worth the name, if there were any, might find in him a fine subject.

He was ward of his Uncle George; and the probable fact is, no guardian could have been more faithful. Nevertheless, on approaching the years of majority, of

majority but not discretion, he saw good to quarrel with his Uncle; claimed this and that, which was not granted: quarrel lasting for years. Nay matters ran so high at last, it was like to come to war between them, had not George been wiser. The young fellow actually sent a cartel to his Uncle; challenged him to mortal combat, — at which George only wagged his old beard, we suppose, and said nothing. Neighbours interposed, the Diet itself interposed; and the matter was got quenched again. Leaving Albert, let us hope, a repentant young man. We said he was full of fire, too much of it wildfire.

His profession was Arms; he shone much in war; went slashing and fighting through those Schmalkaldic broils, and others of his time; a distinguished captain; cutting his way towards something high, he saw not well what. He had great comradeship with Moritz of Saxony in the wars: two sworn brothers they, and comrades in arms: it is the same dextrous Moritz, who, himself a Protestant, managed to get his too Protestant Cousin's Electorate of Saxony into his hand, by luck of the game; the Moritz, too, from whom Albert by and by got his last defeat, giving Moritz his death in return. That was the finale of their comradeship. All things end, and nothing ceases changing till it end.

He was by position originally on the Kaiser's side; had attained great eminence, and done high feats of arms and generalship, in his service. But being a Protestant by creed, he changed after that Schmalkaldic downfall (rout of Mühlberg, 24th April 1547), which

brought Moritz an Electorate, and nearly cost Moritz's too Protestant Cousin his life as well as lands.* The victorious Kaiser growing now very high in his ways, there arose complaints against him from all sides, very loud from the Protestant side; and Moritz and Albert took to arms, with loud manifestoes and the other phenomena.

This was early in 1552, five years after Mühlberg Rout or Battle. The there victorious Kaiser was now suddenly almost ruined; chased like a partridge into the Innspruck-Mountains, — could have been caught, only Moritz would not; "had no cage to hold so big a bird," he said. So the Treaty of Passau was made, and the Kaiser came much down from his lofty ways. Famed *Treaty of Passau* (22d August 1552), which was the finale of these broils, and hushed them up for a Fourscore years to come. That was a memorable year in German Reformation History.

Albert, meanwhile, had been busy in the interior of the country; blazing aloft in Frankenland, his native quarter, with a success that astonished all men. For seven months he was virtually King of Germany; ransomed Bamberg, ransomed Würzburg, Nürnberg (places he had a grudge at); ransomed all manner of towns and places, — especially rich Bishops and their towns, with *Verbum Diaboli* sticking in them, — at enormous sums. King of the world for a brief season; must have had some strange thoughts to himself, had they been

* Account of it in De Wette: *Lebensgeschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), pp. 82-83.

recorded for us. A pious man, too; not in the least like "Alcibiades," except in the sudden changes of fortune he underwent. His Motto, or old rhymed Prayer, which he would repeat on getting into the saddle for military work, — a rough rhyme of his own composing, — is still preserved. Let us give it, with an English facsimile, or roughest mechanical pencil-tracing, — by way of glimpse into the heart of a vanished Time and its Man-at-arms:*

*Das wolt der Herr Jesus Christ,
Mit dem Vater, der über uns ist:
Wer stärker ist als dieser Mann,
Der komm und thu' ein Leid mir an.*

Guide it the Lord Jesus Christ,**
And the Father, who over us is:
He that is stronger than that Man,***
Let him do me a hurt when he can.

He was at the Siege of Metz (end of that same 1552), and a principal figure there. Readers have heard of the Siege of Metz: How Henry II. of France fished-up those "Three Bishopricks" (Metz, Toul, Verdun, constituent part of Lorraine, a covetable fraction of Teutschland) from the troubled sea of German things, by aid of Moritz now *Kur-Sachsen*, and of Albert; and would not throw them in again, according to bargain, when Peace, the *Peace of Passau* came. How Kaiser Karl determined to have them back before the year ended, cost what it might; and Henry II. to keep them, cost what it might. How Guise defended, with all the Chivalry of France; and Kaiser Karl besieged,† with an Army of 100,000 men, under Duke Alba for chief

* Rentsch, p. 644.

** Read "Chris" or "Chris," for the rhyme's sake.

*** Sic.

† 19th October 1552 and onwards.

captain. Siege protracted into mid-winter; and the "sound of his cannon heard at Strasburg," which is eighty miles off, "in the winter nights."*

It had depended upon Albert, who hung in the distance with an army of his own, whether the Siege could even begin; but he joined the Kaiser, being reconciled again; and the trenches opened. By the valour of Guise and his Chivalry, — still more perhaps by the iron frosts and by the sleety rains of Winter, and the hungers and the hardships of a hundred-thousand men, digging vainly at the icebound earth, or trampling it when sleety into seas of mud, and themselves sinking in it, of dysentery, famine, toil and despair, as they cannonaded day and night, — Metz could not be taken. "Impossible!" said the Generals with one voice, after trying it for a couple of months. "Try it one other ten days," said the Kaiser with a gloomy fixity; "let us all die, or else do it!" They tried, with double desperation, another ten days; cannon booming through the winter midnight far and wide, fourscore miles round: "Cannot be done, your Majesty! Cannot, — the winter and the mud, and Guise and the walls; man's strength cannot do it in this season. We must march away!" Karl listened in silence; but the tears were seen to run down his proud face, now not so young as it once was: "Let us march, then!" he said, in a low voice, after some pause.

* Köhler: *Reichshistorie*, p. 453; — and more especially *Münzbelustigungen* (Nürnberg, 1729-1750), ix. 121-129. The Year of this Volume, and of the Number in question, is 1737; the *Münz* or Medal "recreated upon" is of Henri II.

Alcibiades covered the retreat to Dienenhoff (*Thionville* they now call it); outmanœuvred the French, retreated with success; he had already captured a grand Duc d'Aumale, a Prince of the Guises, — valuable ransom to be looked for there. It was thought he should have made his bargain better with the Kaiser, before starting; but he had neglected that. Albert's course was downward thenceforth; Kaiser Karl's too. The French keep these "Three Bishoprics (*Trois Evêchés*)," and Teutschland laments the loss of them, to this hour. Kaiser Karl, as some write, never smiled again; — abdicated, not long after; retired into the Monastery of St. Just, and there soon died. That is the Siege of Metz, where Alcibiades was helpful. His own bargain with the Kaiser should have been better made beforehand.

Dissatisfied with any bargain he could now get; dissatisfied with the Treaty of Passau, with such a finale and hushing-up of the Religious Controversy, and in general with himself and with the world, Albert again drew sword; went loose at a high rate upon his Bamberg-Würzburg enemies, and, having raised supplies there, upon Moritz and those Passau-Treatiers. He was beaten at last by Moritz, "Sunday, 9th July 1553," at a place called Sievershausen in the Hanover Country, where Moritz himself perished in the action. — Albert fled thereupon to France. No hope in France. No luck in other small and desperate stakings of his: the game is done. Albert returns to a Sister he had, to her Husband's Court in Baden; a broken, bare and bankrupt

man; — soon dies there, childless, leaving the shadow of a name.*

His death brought huge troubles upon Baireuth and the Family Possessions. So many neighbours, Bamberg, Würzburg and the rest, were eager for retaliation; a new Kaiser greedy for confiscating. Plassenburg Castle was besieged, bombarded, taken by famine and burnt; much was burnt and torn to waste. Nay, had it not been for help from Berlin, the Family had gone to utter ruin in those parts. For this Alcibiades had, in his turn, been Guardian to Uncle George's Son, the George Friedrich we once spoke of, still a minor, but well known afterwards; and it was attempted, by an eager Kaiser Ferdinand, to involve this poor youth in his Cousin's illegalities, as if Ward and Guardian had been one person. Baireuth which had been Alcibiades's, Anspach which was the young man's own, nay Jägerndorf with its Appendages, were at one time all in the clutches of the hawk, — had not help from Berlin been there. But in the end, the Law had to be allowed its course; George Friedrich got his own Ter-

* Here, chiefly from Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, iii. 414-416), is the chronology of Albert's operations:

Seizure of Nürnberg, &c., 11th May to 22d June 1552; Innsbruck (with Treaty of Passau) follows. Then Siege of Metz, October to December 1552; Bamberg, Würzburg and Nürnberg ransomed again, April 1553; Battle of Stevershausen, 9th July 1553. Würzburg &c. explode against him; Ban of the Empire, 4th May 1554. To France thereupon; returns, hoping to negotiate, end of 1556; dies at Pforzheim, at his Sister's, 8th January 1557. — See Paull, iii. 120-138. See also Dr. Kapp: *Erinnerungen an diejenigen Markgrafen &c.* (a reprint from the *Archiv für Geschichte und Alterthumskunde in Ober-Franken*, Year 1841).

ritories back (all but some surreptitious nibblings in the Jägerndorf quarter, to be noticed elsewhere), and also got Baireuth, his poor Cousin's Inheritance; — sole heir, he now, in Culmbach, the Line of Casimir being out.

One owns to a kind of love for poor Albert Alcibiades. In certain sordid times, even a "Failure of a Fritz" is better than some Successes that are going. A man of some real nobleness, this Albert; though not with wisdom enough, not with good fortune enough. Could he have continued to "rule the situation" (as our French friends phrase it); to march the fanatical Papistries, and Kaiser Karl, clear out of it, home to Spain and San Justo a little earlier; to wave the coming Jesuitries away, as with a flaming sword; to forbid beforehand the doleful Thirty-Years War, and the still dolefuller spiritual atrophy (the flaccid Pedantry, ever rummaging and rearranging among learned marine-stores, which thinks itself Wisdom and Insight; the vague maunderings, flutings; indolent, impotent day-dreaming and tobacco-smoking, of poor Modern Germany) which has followed therefrom, — *Ach Gott*, he might have been a "*Success of a Fritz*" three times over! He might have been a German Cromwell; beckoning his People to fly, eagle-like, straight towards the Sun; instead of screwing about it, in that sad, uncertain, and far too spiral manner! — But it lay not in him; not in his capabilities or opportunities, after all: and we but waste time in such speculations.

CHAPTER VIII.

HISTORICAL MEANING OF THE REFORMATION.

THE Culmbach Brothers, we observe, play a more important part in that era than their seniors and chiefs of Brandenburg. These Culmbachers, Markgraf George and Albert of Preussen at the head of them, march valiantly forward in the Reformation business; while *Kur-Brandenburg*, Joachim I., their senior Cousin, is talking loud at Diets, galloping to Innspruck and the like, zealous on the Conservative side; and Cardinal Albert, *Kur-Mainz*, his eloquent Brother, is eager to make matters smooth and avoid violent methods.

The Reformation was the great Event of that Sixteenth Century; according as a man did something in that, or did nothing and obstructed doing, has he much claim to memory, or no claim, in this age of ours. The more it becomes apparent that the Reformation was the Event then transacting itself, was the thing that Germany and Europe either did or refused to do, the more does the historical significance of men attach itself to the phases of that transaction. Accordingly we notice henceforth that the memorable points of Brandenburg History, what of it sticks naturally to the memory of a reader or student, connect themselves of their own accord, almost all, with the History of the Reformation. That has proved to be the Law of Na-

ture in regard to them, softly establishing itself; and it is ours to follow that law.

Brandenburg, not at first unanimously, by no means too inconsiderately, but with overwhelming unanimity when the matter became clear, was lucky enough to adopt the Reformation; — and stands by it ever since in its ever-widening scope, amid such difficulties as there might be. Brandenburg had felt somehow, that it could do no other. And ever onwards through the times even of our little Fritz and farther, if we will understand the word "Reformation," Brandenburg so feels; being, at this day, to an honourable degree, incapable of believing incredibilities, of adopting solemn shams, or pretending to live on spiritual moonshine. Which has been of uncountable advantage to Brandenburg: — how could it fail? This was what we must call obeying the audible voice of Heaven. To which same "voice," at that time, all that did *not* give ear, — what has become of them since: have they not signally had the penalties to pay!

"Penalties:" quarrel not with the old phraseology, good reader; attend rather to the thing it means. The word was heard of old, with a right solemn meaning attached to it, from theological pulpits and such places; and may still be heard there with a half-meaning, or with no meaning, though it has rather become obsolete to modern ears. But the *thing* should not have fallen obsolete; the thing is a grand and solemn truth, expressive of a silent Law of Heaven, which continues forever valid. The most untheological of men may still

assert the thing; and invite all men to notice it, as a silent monition and prophecy in this Universe; to take it, with more of awe than they are wont, as a correct reading of the Will of the Eternal in respect of such matters; and, in their modern sphere, to bear the same well in mind. For it is perfectly certain, and may be seen with eyes in any quarter of Europe at this day.

Protestant or not Protestant? The question meant everywhere: "Is there anything of nobleness in you, O Nation, or is there nothing? Are there, in this Nation, enough of heroic men to venture forward, and to battle for God's Truth *versus* the Devil's Falsehood, at the peril of life and more? Men who prefer death, and all else, to living under Falsehood, — who, once for all, will not live under Falsehood; but having drawn the sword against it (the time being come for that rare and important step), throw away the scabbard, and can say, in pious clearness, with their whole soul: 'Come on, then! Life under Falsehood is not good for me; and we will try it out now. Let it be to the death between us, then!'"

Once risen into this divine white-heat of temper, were it only for a season and not again, the Nation is thenceforth considerable through all its remaining history. What immensities of *dross* and crypto-poisonous matter will it not burn out of itself in that high temperature, in the course of a few years! Witness Cromwell and his Puritans, — making England habitable even under the Charles-Second terms for a couple of centuries more. Nations are benefited, I believe, for

ages, by being thrown once into divine white-heat in this manner. And no Nation that has not had such divine paroxysms at any time, is apt to come to much.

That was now, in this epoch, the English of "adopting Protestantism;" and we need not wonder at the results which it has had, and which the want of it has had. For the want of it is literally the want of loyalty to the Maker of this Universe. He who wants that, what else has he, or can he have? If you do not, you Man or you Nation, love the Truth enough, but try to make a chapman-bargain with Truth, instead of giving yourself wholly soul and body and life to her, Truth will not live with you, Truth will depart from you; and only Logic, "Wit" (for example, "London Wit"), Sophistry, Virtù, the Æsthetic Arts, and perhaps (for a short while) Book-keeping by Double Entry, will abide with you. You will follow falsity, and think it truth, you unfortunate man or nation. You will right surely, you for one, stumble to the Devil; and are every day and hour, little as you imagine it, making progress thither.

Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland, — the offer of the Reformation was made everywhere; and it is curious to see what has become of the Nations that would not hear it. In all countries were some that accepted; but in many there were not enough, and the rest, slowly or swiftly, with fatal difficult industry, contrived to burn them out. Austria was once full of Protestants; but the hide-bound Flemish-Spanish Kai-

ser-element presiding over it, obstinately, for two centuries, kept saying, "No; we, with our dull obstinate Cimburgis under-lip and lazy eyes, with our ponderous Austrian depth of Habituality and indolence of Intellect, we prefer steady Darkness to uncertain new Light!" — and all men may see where Austria now is. Spain still more; poor Spain going about, at this time, making its "*pronunciamentos*;" all the factious attorneys in its little towns assembling to *pronounce* virtually this, "The Old is a lie, then; — good Heavens, after we so long tried hard, harder than any nation, to think it a truth! — and if it be not Rights of Man, Red Republic and Progress of the Species, we know not what now to believe or to do; and are as a people stumbling on steep places, in the darkness of midnight!" — They refused Truth when she came; and now Truth knows nothing of them. All stars, and heavenly lights, have become veiled to such men; they must now follow terrestrial *ignes fatui*, and think them stars. That is the doom passed upon them.

Italy too had its Protestants; but Italy killed them; managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put-up silently with Practical Lies of all kinds; and, shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into Dilettantism and the Fine Arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of Fact and Performance, did Music, Painting, and the like: — till even that has become impossible for them; and no noble Nation, sunk from virtue to *virtù*, ever offered such a spectacle before. He that will prefer Dilettantism in this world for his outfit, shall have it;

but all the gods will depart from him; and manful veracity, earnestness of purpose, devout depth of soul, shall no more be his. He can if he like make himself a soprano, and sing for hire; — and probably that is the real goal for him.

But the sharpest-cut example is France; to which we constantly return for illustration. France, with its keen intellect, saw the truth and saw the falsity, in those Protestant times; and, with its ardour of generous impulse, was prone enough to adopt the former. France was within a hairsbreadth of becoming actually Protestant. But France saw good to massacre Protestantism, and end it in the night of St. Bartholomew 1572. The celestial Apparitor of Heaven's Chancery, so we may speak, the Genius of Fact and Veracity, had left his Writ of Summons; Writ was read; — and replied to in this manner. The Genius of Fact and Veracity accordingly withdrew; — was staved-off, got kept away, for two-hundred years. But the Writ of Summons had been served; Heaven's Messenger could not stay away forever. No; he returned duly; with accounts run up, on compound interest, to the actual hour, in 1792; — and then, at last, there had to be a "Protestantism;" and we know of what kind that was! —

Nations did not so understand it, nor did Brandenburg more than the others; but the question of questions for them at that time, decisive of their history for half a thousand years to come, was, Will you obey the heavenly voice, or will you not?

CHAPTER IX.

KURFÜRST JOACHIM I.

BRANDENBURG, in the matter of the Reformation, was at first, — with Albert of Maintz, Tetzels friend, on the one side, and Pious George of Anspach, "*Nit Kop ab*," on the other, — certainly a divided house. But, after the first act, it conspicuously ceased to be divided; nay Kur-Brandenburg and Kur-Maintz themselves had known tendencies to the Reformation, and were well aware that the Church could not stand as it was. Nor did the cause want partisans in Berlin, in Brandenburg, — hardly to be repressed from breaking into flame, while Kurfürst Joachim was so prudent and conservative. Of this loud Kurfürst Joachim I., here and there mentioned already, let us now say a more express word.*

Joachim I., Big John's son, hesitated hither and thither for some time, trying if it would not do to follow the Kaiser Karl V.'s lead; and at length, crossed in his temper perhaps by the speed his friends were going at, declared formally against any farther Reformation; and in his own family and country, was strict upon the point. He is a man, as I judge, by no means without a temper of his own; very loud occasionally in the Diets and elsewhere; — reminds me a

* 1484, 1499, 1535: birth, accession, death of Joachim.

little of a certain King Friedrich Wilhelm, whom my readers shall know by and by. A big, surly, rather bottle-nosed man, with thick lips, abstruse wearied eyes, and no eyebrows to speak of: not a beautiful man, when you cross him overmuch.

Of Joachim's Wife and Brother-in-law.

His wife was a Danish Princess, Sister of poor Christian II., King of that Country: dissolute Christian, who took-up with a huxter-woman's daughter, — "mother sold gingerbread," it would appear, "at Bergen in Norway," where Christian was Viceroy; Christian made acceptable love to the daughter, "*Divike* (Dovekin, *Columbina*)," as he called her. Nay he made the gingerbread mother a kind of prime-minister, said the angry public, justly scandalised at this of the "Dovekin." He was married, meanwhile, to Karl V.'s own Sister; but continued that other connexion.* He had rash notions, now for the Reformation, now against it, when he got to be King; a very rash, unwise, explosive man. He made a "*Stockholm Blutbad*" still famed in History (kind of open, ordered or permitted, Massacre of eighty or a hundred of his chief enemies there), "Bloodbath," so they name it; in Stockholm, where indeed he was lawful King, and not without unlawful enemies, had a bloodbath been the way to deal

* Here are the dates of this poor Christian, in a lump. Born, 1481; King, 1513 (Dovekin before); married, 1515; turned off, 1523; invades, taken prisoner, 1532; dies, 1559. Cousin, and then Cousin's Son, succeeded.

with them. Gustavus Vasa was a young fellow there, who dextrously escaped this Bloodbath, and afterwards came to something.

In Denmark and Sweden, rash Christian made ever more enemies; at length he was forced to run, and they chose another King or successive pair of Kings. Christian fled to Kaiser Karl at Brussels; complained to Kaiser Karl, his Brother-in-law, — whose Sister he had not used well. Kaiser Karl listened to his complaints, with hanging underlip, with heavy, deep, undecipherable eyes; evidently no help from Karl.

Christian, after that, wandered about with inexecutable speculations, and projects to recover his crown or crowns; sheltering often with Kurfürst Joachim, who took a great deal of trouble about him, first and last; or with the Elector of Saxony, Friedrich the Wise, or after him, with Johann the Steadfast ("V. D. M. I. Æ." whom we saw at Augsburg), who were his Mother's Brothers, and beneficent men. He was in Saxony, on such terms, coming and going, when a certain other Flight thither took place, soon to be spoken of, which is the cause of our mentioning him here. — In the end (A.D. 1532) he did get some force together, and made sail to Norway; but could do no execution whatever there; — on the contrary, was frozen-in on the coast during winter; seized, carried to Copenhagen, and packed into the "Castle of Sonderburg," a grim sea-lodging on the shore of Schleswig, — prisoner for the rest of his life, which lasted long enough. Six-and-twenty years of prison: the first seventeen years of

it strict and hard, almost of the dungeon sort; the remainder, on his fairly abdicating, was in another Castle, that of Callundborg in the Island of Zealand, "with fine apartments and conveniences," and even "a good bowse of liquor now and then," at discretion of the old soul. That was the end of headlong Christian II.; he lasted in this manner to the age of seventy-eight.*

His Sister Elizabeth at Brandenburg is perhaps, in regard to natural character, recognisably of the same kin as Christian; but her behaviour is far different from his. She too is zealous for the Reformation; but she has a right to be so, and her notions that way are steady; and she has hitherto, though in a difficult position, done honour to her creed. Surly Joachim is difficult to deal with; is very positive now that he has declared himself: "In my house at least shall be nothing farther of that unblessed stuff." Poor Lady, I see domestic difficulties very thick upon her; nothing but division, the very children ranging themselves in parties. She can pray to Heaven; she must do her wisest.

She partook once, by some secret opportunity, of the "communion under both kinds:" one of her Daughters noticed and knew; told Father of it. Father knits-up his thick lips; rolls his abstruse dissatisfied eyes, in an

* Köhler's *Münzbelustigungen*, xi. 47, 48; Holberg, *Dänemarchische Staats- und Reichs-Historie* (Copenhagen, 1731, not the big Book by Holberg), p. 241; Buddäus: *Allgemeines Historisches Lexicon* (Leipzig, 1709), § Christianus II.

ominous manner: the poor Lady, probably possessed of an excitable imagination too, trembles for herself. "It is thought, His *Durchlaucht* will wall you up for life, my Serene Lady; dark prison for life, which probably may not be long!" These surmises were of no credibility: but there and then the poor Lady, in a shiver of terror, decides that she must run; goes off actually, one night ("Monday after the *Lætare*," which we find is 24th March) in the year 1528,* in a mean vehicle under cloud of darkness, with only one maid and groom, — driving for life. That is very certain; she too is on flight towards Saxony, to shelter with her Uncle Kurfürst Johann, — unless for reasons of state he scruple? On the dark road her vehicle broke down; a spoke given way, — "Not a bit of rope to splice it," said the improvident groom. "Take my lace-veil here," said the poor Princess; and in this guise she got to Torgau (I could guess, her poor Brother's lodging), — and thence, in short time, to the fine Schloss of Lich-

* Pauli (ii. 584); who cites Seckendorf, and this fraction of a Letter of Luther's, to one "*Linckus*" or Lincke, written on the Friday following (28th March 1528):

"The Electress" (*Margravine* he calls her) "has fled from Berlin, by help of her Brother the King of Denmark" (poor Christian II.) "to our Prince" (Johann the Stedfast), "because her Elector had determined to wall her up, as is reported, on account of the Eucharist under both species. Pray for our Prince; *the pious man and affectionate soul gets a great deal of trouble with his kindred.*" Or thus in the Original:

"*Marchionissa aufugit a Berlin, auxilio fratris, Regis Daniae, ad nostrum Principem, quod Marchio statuerat eam immurare (ut dicitur) propter Eucharistiam utriusque speciei. Ora pro nostro Principe; der fromme Mann und herzliche Mensch ist doch ja wohl geplaget*" (Seckendorf: *Historia Lutheranismi*, ii. § 62, No. 8, p. 122).

tenberg hard by; Uncle Johann, to whom she had zealously left an option of refusal, having as zealously permitted and invited her to continue there. Which she did for many years.

Nor did she get the least molestation from Husband Joachim; who I conjecture had intended, though a man of a certain temper, and strict in his own house, something short of walling-up for life: — poor Joachim withal! “However, since you are gone, Madam, go!” Nor did he concern himself with Christian II. farther, but let him lie in prison at his leisure. As for the Lady, he even let his children visit her at Lichtenberg; Crypto-Protestants all; and, among them, the repentant Daughter who had peached upon her.

Poor Joachim, he makes a pious speech on his deathbed, solemnly warning his Son against these new-fangled heresies; the Son being already possessed of them in his heart.* What could Father do more? Both Father and Son, I suppose, were weeping. This was in 1535, this last scene; things looking now more ominous than ever. Of Kurfürst Joachim I will remember nothing farther, except that once, twenty-three years before, he “held a Tourney in Neu-Ruppin,” year 1512; Tourney on the most magnificent scale, and in New-Ruppin,** a place we shall know by and by.

As to the Lady, she lived eighteen years in that fine Schloss of Lichtenberg; saw her children, as we

* Speech given in Rentsch, pp. 434-439.

** Pauli, ii. 466.

said; and, silently or otherwise, rejoiced in the creed they were getting. She saw Luther's self sometimes; "had him several times to dinner;" he would call at her Mansion, when his journeys lay that way. She corresponded with him diligently; nay once, for a three months, she herself went across, and lodged with Dr. Luther and his Kate; as a royal Lady might with a heroic Sage, — though the Sage's income was only Twenty-four pounds sterling annually. There is no doubt about that visit of three months; one thinks of it, as of something human, something homely, ingenuous and pretty. Nothing in surly Joachim's history is half so memorable to me, or indeed memorable at all in the stage we are now come to.

The Lady survived Joachim twenty years; of these she spent eleven still at Lichtenberg, in no over-haste to return. However, her Son, the new Elector, declaring for Protestantism, she at length yielded to his invitations; came back (1546), and ended her days at Berlin in a peaceable and venerable manner. Luckless Brother Christian is lying under lock-and-key all this while; smuggling-out messages, and so on; — like a voice from the land of Dreams or of Nightmares, painful, impracticable, coming now and then.

CHAPTER X.

KURFÜRST JOACHIM II.

JOACHIM II., Sixth Elector, no doubt after painful study, and intricate silent consideration ever since his twelfth year when Luther was first heard of over the world, came gradually, and before his Father's death had already come, to the conclusion of adopting the Confession of Augsburg, as the true Interpretation of this Universe, so far as we had yet got; and did so, publicly, in the year 1539.* To the great joy of Berlin and the Brandenburg populations generally, who had been of a Protestant humour, hardly restrainable by Law, for some years past. By this decision Joachim held fast, with a stout, weighty grasp; nothing spasmodic in his way of handling the matter, and yet a heartiness which is agreeable to see. He could not join in the Schmalkaldic War; seeing, it is probable, small chance for such a War, of many chiefs and little counsel; nor was he willing yet to part from the Kaiser Karl V., who was otherwise very good to him.

He had fought personally for this Kaiser, twice over, against the Turks; first as Brandenburg Captain, learning his art; and afterwards as Kaiser's Generalissimo, in 1542. He did no good upon the Turks, on that latter occasion; as indeed what good was to be

* Rentsch, p. 452.

done, in such a quagmire of futilities as Joachim's element there was? "Too sumptuous in his dinners, too much wine withal!" hint some calumniously.* "Hector of Germany!" say others. He tried some small pre-fatory Siege or scalade of Pesth; could not do it; and came his ways home again, as the best course. Pedant Chroniclers give him the name *Hector*, "Joachim Hector," — to match that of *Cicero* and that of *Achilles*. A man of solid structure, this our Hector, in body and mind: extensive cheeks, very large heavy-laden face; capable of terrible bursts of anger, as his kind generally were.

The Schmalkaldic War went to water, as the Germans phrase it: Kur-Sachsen, — that is, Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, Son of Johann "V. D. M. I. Æ.," and Nephew of Friedrich the Wise, — had his sorrowfully valid reasons for the War; large force too, plenty of zealous copartners, Philip of Hessen and others; but no generalship, or not enough, for such a business. Big Army, as is apt enough to happen, fell short of food; Kaiser Karl hung on the outskirts, waiting confidently till it came to famine. Johann Friedrich would attempt nothing decisive while provender lasted; — and having in the end, strangely enough, and somewhat deaf to advice, divided his big Army into three separate parts, — Johann Friedrich was himself, with one of those parts, surprised at Mühlberg, on a Sunday when at church (24th April 1547); and was there beaten to sudden ruin, and even taken captive, like to

* Paulus Jovius, &c. See Pauli, lli. 70-73.

have his head cut off, by the triumphant angry Kaiser. Philip of Hessen, somewhat wiser, was home to Marburg, safe with *his* part, in the interim. — Elector Joachim II. of Brandenburg had good reason to rejoice in his own cautious reluctances on this occasion. However, he did now come valiantly up, hearing what severities were in the wind.

He pleaded earnestly, passionately, he and Cousin or already "Elector" Moritz,* — who was just getting Johann Friedrich's Electorship fished away from him out of these troubles,** — for Johann Friedrich of Saxony's life, first of all. For Johann's life *first*; this is a thing not to be dispensed with, your Majesty, on any terms whatever; a *sine quâ non*, this life, to Protestant Germany at large. To which the Kaiser indicated, "He would see; not immediate death at any rate; we will see." A life that could not and must not be taken in this manner: this was the *first* point. Then *secondly*, That Philip of Hessen, now home again at Marburg, — not a bad or disloyal man, though headlong, and with two wives, — might not be forfeited; but that peace and pardon might be granted him, on his entire submission. To which second point the Kaiser answered, "Yes, then, on his submission." These were the two points: These pleadings went on at Halle, where the Kaiser now lies, in triumphantly victorious humour, in the early days of June, Year 1547. Johann Friedrich of Saxony had been, by some Imperial Court-Council or other, — Spanish merely,

* Pauli, iii. 102.

** Kurfürst, 4th June 1547.

I suppose, — doomed to die. Sentence was signified to him while he sat at chess: "Can wait till we end the game," thought Johann; — "*Pergamus*," said he to his comrade, "Let us go on, then!" Sentence not to be executed till one see.

With Philip of Hessen things had a more conclusive aspect. Philip had accepted the terms procured for him; which had been laboriously negotiated, brought to paper, and now wanted only the sign-manual to them: "*Ohne einigen Gefängniss* (without any imprisonment)," one of the chief clauses. And so Philip now came over to Halle; was met and welcomed by his two friends, Joachim and Moritz, at Naumburg, a stage before Halle; — clear now to make his submission, and beg pardon of the Kaiser, according to bargain. On the morrow, 19th June 1547, the Papers were got signed. And next day, 20th June, Philip did, according to bargain, openly beg pardon of the Kaiser, in his Majesty's Hall of Audience (Town House of Halle, I suppose); "knelt at the Kaiser's feet publicly on "both knees, while his Kanzler read the submission "and entreaty, as agreed upon:" and — and, alas, then the Kaiser said nothing at all to him! Kaiser looked haughtily, with impenetrable eyes and shelf-lip, over the head of him; gave him no hand to kiss; and left poor Philip kneeling there. An awkward position indeed; — which any German Painter that there were, might make a Picture of, I have sometimes thought. Picture of some real meaning, more or less, — if for symbolic Towers of Babel, mediæval mythologies, and

extensive smearings of that kind, he could find leisure! — Philip having knelt a reasonable time, and finding there was no help for it, rose in the dread silence (some say, with too sturdy an expression of countenance); and retired from the affair, having at least done his part of it.

The next practical thing was now supper, or as we of this age should call it, dinner. Uncommonly select and high supper: host the Duke of Alba; where Joachim, Elector Moritz, and another high Official, the Bishop of Arras, were to welcome poor Philip after his troubles. How the grand supper went, I do not hear: possibly a little constrained; the Kaiser's strange silence sitting on all men's thoughts; not to be spoken of in the present company. At length the guests rose to go away. Philip's lodging is with Moritz (who is his son-in-law, as learned readers know): "You Philip, your lodging is mine; my lodging is yours, — I should say! Cannot we ride together?" — "Philip is not permitted to go," said Imperial Officiality; "Philip is to continue here, and we fear go to prison." — "Prison?" cried they all: "*Ohne EINIGEN Gefängniss* (without *any* imprisonment)!" — "As we read the words, it is '*Ohne EWIGEN Gefängniss* (without *eternal* imprisonment),' " answer the others. And so, according to popular tradition, which has little or no credibility, though printed in many Books, their false Secretary had actually modified it.

"No intention of imprisoning his *Durchlaucht* of Hessen *forever*; not forever!" answered they. And Kurfürst Joachim, in astonished indignation, after some

remonstrating and arguing, louder and louder, which profited nothing, blazed out into a very whirlwind of rage; drew his sword, it is whispered with a shudder, — drew his sword, or was for drawing it, upon the Duke of Alba; and would have done, God knows what, had not friends flung themselves between, and got the Duke away, or him away.* Other accounts bear, that it was upon the Bishop of Arras he drew his sword; which is a somewhat different matter. Perhaps he drew it on both; or on men and things in general; — for his indignation knew no bounds. The heavy solid man; yet with a human heart in him after all, and a Hohenzollern abhorrence of chicanery, capable of rising to the transcendent pitch! His wars against the Turks, and his other Hectorships, I will forget; but this, of a face so extensive kindled all into divine fire for poor Philip's sake, shall be memorable to me.

Philip got out by and by, though with difficulty; the Kaiser proving very stiff in the matter; and only yielding to obstinate pressures, and the force of time and events. Philip got away; and then how Johann Friedrich of Sachsen, after being led about for five years, in the Kaiser's train, a condemned man, liable to be executed any day, did likewise at last get away, with his head safe and Electorate gone: these are known Historical events, which we glanced at already, on another score.

For, by and by, the Kaiser found tougher solicitation than this of Joachim's. The Kaiser, by his high

* Pauli, III. 108.

carriage in this and other such matters, had at length kindled a new War round him; and he then soon found himself reduced to extremities again; chased to the Tyrol Mountains, and obliged to comply with many things. New War, of quite other emphasis and management than the Schmalkaldic one; managed by Elector Moritz and our poor friend Albert Alcibiades as principals. A Kaiser chased into the mountains, capable of being seized by a little spurring; — "Capture him?" said Albert. "I have no cage big enough for such a bird!" answered Moritz; and the Kaiser was let run. How he ran then towards Treaty of Passau (1552), towards Siege of Metz and other sad conclusions, "Abdication" the finale of them: these also are known phases in the Reformation-History, as hinted at above.

Here at Halle, in the year 1547, the great Kaiser, with Protestantism manacled at his feet, and many things going prosperous, was at his culminating point. He published his *Interim* (1548, What you troublesome Protestants are to do, in the mean time, while the Council of Trent is sitting, and till it and I decide for you); and in short, drove and reined-in the Reich with a high hand and a sharp whip, for the time being. Troublesome Protestants mostly rejected the Interim; Moritz and Alcibiades, with France in the rear of them, took to arms in that way; took to ransoming fat Bishoprics ("*Verbum Diaboli Manet*" we know where!); — took to chasing Kaisers into the mountains; — and times came soon round again. In all these latter broils Kurfürst Joachim II., deeply interested, as we may

fancy, strove to keep quiet; and to prevail, by weight of influence and wise counsel, rather than by fighting with his Kaiser.

One sad little anecdote I recollect of Joachim: an Accident, which happened in those Passau-Interim days, a year or two after that drawing of the sword on Alba. Kurfürst Joachim unfortunately once fell through a staircase, in that time; being, as I guess, a heavy man. It was in the Castle of Grimnitz, one of his many Castles, a spacious enough old Hunting-seat, the repairs of which had not been well attended to. The good Herr, weighty of foot, was leading down his Electress to dinner one day in this Schloss of Grimnitz; broad stair climbs round a grand Hall, hung with stag-trophies, groups of weapons, and the like hall-furniture. An unlucky timber yielded; yawning chasm in the staircase; Joachim and his good Princess sank by gravitation; Joachim to the floor with little hurt; his poor Princess (horrible to think of), being next the wall, came upon the stag-horns and boar-spears down below!"* The poor Lady's hurt was indescribable: she walked lame all the rest of her days; and Joachim, I hope (hope, but not with confidence),** loved her all the better for it. This unfortunate old Schloss of Grimnitz, some thirty miles northward of Berlin, was, — by the Eighth Kurfürst, Joachim Friedrich, Grandson of this one, with great renown to himself and to it, — converted into an Endowed High School: the famed *Joachimsthal Gymnasium*, still famed, though now under

* Paull, iii. 112.

** Ib. iii. 194.

some change of circumstances, and removed to Berlin itself.*

Joachim's first Wife, from whom descend the following Kurfürsts, was a daughter of that Duke George of Saxony, Luther's celebrated friend, "If it rained Duke-Georges nine days running."

Joachim gets Co-infeftment in Preussen.

This second Wife, she of the accident at Grimnitz, was Hedwig, King Sigismund of Poland's daughter; which connexion, it is thought, helped Joachim well in getting what they call the *Mitbelehnung* of Preussen (for it was he that achieved this point) from King Sigismund.

Mitbelehnung (Co-infeftment) in Preussen; — whereby is solemnly acknowledged the right of Joachim and his Posterity to the reversion of Preussen, should the Culmbach Line of Duke Albert happen to fail. It was a thing Joachim long strove for; till at length his Father-in-law did, some twenty years hence, concede it him.** Should Albert's Line fail, then, the other Culmbachers get Preussen; should the Culmbachers all fail, the Berlin Brandenburgs get it. The Culmbachers are at this time rather scarce of heirs: poor Alcibiades died childless, as we know, and Casimir's Line is extinct;

* Nicolai, p. 725.

** Date, Lublin, 19th July 1568: Pauli, lll. 177-179, 193; Rentsch, p. 457; Stenzel, l. 341-342.

Duke Albert himself has left only one Son, who now succeeds in Preussen; still young, and not of the best omens. Margraf George the Pious, he left only George Friedrich; an excellent man, who is now prosperous in the world, and wedded long since, but has no children. So that, between Joachim's Line and Preussen there are only two intermediate heirs; — and it was a thing eminently worth looking after. Nor has it wanted that. And so Kurfürst Joachim, almost at the end of his course, has now made sure of it.

Joachim makes "Heritage-Brotherhood" with the Duke of Liegnitz.

Another feat of like nature Joachim II. had long ago achieved; which likewise in the longrun proved important in his Family, and in the History of the world: an "*Erbverbrüderung*," so they term it, with the Duke of Liegnitz, — date 1537. *Erbverbrüderung* ("Heritage-Brotherhood," meaning Covenant to succeed reciprocally on Failure of Heirs to either), had in all times been a common paction among German Princes well affected to each other. Friedrich II. the then Duke of Liegnitz, we have transiently seen, was related to the Family; he had been extremely helpful in bringing his young friend Albert of Preussen's affairs to a good issue, — whose Niece, withal, he had wedded: — in fact he was a close friend of this our Joachim's; and there had long been a growing connexion between the two Houses, by intermarriages and good offices.

18th October 1537.

The Dukes of Liegnitz were Sovereign-Princes, come of the old Piasts of Poland; and had perfect right to enter into this transaction of an *Erbverbrüderung* with whom they liked. True, they had, above two-hundred years before, in the days of King Johann *Ich-Dien* (A.D. 1329), voluntarily constituted themselves Vassals of the Crown of Bohemia;* but the right to dispose of their Lands as they pleased had, all along, been carefully acknowledged, and saved entire. And, so late as 1521, just sixteen years ago, the Bohemian King Vladislaus the Last, our good Margraf George's friend, had expressly, in a Deed still extant, confirmed to them, with all the emphasis and amplitude that Law-Phraseology could bring to bear upon it, the right to dispose of said Lands in any manner of way: "by written testament, or by verbal on their death-bed, they can, as they see wisest, give away, sell, pawn, dispose of, and exchange (*vergeben, verkaufen, ver-setzen, verschaffen, verwechseln*) these said lands," to all lengths, and with all manner of freedom. Which privilege had likewise been confirmed, twice over (1522, 1524), by Ludwig the next King, Ludwig *Ohne-Haut*, who perished in the bogs of Mohacz, and ended the native Line of Bohemian-Hungarian Kings. Nay, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, Karl V.'s Brother, afterwards Kaiser, who absorbed that Bohemian Crown among the others, had himself, by implication, sanctioned or admitted the privilege, in 1529, only eight

* Pauli, iii. 22.

years ago.* The right to make the *Erbverbrüderung* could not seem doubtful to anybody.

And made accordingly it was; signed, sealed, drawn-out on the proper parchments, 18th October 1537; to the following clear effect: "That if Duke Friedrich's "Line should die out, all his Liegnitz countries, Liegnitz, "Brieg, Wohlau, should fall to the Hohenzollern Brandenburgers; and that, if the Line of Hohenzollern "Brandenburg should first fail, then all and singular "the Bohemian Fiefs of Brandenburg (as Crossen, "Züllichau and seven others there enumerated) should "fall to the House of Liegnitz." ** It seemed a clear Paction, questionable by no mortal. Double-marriage between the two Houses (eldest Son, on each side, to suitable Princess on the other) was to follow; and did follow, after some delays, 17th February 1545. So that the matter seemed now complete; secure on all points, and a matter of quiet satisfaction to both the Houses and to their friends.

But Ferdinand, King of the Romans, King of Bohemia and Hungary, and coming to be Emperor one day, was not of that sentiment. Ferdinand had once implicitly recognised the privilege, but Ferdinand, now when he saw the privilege turned to use, and such a territory as Liegnitz exposed to the possibility of falling into inconvenient hands, explicitly took other thoughts; and gradually determined to prohibit this *Erbverbrüderung*. The States of Bohemia, accordingly, in 1544 (it is not doubtful, by Ferdinand's suggestion), were

* Stenzel, i. 325.

** Stenzel, i. 320.

moved to make inquiries as to this Heritage-Fraternity of Liegnitz.* On which hint King Ferdinand straightway informed the Duke of Liegnitz that the act was not justifiable, and must be revoked. The Duke of Liegnitz, grieved to the heart, had no means of resisting. Ferdinand, King of the Romans, backed by Kaiser Karl, with the States of Bohemia barking at his wink, were too strong for poor Duke Friedrich of Liegnitz. Great corresponding between Berlin, Liegnitz, Prag ensued on this matter: but the end was, a summons to Duke Friedrich, — summons from King Ferdinand, in March 1546, "To appear in the Imperial Hall (*Kaiserhof*) at Breslau," and to submit that Deed of *Erbverbrüderung* to the examination of the States there. The States, already up to the affair, soon finished their examination of it (8th May 1546). The Deed was annihilated; and Friedrich was ordered, furthermore, to produce proofs within six months that his subjects too were absolved of all oaths or the like regarding it, and that in fact the Transaction was entirely abolished and reduced to zero. Friedrich complied, had to comply; very much chagrined, he returned home; and died next year, — it is supposed, of heartbreak from this business. He had yielded outwardly; but to force only. In a Codicil appended to his last Will, some months afterwards (which Will, written years ago, had treated the *Erbverbrüderung* as a Fact settled), he indicates, as with his last breath, that he considered the thing still valid, though overruled by the hand of power. Let the

* Stenzel, I. 322.

reader mark this matter; for it will assuredly become memorable, one day.

The hand of power, namely, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, had applied in like manner to Joachim of Brandenburg to surrender his portion of the Deed, and annihilate on his side too this *Erbverbrüderung*. But Joachim refused steadily, and all his successors steadily, to give up this Bit of Written Parchment; kept the same, among their precious documents, against some day that might come (and I suppose it lies in the Archives of Berlin even now); silently, or in words, asserting that the Deed of Heritage-Brotherhood was good, and that though some hands might have the power, no hand could have the right to abolish it on those terms.

How King Ferdinand permitted himself such a procedure? Ferdinand, says one of his latest apologists in this matter, "considered the privileges granted by "his Predecessors, in respect to rights of Sovereignty, "as fallen extinct on their death."* Which, — it Reality and Fact would but likewise be so kind as "consider" it so, — was no doubt convenient for Ferdinand!

Joachim was not so great with Ferdinand as he had been with Charles the Imperial Brother. Joachim and Ferdinand had many debates of this kind, some of them rather stiff. Jägerndorf, for instance, and the Baireuth-Anspach confiscations, in George Friedrich's minority: Ferdinand, now Kaiser, had snatched Jägerndorf from

* Stenzel, i. 323.

poor young George Friedrich, son of excellent Margraf George whom we knew; "Part of the spoils of Albert Alcibiades," thought Ferdinand, "and a good windfall," — though young George Friedrich had merely been the Ward of Cousin Alcibiades, and totally without concern in those political explosions. "Excellent wind-fall," thought Ferdinand; and held his grip. But Joachim, in his weighty steady way, intervened; Joachim, emphatic in the Diets and elsewhere, made Ferdinand quit grip, and produce Jägerndorf again. Jägerndorf and the rest had all to be restored; and, except some filchings in the Jägerndorf-Appendages (Ratibor and Oppeln, "restored" only in semblance, and at length juggled away altogether),* everything came to its right owner again. Nor would Joachim rest till Alcibiades's Territories too were all punctually given back, to this same George Friedrich; to whom, by law and justice, they belonged. In these points Joachim prevailed against a strong-handed Kaiser, apt to "consider one's rights fallen extinct" now and then. In this of Liegnitz all he could do was to keep the Deed, in steady protest silent or vocal.

But enough now of Joachim Hector, Sixth Kurfürst, and of his workings and his strugglings. He walked through this world, treading as softly as might be, yet with a strong weighty step; rending the jungle steadily asunder; well seeing whither he was bound. Rather an expensive Herr; built a good deal, completion of the Schloss at Berlin one example;** and was not otherwise

* Rentsch, pp. 129, 130.

** Nicolai, p. 82.

afraid of outlay, in the Reich's Politics, or in what seemed needful: If there is a harvest ahead, even a distant one, it is poor thrift to be stingy of your seed-corn!

Joachim was always a conspicuous Public Man, a busy Politician in the Reich; stanch to his kindred, and by no means blind to himself or his own interests. Stanch also, we must grant, and ever active, though generally in a cautious, weighty, never in a rash swift way, to the great Cause of Protestantism, and to all good causes. He was himself a solemnly devout man; deep awe-stricken reverence dwelling in his view of this Universe. Most serious, though with a jocose dialect commonly, having a cheerful wit in speaking to men. Luther's Books he called his *Seelenschatz* (Soul's-treasure); Luther and the Bible were his chief reading. Fond of profane Learning, too, and of the useful or ornamental Arts; given to music, and "would himself sing aloud" when he had a melodious leisure-hour. Excellent old gentleman: he died, rather suddenly, but with much nobleness, 3d January 1571; age sixty-six. Old Rentsch's account of this event is still worth reading;* Joachim's death-scene has a mild pious beauty which does not depend on creed.

He had a Brother too, not a little occupied with Politics, and always on the good side; a wise pious man, whose fame was in all the churches: "Johann of Cüstrin," called also "Johann the Wise," who busied

* Rentsch, p. 458.

himself zealously in Protestant matters, second only in piety and zeal to his Cousin, Markgraf George the Pious; and was not so held back by official considerations as his Brother the Elector now and then. Johann of Cüstrin is a very famous man in the old Books: Johann was the first that fortified Cüstrin; built himself an illustrious Schloss, and "roofed it with copper," in Cüstrin (which is a place we shall be well acquainted with by and by); and lived there, with the Neumark for apanage, a true man's life; — mostly with a good deal of business, warlike and other, on his hands; with good Books, good Deeds, and occasionally good Men, coming to enliven it, — according to the terms then given.

CHAPTER XI.

SEVENTH KURFÜRST, JOHANN GEORGE.

- KAISER KARL, we said, was very good to Joachim; who always strove, sometimes with a stretch upon his very conscience, to keep well with the Kaiser. The Kaiser took Joachim's young Prince along with him to those Schmalkaldic Wars (not the comfortable side for Joachim's conscience, but the safe side for an anxious Father); Kaiser made a Knight of this young Prince, on one occasion of distinction; he wrote often to Papa about him, what a promising young hero he was, — seems really to have liked the young man. It was Johann George, Elector afterwards, Seventh Elector. — This little incident is known to me on evidence.* A small thing that certainly befel, at the Siege of Wittenberg (A.D. 1547), during those Philip-of-Hessen Negotiations, three-hundred and odd years ago.

The Schmalkaldic War having come all to nothing, the Saxon Elector sitting captive with sword overhead in the way we saw, Saxon Wittenberg was besieged, and the Kaiser was in great hurry to get it. Kaiser in person, and young Johann George for sole attendant, rode round the place one day, to take a view of the works, and judge how soon, or whether ever, it could be compelled to give-in. Gunners noticed them

* Rentsch, p. 465.

from the battlements; gunners Saxon-Protestant most likely, and in just gloom at the perils and indignities now lying on their pious Kurfürst Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous. "Lo, you! Kaiser's self riding yonder, and one of his silk *Junkers*. Suppose we gave the Kaiser's self a shot, then?" said the gunner, or thought: "It might help a better man from his life-perils, if such shot did —!" — In fact the gun flashed-off, with due outburst, and almost with due effect. The ball struck the ground among the very horses' feet, of the two riders; so that they were thrown, or nearly so, and covered from sight with a cloud of earth and sand; — and the gunners thought, for some instants, an unjust, obstinate Kaiser's life was gone; and a pious Elector's saved. But it proved not so. Kaiser Karl and Johann George both emerged, in a minute or two, little the worse; — Kaiser Karl perhaps blushing somewhat, and flurried this time, I think, in the impenetrable eyes; and his Cimbürgis lip closed for the moment; — and galloped out of shot-range. "I never forget this little incident," exclaims Smelfungus: "It is one of the few times I can get, after all my reading about that surprising Karl V., I do not say the least understanding or practical conception of him and his character and his affairs, but the least ocular view or imagination of him, as 'a fact among facts!'" Which is unlucky for Smelfungus. — Johann George, still more emphatically, never to the end of *his* life forgot this incident. And indeed it must be owned, had the shot taken effect as intended, the whole course

of human things would have been surprisingly altered; — and for one thing, neither *Friedrich the Great*, nor the present *History of Friedrich* had ever risen above ground, or troubled an enlightened public or me!

Of Johann George, this Seventh Elector,* who proved a good Governor, and carried on the Family Affairs in the old style of slow steady success, I will remember nothing more, except that he had the surprising number of Three-and-twenty children; one of them posthumous, though he died at the age of seventy-three. —

He is Founder of the New Culmbach Line: two sons of these twenty-three children he settled, one in Baireuth, the other in Anspach; from whom come all the subsequent Heads of that Principality, till the last of them died in Hammersmith in 1806, as above said.** He was a prudent, thrifty Herr; no mistresses, no luxuries allowed; at the sight of a new-fashioned coat, he would fly out on an unhappy youth, and pack him from his presence. Very strict in point of justice: a peasant once appealing to him, in one of his inspection-journeys through the country, "Grant me justice, Durchlaucht, against So-and-so; I am your Highness's born subject!" — "Thou shouldst have it, man, wert thou a born Turk!" answered Johann George. — There is

* 1525; 1571-1598.

** Rentsch, p. 475 (*Christian* to Baireuth; *Joachim Ernst* to Anspach); — see Genealogical Diagram, Vol. II, pp. 102. 103.

something anxious, grave and, as it were, surprised, in the look of this good Herr. He made the *Gera Bond* above spoken of; — founded the Younger Culmbach Line, with that important Law of Primogeniture strictly superadded. A conspicuous thrift, veracity, modest solidity, looks through the conduct of this Herr; — a determined Protestant he too, as indeed all the following were and are.*

Of Joachim Friedrich, his eldest Son, who at one time was Archbishop of Magdeburg, — called home from the wars to fill that valuable Heirloom, which had suddenly fallen vacant by an Uncle's death, and keep it warm; — and who afterwards, in due course, carried on a *löbliche Regierung* of the old style and physiognomy, as Eighth Kurfürst, from his fiftieth to his sixtieth year (1598-1608):** of him we already noticed the fine "*Joachimsthal Gymnasium*," or Foundation for learned purposes, in the old Schloss of Grimnitz, where his serene Grandmother got lamed; and will notice nothing farther, in this place, except his very great anxiety to profit by the Prussian *Mitbelehnung*, — that Co-infestment in Preussen, achieved by his Grandfather Joachim II., which was now about coming to its full maturity. Joachim Friedrich had already married his eldest Prince to the daughter of Albert Friedrich, Second Duke of

* Rentsch, pp. 470, 471.

** Born, 1547; Magdeburg, 1566-'98 (when his Third Son got it, — very unlucky in the Thirty-Years War afterwards).

Preussen, who it was by this time evident would be the last Duke there of his Line. Joachim Friedrich, having himself fallen a widower, died next year, though now counting fifty-six — But it will be better if we explain first, a little, how matters now stood with Preussen.

END OF VOL. I.

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